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ROBLEMS BOOK

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# THE WESTMINSTER PROBLEMS BOOK

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# THE WESTMINSTER PROBLEMS BOOK

## PROSE AND VERSE

COMPILED BY

N. G. ROYDE SMITH

FROM

*The Saturday Westminster Gazette*

Competitions, 1904–1907

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# INTRODUCTION

THIS book consists of work contributed to the Problems and Prizes page of *The Saturday Westminster Gazette* from February 1904 till the end of 1907. It does not include any of the Greek and Latin versions which have been published separately, and verse and prose translations from French and German have been omitted as not of general interest.

A great deal of the work which won Prizes on page 6 was of an ephemeral or purely topical nature and therefore not suitable for reproduction here, and readers who have followed the competitions will, on that account, miss several familiar names from these pages. Occasionally an entry which won a Prize has been suppressed in favour of some other piece which, though at the time it did not fulfil the conditions set, has worn better, and is included here on its own merits.

It has been very difficult to ascertain the authorship of a large number of essays and poems, which were either sent anonymously or else printed without signatures in the reports. I have done my best to give credit for every work to which my competitors have laid claim, and must trust to them to rectify for their own immediate public any errors or omissions they may discover in the index.

I have to thank Lord Curzon of Kedlestone for two

experiments in metre on p. 311, and Mr. William Bȯwry for several poems sent in *hors concours*. Mr. E. S. Tylee has allowed me to include his dialect poem "Parson's Nag" from his published volume *Trumpet and Flag* (E. P. Putnam's Sons), and Mr. Edgar Vine Hall's songs have also been published since they won Westminster Prizes in *Songs and Lyrical Poems* (The Bibliophile Press).

This book has been prepared chiefly for competitors and their friends. I should have liked to dedicate it, with sincere admiration, to those people who have so often nearly deserved the Prizes they have never won, but memories of the irritation similar expressions of encouragement used to cause at other Prize-givings have prevented me.

N. G. ROYDE SMITH

*October* 14, 1908

# THE WESTMINSTER PROBLEMS BOOK

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# WESTMINSTER PROBLEMS BOOK

## PROSE, 1904

### OF FISCAL POLICIE

THE greatest Question between Man and Man is the Question of *Fiscal Policie*. For in Other Questions, Men are but Insular; Their Education Bill, their Army Reform, their Licensing, their Irish Question; But such as doe advance a *Fiscal Policie* are Imperial. It is a triviall text Book Rule, but yet worthy a Wise Man's Consideration. Question was asked of Chamberlain; What was the Chiefe Part of the *Fiscal Policie?* He answered, *Food will not cost you more;* what next? *Food will not cost you more;* what next again? *Food will not cost you more.* He said it that knew it best; And had by nature, himselfe, no Advantage, in that he commended. The *Fiscal Policie* is often discussed; sometimes explained; seldome understood. Food maketh the *Fiscal Question* more violent in Public Interest; Figures and Illustrations maketh the *Fiscal Question* less Intelligible; but Election onely doth alter or subdue *Fiscal Policie*. He that seeketh to understand the *Fiscal Question* let him not give Himselfe too great belief in One Party or the Other. For the First will persuade him out of his Food; And the second, out of his Vote. And at the First let him practise with no Fixed Policie, as Fence-sitters doe till they discover from what quarter the wind blows. But after a Time let him chew difficult apothegms, such as

*Learn to Think Imperially,*

and

*My figures are merely Illustrations,*

as advocates of the *Fiscal Policie* doe. For it breeds great awe

and admiration if the Texts used are mystick and sentimental. Where the *Fiscal Question* is acknowledged unintelligible, and therefore the Victory to understand it too hard, the Resources had need be; First to turn the Subject in Time; Then to Goe lesse into Particulars; And lastly, to Discontinue altogether to discuss it. Neither is the Ancient rule amisse, To let welle alone, if it is going to cost you Monie. Let not a man force a Policie down his throat that he cannot well digest, nor vex others with the Errours of his Diet with a Perpetuall Continuance, but with some Intermission. And let not a Man trust his Victory over his Partie too farre; For the wrath kindled by the *Fiscal Question* will lay buried a great Time, and yet revive upon the Provocation or Temptation. Like as it was with *Chatsworth's King*, turned from a Gouvernment Supporter to a Middle Counsellour who sate very demurely in the Cabinet till a Loaf was jeopardised. They are happie men whose *Fiscal Policie* sorts with their Vocations; otherwise they may say, *What am I going to get out of it?* or *Where do I come in?* when they support those things that doe not Affect them. In Questions, whatsoever a Man persuadeth upon himselfe let him get somewhat out of it. But whatsoever is Agreeable to his Estate let him take no care for any set Terms; For his Interests will be served of Themselves; So as the condition of other Men's Affaires and Businesses will suffice. We will adde this, in generall, touching the Fiscal Question. A Man's *Fiscal Policie* runnes either to Words or Deeds; Therefore let him seasonably Employ the One, and Avoid the Other.

WM. H. MAAS

## EPIGRAMS

Society may be divided roughly into two parts—the Upper Classes and the Supper Classes, or, in architectural phrase, the "Early English" and the "Late Decorated."

The sinner jogs along his path, comforted and upheld with the thought of the joy there will be in heaven when he repents.

To fail as a philosopher is sad, but to try to play the fool and fail in it—there's ignominy for you.

## SPEECHES FOR AND AGAINST THE MOTION "THAT BETSY PRIG WAS ABUNDANTLY JUSTIFIED IN HER SCEPTICISM CONCERNING MRS. HARRIS"

### Opening Speech for the Motion

To successfully affirm this motion I conceive that we are bound to take up a position analogous to that of defending Betsy Prig in an action for slander; the slander consisting in the utterance of Betsy Prig's express disbelief in the existence of a certain Mrs. Harris, and the innuendo being that the Plaintiff Mrs. Gamp, who had given on various occasions exact and circumstantial extracts from conversations held by herself with that person, was on each occasion guilty of deliberate falsehood, and was thereby held up to the world as a woman unworthy of credence in the most vital and intimate affairs of life. And, just as it is insufficient for a defendant in such a case to rely on a reasonable belief in his statements without actual justification, so are we bound to justify Betsy Prig by establishing affirmatively the non-existence of Mrs. Harris.

But, to pursue the analogy further, as it is competent for a defendant to rely on matters of justification not within his knowledge at the time of the utterance of the slander, so are we entitled to settle this question by use of all the materials supplied by our author, and not those only which were available to Betsy Prig.

What do we know of Mrs. Harris? Absolutely nothing that does not rest on the unsupported word of Mrs. Gamp.

Had any living person ever seen her? No, for we are told that "a fearful mystery surrounded this lady of the name of Harris, whom no one in the circle of Mrs. Gamp's acquaintance had ever seen; neither did any human being know her place of residence, though Mrs. Gamp appeared on her own showing to be in constant communication with her."

True, Betsy Prig had had opportunities of seeing a "profile in bronze of a lady in feathers, supposed to be Mrs. Harris, as she appeared when dressed for a ball": but here again it is not

impertinent to observe that the link connecting Mrs. Harris with the medallion was the veracity of Mrs. Gamp, and if we can destroy that link we shall have no difficulty in deciding that the bronze itself was designed to give the now classical air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative.

What, on the other hand, do we know of Mrs. Gamp? That she drank, drank spirits, and drank spirits systematically: Mrs. Gamp was either in liquor, or in hopes of liquor whenever she invoked the aid of Mrs. Harris; and if she was perpetually invoking that aid, it was because her every recorded word was uttered in one or other of these conditions.

Now, it is matter of common knowledge—and Betsy Prig herself had gained it from that best of teachers, experience—that the one supreme faculty with which the habit of excessive spirit-drinking endows its devotees is that of seeing in duplicate what is in fact one and indivisible; indeed, it may be doubted whether Mrs. Gamp was single-eyed on any subject other than that of the main chance. We are then justified in inferring that Mrs. Gamp had invested her own "alter ego" with the personality of Mrs. Harris, and had set her up as the outward and visible sign of this inward and spirituous grace.

Are we to condemn Betsy Prig for disregarding the blessing promised to those who believe unseeing?

Emphatically, no!

F. BOYD MERRIMAN

### Speech against the Motion

Gentlemen, I approach this subject with all the diffidence one naturally feels in undertaking the vindication of a wronged and excellent woman. Mrs. Prig's ill-judged and insolent attack on the character and existence of Mrs. Harris does but bring home to us how strong is the circumstantial evidence in that lady's favour. Are not her surroundings, her children, her relations by blood and marriage, all familiar to us as household words? Is not her clinging and devoted nature sufficiently shown by her

faithfully carrying the gruesome keepsake of Mrs. Gamp's double teeth in her pocket? Are not her very lineaments pictured for us in Mrs. Gamp's homely, though enthusiastic tribute:

"'Oh, Mrs. Harris, ma'am, your countenance is quite an angel's!' Which, but for Pimples, it would be."

Do not these pimples bear the hall-mark of reality upon them? One involuntarily associates them with Oliver Cromwell's warts. Again, is her retiring and timid disposition not subtly indicated by her desire to conceal the fact of the sweet infant in her own family by the mother's side kept in spirits in a bottle?—a fact a more vulgar mind might seek to vaunt. Can any one be surprised that so modest a soul shrinks from general recognition? Who can pretend to believe that all these amiable characteristics are merely figments of Mrs. Gamp's brain! The brain of an uneducated albeit shrewd and affectionate monthly nurse is surely incapable of originating and sustaining so complicated and circumstantial a story. Let me quote to you the immortal outburst in which Mrs. Gamp repels Mrs. Prig's extraordinary accusation: "If she had abuged me, bein' in liquor, which I thought I smelt her wen she came, but could not so believe, not bein' used myself, I could have bore it with a thankful 'art. But the words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive. 'No, Betsy!' said Mrs. Gamp in a violent outburst of feeling, 'nor worms forget!'"

Can one be so blinded as not to recognise here the genuine outpouring of a wounded heart? Could such generous indignation have been feigned?

One most important though painful circumstance remains to be considered. *In vino veritas*, and in the harrowing scene where Mrs. Prig so wounds Mrs. Gamp's feelings that the latter has to resort to such comforts as the contents of her teapot can afford, what do we find? The more the excellent woman loses control of her faculties, the more stoutly does she uphold the truth of her assertions as to Mrs. Harris, until at length she sinks into slumber still murmuring her well-known name. *Then*, if there had been a guilty secret on Mrs. Gamp's conscience, was the time for it to escape.

No, gentlemen, the existence of Mrs. Harris must be classed in the poet's words as one of those

"truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy
Can utterly abolish or destroy!"

In view, therefore, of the extraordinary circumstantiality of the whole story, and in the absence of any jot of evidence that Mrs. Harris did *not* exist, I maintain that Mrs. Prig's incredulity was not justified by the facts.

D. J. WILKES

## A PLAIN TALE

### What Became of Jevon

I'll not tell ye how I come alongst the road just thin, but I'd been afther an iligant schame that shud ha' ended in lashins o' beer.

It did not, an' me heart was as sore as me fut-soles.

Hearin' the kyarts behind, I turned to see wud I ride back in thim, and there wobblin' towards me was the most amazin' sight iver I seen. Ut looked like a big red barril, wid a marvelious turnup, blue, an' green, an' red, an' yaller, shtuck in the top.

"Phwat ha' ye there, ye black scutts?" says I to the naygurs.

"'Twas the other sahibs gave him to us thus," says they, grinnin'.

"An' phwat are ye to do with him?" I says.

"The big-headed sahib with spectacles said, 'Take him to Jehannum,'" says they.

"A very proper way o' talkin'," says I, "whin he's had all the dhrink he cud howld, whilst betther men ha' had to thramp ut, their hearts fair bruk wid the dust and the thirst."

Thin it come to me mind quite suddint that here was a chanst to make up for me misfortunate night; an', says I:

"Bhoys," I says, "ye'll give me this dhrunk sahib."

We rowled him to a barn that stud contagious, an' thin me an' the coolies had a few wurrds, they bein' wishful to share if annythin' come of it. But naygurs are not mostly fightin' men, and they wint off like lambs befure long, mumblin':

"Lo, phwat tyranny is here!" which alwus means cavin' in.

Whin I got him in the barn an' was lookin' at him, I had to laugh. But all the rollin' he'd had was wakin' him, so I shtarted to shtrip off the carput at wanst to make sure of ut. For ut meant beer annyhow. I cut the cocoa-nut fibre they'd tied ut wid, undher his feet, an' I shtarted to onroll very careful.

If I'd be at all rough he'd shtart to groan, an' befure I'd got the carput all off him he begins to wriggle like the caddie wurrms in the ponds at home, an' says he:

"Whaddyerdoin'?"

"Whisht!" says I, whishperin' like a snufflin' bullock, an' rowlin' like the divil. "Ye're safe so fur," I says, "but they may find ye anny minut."

He groans, an' be the sound ye cud tell the head he had on him.

"Phwat are ye doin' wid that carput?" he says.

"Ut's the one ye was rowled in to bring ye safe away," says I.

He sits up, with his head betune his hands—I'd got the carput all off him be now—I was not surprised at him bein' onwell. Presintly he says:

"Phwat's the matter wid me head? An' phwat's this damned thing round me neck?" says he, tearin' off the ham-frill that was there.

"Whisht, now," I says. "Sure we had to dishguise ye to git ye away alive."

He swears at me very sober an' steady for a bit; thin says he, all limp an' feeble in a minut like a wet collar:

"I must ha' been dhrunk last night," he says, "an' divil a bit do I know phwat I done."

"I would niver ha' knowed ye was dhrunk," says I, "ye spake out so bould. You been prachin' in ivery hathin timple in the place," I says.

"I been prachin'!" says he, "I niver done such a thing in me

life! But phwat o' that if I have?" he says, like as if he's goin' to blub. "Phwat for have ye thrimmed me wid paper frills an' rowled me in a carput?"

"Ye ha' thrampled on the prejooces of an ignirant an' blood-thirsty populus," I says very solemn, "an' it's *your* blood they're thirstin' for just now."

At that he begins to blub right out, for he was all bruk up wid the dhrink he'd had.

"I don't know what for iver I come to Injia," says he, wid his hands over his eyes an' black tears rowlin' from undher. "If wanst I git back to England agin, divil a bit will I ivir shtir from there anny more."

Wid that he looks up at me very pitiful, an' the face of him all colours, wid the black o' the tears an' the coloured gelatine on him, an'——

"Phwat will I do?" he says, "I cann't thravel like this."

"Ye can not, sorr," I says, for 'twas as thrue as Moses.

"They'll be watchin' the house ye're stayin' at," says I; "ye cann't go there yersilf. But I know all the coolies, an' I cud shlip in an' git some o' yer things to ye."

"I left me luggage at the station; there's only a valise," he says; "an' if ye'll git me clothes an' see me away on the mornin' thrain I'll make it the best day's wurrk iver ye done. But, oh! man, befure ye go, git me somethin' to dhrink!"

"I wud be wishful to do that same, sorr," says I, "but I have not the price o' a dhrink o' wather."

He pulls some silver out o' his pockut.

"Take ut," he says, "in the divil's name, an' be quick."

I fetched a dhrink an' a bucket o' wather an' a scrubbin'-brush to get what stuff he cud off his hair and cheeks. As I was comin' back wid thim I met a friend named Juldhoo, a naygur, an' says I to him, "You go an' git one or two more, and come tearin' and yellin' past that barn in a minut, an' I'll give ye a rupee."

I come into the barn puffin' and blowin' and lookin' over me shoulther.

"Don't ye be frightened, sorr," I says, "they have not found ye yit, but the divils are tearin' mad after ye, an' no mistake."

Wid that comes a tremenjus tearin' and yellin' up the road, an' me little friend shnk like a jelly.

I left him schrubbin' at his head, an' I wint to the house where he was stayin', and says I to the Khansamah, quite ombrageous: "The sahib that's been stayin' here wants his things," says I, "but ye don't need to wake your masther over ut. The sahibs ha' been havin' a bit o' a disagreemint," I says, "an' ye know what your sahib is whin things go contrarious, so the other one is goin' away at wanst."

He give me the things widout a wurrd, an' I tuk thim to the poor little man in the barn. He'd schrubbed himself somethin' like dacint, an' afther he'd changed, we shlipped off for the station. We come into it very quiet along the rails, an', glory be, none o' the naygurs noticed us. Whin I seen him safe in a first-class carriage he behaved like a gintleman, but he given me a look wid his little eye as the thrain wint off that made me glad I hadn't kept him round till the dhrink was all out o' him, an' I've wondhered since was he thinkin' perhaps I hadn't told him all the thruth.

MABEL A. MARSH

## EPIGRAMS

In our hearts we all rejoice in a fool and would not have him wiser for the world.

Most good sayings were originated by the ancients, elaborated by the French, and attributed to Disraeli. . . . A paradox is only a platitude in fancy dress.

Rats smell rats.

No fruits without roots.

The supreme immorality consists in ignoring facts.

It is depressing to receive kindnesses that are mere bids for a martyr's crown.

The attitude of an angel towards a saint must be a curious blend of humility and disgust.

## THOUGHTS ON LOOKING OUT OF A WINDOW

I had let myself drift farther than I had dreamed. When I came out of my chambers to go to the usual dining-place and force myself to eat the food necessary to keep life in me I had no consciousness of being less well than a man ought to expect to be. But the wind was in the west and May was nearing its end, and there came a call as clear as the voice of the girl you love speaking out of the dusk of the rose-garden on a summer night. I turned back to my rooms, and my packing was soon done. Nine o'clock found me at Paddington, and by eight in the morning I was here in the cottage which looks on the loveliest of all bays. I have slept; I have bathed in the clean, purifying Atlantic waters; I have lain in the sun on hot, white sands. I have wandered on cliffs and towans in the long-lingering twilight, and have gathered the glow-worms which now make our little lawn a near reflection of the skies. It were good to sleep, but to be awake is better. There is scarce a light to be seen except the yellow revolving flash from Godrevy. The waves on the beach below fall with no more noise than that of the breathing of a child asleep, but from the distance comes the calling of the reef Hevra. Was it Hevra called me back to the West—Hevra that is always calling, day and night, to the hearts of the children of my country? Yesterday at this hour I had hardly escaped from London. Now it is as if I were a tree that had stood here for a hundred years, with always the good wind blowing and the sound of the sea. I shall sleep soon, but the light will flood the little room and there will be the crying of the gulls come over from the cliffs by Godrevy and Hell's Mouth to seek the mackerel thrown back to the sea to-night by the fishermen who had reached home too late to touch a price for their catch. Sunlight will be shining. Perhaps there will be a mist, and there will be no sound save the whisper of the sea and the falling of the drops from the caves; and the gulls will be only glints and glimpses of shining white, seen momentarily in the blue haze. The tide will go

out, and with it the mist, and it will be full day. Shall it be a walk to the pine wood on the hill, or shall one sail around about Hevra, or along by Gwithian Sands, and try for pollack, and visit the sea caves? That shall depend on the mood of the moment. Whatever shall be will be good, and now . . . Hevra, I have come back. Will you not give me the good sleep that I used to have?

H. D. LOWRY

## THOUGHTS ON LOOKING OUT OF A WINDOW

A precious lot of thoughts one gets lookin' out of this 'ere window! Why, you can't see nothing but boots beyond the area railin's, unless you stand close up against the window, and then you can per'aps get a glimpse of knees.

But knees ain't the sort of articles to make thoughts surge up into your brain; leastways you don't get no beautiful thoughts out of 'em. If I was to look out on green pastors and flowin' streams while I was rollin' the pastry I could 'ave thoughts—fine poetry sort of thoughts—with the best of 'em. But boots and knees! Low-down things like that can't raise you. Why, three-quarters of a 'orse and a whole dog is a fair luxurious view for us cooks in these London kitchings.

Not but wot boots don't make you think, but the thoughts they give you is more about blackin', and the pore things what labour on them boots, and the people wot wear them, than anything else. I know them highly-polished boots. They means a determined master. The sort that'll say—"Well-blacked boots or a month's warning!" And they ain't altogether bad to work under. If you serve 'em fair they'll do the same by you, and pay your wages reg'lar, and good tips at Christmas. But they're as partic'ler with their chops as their boots, and if the soup's washy—don't you 'ear of it, that's all!

Then there's the patent leathers. You get 'em under trowsers and under petticoats. Under petticoats they don't mean no worse than the sort that's out a good bit, and is everlastin' wantin' pieces of lace and 'andkerchiefs and blouses done up at 'ome, and in a

hurry. They ain't the worst kind of missus, they fly out quick, but soon forget, and you're rid of 'em most times and get the 'ouse to yourself.

Under trowsers patent leathers means a fusser, and if there's one thing I can't abide it's a fusser. Nothing is right from soup to sav'ry; and, lor! the coffee! Coffee turned my 'air grey when I lived with a fusser, and pretty near druv me into an asylum. There's a broad-toed, low-'eeled boot you see under stuffy black petticoats sometimes. The legs as far as you can see is thick. Defend me from them as from the—no, it ain't the word to put in thoughts, but you know.

They'll 'ave you down at six to the minute, they'll get up themselves and creep down, and watch you through a chink in the door while you do the stove, they'll rub their fingers along picture-frames and mantelpieces 'alf a dozen times a day, and they'll smell a follower a mile off!

There's a down at the 'eel boot wot's not pleasant to live with either. There's often a torn petticoat above it, and loose braid. That's a muddlin' missus. She leaves everything all over the place; puts 'er purse where she can't remember, and declares you've taken it; forgets to pay your wages, and says she 'as; orders things, and then says she 'asn't; arsts you questions, and forgets wot you answer, and leads you a fair dance with 'er 'ap'azardness. Lor! I ain't 'alf done about boots, let alone knees and the lowest 'alves of dogs and 'orses. And my milk's boilin'!

VIOLET ROTTEN

## EPIGRAMS

His enemy shot at him and missed; his brother's gun went off by accident, but the man was none the less dead.

Love is only blind; Envy has a squint and sees double.

It is a good joke that carries no sting.

Beauty needs no logic.

## FABLES

### The Robin and the Sparrow

A robin sat on a bare branch, shivering.

"It's cold," he said, "but it might be worse."

"How cheerful you are!" chirped a little voice behind. "Will the spring ever come?"

"Of course it will," Robin replied. "What has been will be. That's philosophy."

"I'm not a philosopher," the little voice pleaded. "I'm only a sparrow, and I'm so cold I shall die."

"If you think you are cold, you will be cold," Robin snapped. "That's the newest school of thought. Do as I'm doing." Then he sat up straight on the bough, and began to say, "I'm not cold —I'm not cold," as fast as he could.

"What's that for?" said the sparrow.

"That's *The Science*," Robin replied. "That will make you warm quicker than anything."

Just then the sun came out and shone on a roof near.

"Good-bye," chirped the sparrow. "I'm going to get warm the way I know." And he sat there happily in the sunshine.

Suddenly Robin plumped down just next to him.

"Hullo? You here!" the sparrow exclaimed; "I thought you wouldn't come for anything."

"Why not?" Robin said. "I'm not cold—only I thought I might just as well say it *over here*."

Here then the Moral that we would present—
Theory and Practice both are excellent
Yet without one thing more are useless—hence
Make all subservient to Common Sense.

R. K. W.

### An Up-to-date Fable

A number of animals once proposed to occupy themselves by playing the game of "Follow-my-leader." Subsequently there arose an uncertainty as to whether the company had chosen the

weasel or the gazelle to be their leader. To avoid unseemly dispute, these two animals proceeded together, and, aiding each other, surmounted many apparently insuperable difficulties, to the surprise of beholders and the embarrassment of their followers. At length they came to a quickset hedge surrounding a field of corn which the weasel desired to traverse, being of an active nature and, moreover, well protected by his fur; the gazelle, being of a more sensitive disposition, objected to breaking through the hedge, both by reason of the discomfort to himself and his followers and for fear of doing damage in the neighbourhood. The leaders therefore parted company, to the bewilderment of their followers, who rent the air with doleful cries, some going this way, some that, while the more philosophical sat down to wait till a seer should pass by who might tell them the name of their leader and his probable destination.

*Moral.*—Be sure of your leader before you consent to be led.

"MALLARD"

## LETTER FROM MRS. MALAPROP TO LYDIA LANGUISH ANNOUNCING JULIA'S FINAL RUPTURE WITH FAULKLAND

MRS. MALAPROP TO MRS. JACK ABSOLUTE

MY DEAR NIECE,—Oh, Lydia, was there ever such an apostrophe! All the genteelest and most modish persons in Bath invited to grace the nuptial cemetery and at the last moment Madam Julia throws over her lover and all is Charon! I am almost distorted with grief and irrigation. Had it been you, Lydia, who perpetuated such an improper action I should hardly have been surprised; for before you was married to Captain Absolute—however, I will make no delusions to the past. But that Julia, who has such a delectable sense of propriety, and who had so long supported Faulkland's fanciful humours and caprioles, should discard him finally, is almost imperceptible. For my part, after this wretched piastre I have done with young women

and their love affairs. Martrimony may become absolute for aught I care.

In fairness, I own, I must exercise Julia for her share in this unhappy denudation. You know that Faulkland's jealous and relaxing temper made his love for Julia a torment both to her and to himself. You was aware that she actually absolved the engagement about the time of the superstitious duel—when that odorous Irishman, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, acted so ungenteelly. After their reconsecration, Faulkland, I confess, endeavoured to overcome his deformity and behave like an irrational being, but very soon his natural synthesis asserted itself, and he again began to plague Julia with his foolish fancies. Indeed, after the date was fixed for the illustration of their nuptials his jealous whims and rackets seemed to increase, and Julia, who had shown an unpalatable patience and goodness till now, and had borne all his surplices and laboured to remove them, began to be wearied with the continence of a jealousy so violent and ill-founded. The very day before the wedding his evil genesis put him upon a new tropic of jealousy, which was Julia's permitting an elderly officer to hand her into her coach from the play. The factious wretch had the odyssey to make this a ground of complaint when next he visited Julia. It was too much. His doubting her love, and the impossibility she thought there was of dissuading him of it, caused her great distress. She saw plainly, she told him, that these fancies he entertained would in the end distinguish his love, and would also ineffably destroy her affection. She could not believe, she said, that he loved her truly, and therefore she would never consent to marry him. Faulkland flung out of the house like a manacle, and is now doubtless inuring the pangs of remonstrance; but nothing, I am convinced, will shake Julia's dissolution. The poor girl is doomed, I procrastinate, to a life of celebrity.

You may suppose I was putrified with astonishment when I heard Julia's story. I have not regained my equilibrium as you may see from my writing, which is hardly eligible.—Your affectionate aunt,

MARTHA MALAPROP

## HERBERT SPENCER'S PROBABLE DEFINITION OF A COMEDY

Herbert Spencer's idea of "Comedy" might be a restatement of his idea of life, such as "The continuous adjustment of thinner relations to stouter relations."

The intrusion of a discontinuous causal relation into a homogeneous group of well-balanced conclusions.

*Romantic Comedy*

The successful cohesion of the homogeneous.

*Comedy of Manners*

The exposition of the ultimate homogeneity of the apparently heterogeneous.

*Domestic Comedy*

A philosopher contradicted by his wife.

*Farce*

A (Natural) Law repudiated by a bishop.

*Herbert Spencer's Idea of a Comedy*

A discovery cancelled by a quotation.

A dilemma with a broken horn.

"Spencer's idea of a tragedy," said Huxley, "is a deduction killed by a fact."

"His idea of a comedy," I should say, "was ditto, with extenuating circumstances."

A sentiment disguising itself as a truth.

Spencer's idea of a comedy was a *reductio ad absurdum*.

A popular religion with a mistaken beginning and a happy ending.

A platonic intrigue between literature and tradition to evade the truths of science.

An unclassified, natural phenomenon masquerading as a miracle.

Darwinism criticised by a gorilla.

The Orthodox routed by Paradox.

A rival's deduction killed by a fact.

A Hegelian refuting the theory of Evolution.
A Kantian justifying his existence.
A culmination deferred by the incalculable human.
The incalculable staving-off felicity.

## A DEF[illegible]owledge of [illegible]TRIE

When the rig[illegible] Thirdly, it is [illegible]ughe and I were well known in the [illegible]y cry with open [illegible]ourselves to learne the social lawes of S[illegible]all these at some l[illegible], with least patience, had the fame of "Ju[illegible]readie my argu[illegible]le." And he set aside our several protest[illegible]almistrie then persuits and listened less to that wee say[illegible]u live you live i[illegible]ucke us both that each did care to look upon [illegible]poo[illegible]ng my best.

Now therefore [illegible]ll I e[illegible]oure to showe that a stronge affection to my calling (that as you knowe is Palmistrie) is likely to misguide me if it hath not the supporte of a stronge argument.

For I could showe you how from earliest times the arte hath had its followers. Each countrie had its own. The Roman poete Terence once hath sayde "per manus tradere"; to that the meaning seemeth obvious, for wee knowe much of hereditarie fayling. Cicero did also saye "haec non sunt in nostra manu," nor doe I doubte but that hee ment his future life; and lastly Sallust (if indeed a further profe is needed) hath sayd "neque mihi in manu qualis Jugurtha foret," implying also "sibi in manu." From the Greeks wee doe acquire such profes as are contained in phrases of thys kind, εἰς χεῖρας ἐλθεῖν, or better still, ἀπὸ χειρὸς λογίσασθαι. And if you search the more profonde of Gree[illegible] you find a secte that flourished with our excellen[illegible]gntened χειραγωγοὶ by name. [illegible]ver thought of

In likelie manner all the learned land[illegible]e most important events the arte of Palmistrie its professors, h[illegible]ople the charming custom countries where men and women a[illegible]n unmarried maiden to be their

Palmistrie is an arte of imi[illegible]annot interfere at all in the general termeth it in thys word It[illegible] position has certain privileges, not the this end to preach and [illegible]o bestow her hand in marriage where she exhibited in imagin[illegible]reign. The appointment being for one year

learning being vertuous action, those skilles that most serve to bring forth that have a most iust title to bee Priceless over all the rest; wherein wee can only shewe the Palmistes noblenes by setting him before all other Conjurors. For knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and generall that happie is that man who may understande it [illegible] happie that can applye what he dooth not perceive.

For that a fayned [illegible] much force to teach as a true example (sith the [illegible] ned to the highest key of passion). With that [illegible] homogeneous [illegible] ave to compare the Palmiste and a Historian. T[illegible] the latter is subject to the former, for whatsoev[illegible] homogeneity faction, whatsoever counsell, pollicy, or warie stra[illegible] Dian is bound to recite, that may the Palmiste w[illegible] make as it pleases most; beautifying it both b[illegible] travagance and exaggeration, as it pleaseth him that heareth it, having all (from Ananias) under the authoritie of his imagination.

. . . . . .

Nowe therein of all sciences (I speak of humane and according to the humane conceit) is our Palmiste the Mocker. For he dooth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweete a prospect into the way as will entice every woman to hear it from him. Nay! he dooth as if your journey should lye through a fayre vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of taste, you may long to passe further.

Infinite profe of the strange effects of this palmisticall inven-
[illegible] might be alledged, only two shall serve that are so often
A popu[illegible], as I think all women knowe them; the one Paris,
ending. at least, what she desired the most; the other
A platonic intrigue b[illegible], celebrated for hys riches.
the truths of science.
. . . . .
An unclassified, natural p[illegible] rge obiection to the various styles
miracle.
will tolerate, for all Palmistrie
Darwinism criticised by a gorilla.
t many knowe, but only
The Orthodox routed by Paradox.
A rival's deduction killed by a fact.
lie sayde) it is not

lying that maketh Palmistrie. One may be a lyar without being a Palmiste, surely one might be a Palmiste and escape the opprobrium.

Nowe then goe wee to the most important imputations laid to the POORE Palmistes. First, that there is required no knowledge of Palmistrie but raythor a knowledge of mankind. Secondly, it is the mother of Lyes. Thirdly, it is the Nurse of Hope. And lastly and chiefly they cry with open mouth that Parliament hath mayde it for ever illegal.

I could answer all these at some length were I not confirmed in the opinion that alreadie my arguments hath convinced you.

If you love not Palmistrie then this much curse I must send you, that while you live you live in ignorance of what you'll be and never get the poorer by my skille, and when you die you'll marvel what we knowe.

APIS OCULUS

## THE DISCRIMINATOR

Ugal is an island in the Southern Seas, and its inhabitants, though belonging to that class usually referred to as "natives," are people of enlightened ideas. The island, a charming spot, is at present large enough for their needs, the love of justice is their ruling passion, and their only official is the person called by a Ugalian word meaning "The Discriminator."

"The office of Discriminator is hereditary, and at the time of my story was held by a youth named Kara. He was young for such a responsible post, but his father had lately died. Kara was the eldest son, and the Ugalians conservative, as all enlightened people are when they obey their instincts, never thought of questioning his fitness for the post. The Discriminator has to act as umpire at the Queen's Race, one of the most important events of the Ugalian year. Among this people the charming custom obtains of appointing every year an unmarried maiden to be their Queen. Although the Queen cannot interfere at all in the general economy of the island, the position has certain privileges, not the least being the right to bestow her hand in marriage where she pleases, during her reign. The appointment being for one year

only, the Ugalians, to fill the annual vacancy, do what all enlightened people do in such cases—they hold a competitive examination in a subject which has no connexion with the duties of the post.

The maidens run a race, the goal being a bowl filled with the juice of a red berry. The winner must mark her breast with this juice, and whoever first shows the mark is proclaimed Queen.

When Kara became Discriminator only two competitors, Vea and Ilya, had any real chance. Now, Kara and Vea loved each other, but there were obstacles—Kara's uncles. Kara, though of aristocratic birth, was poor, and his two uncles determined that he should establish the fortunes of his house by marrying a rich maiden. Ilya was wealthy, and was not unaware that Kara was the most personable young man on the island. Vea was beautiful and poor. Her only weapon against avuncular prejudice was her fleetness of foot. Often did she steal at night from her father's hut and glide down to the seashore, where Kara met her, and under his direction she practised starts and short and long "sprints," in preparation for the race.

When the day came, all Ugalia lined the course. Kara's uncles took up positions conveniently near the finish with confident hearts. They knew nothing of Vea's moonlight flights, for they had been occupied at these times in another part of the island superintending the training of Ilya—each alternately acting as critic and running beside her to "make the pace."

The Discriminator stood beside the goal alone, holding in his hands the victor's crown—a wreath of white flowers. He gave the signal, and the race began. In a few seconds it was seen that two of the competitors had far outstripped the rest. They were Vea and Ilya—and they were level. Kara's uncles turned pale under their dusky skins, and gnawed their underlips when they saw the two girls dart past them neck and neck. Now they were together at the bowl, together they stretched their hands to the juice. . . . Vea touched her breast first! But . . . ah! who saw it? Ilya in her haste splashed the liquid slightly, and before either girl could lift her encrimsoned hand from the bowl one small drop had fallen on her breast. Ilya neither saw nor felt it. No one saw it—except Kara and Vea.

They looked at each other, one fleeting glance passed between them, but it was long enough for these simple island children to exchange their inmost thoughts. Often they had discussed the possible issues of the race, and though neither had foreseen the actual event, each knew at once how the Discriminator would act. His look contained no inquiry, but a mute assurance of the words which followed—hers showed only confidence in him. The breathless silence was broken by the Discriminator's voice. According to custom he proclaimed the winner as Queen, then stepping forward he placed the crown upon her head. Reader, upon whose head did he place it? Remember that Kara was Discriminator, and that a Ugalian's ruling passion is Justice. Remember that Vea loved and honoured him, that he loved Vea, that Ilya loved him; remember that small red drop, and decide!

ALTIORA PETO

## THE NEW AND THE OLD

The last time I met Erchie I saw at once that he had something important to tell me.

"I was lookin' for ye," he said, "for I've had an odd experience."

"What was that, Erchie?" I asked.

"I was sittin' the ither nicht by the fireside," he began, "Jinnet bein' oot for messages, when the door opened and a gey queer-lookin' couple cam' in. Ane was a tall, grey-beardit man, wi' a long blue goon an' a badge on his airm like what the boys o' the buit-black brigade used to weer. The ither was a wee chap wi' a lot o' reid aboot him. There were reid stockings, a reid grauvit, and a tammy wi' a red toorie.

"Before I had time to tell them to come awa' in, the wee ane says:

"'You're Erchie; I ken ye frae yer picture.'

"'Dae ye?' says I. 'I'm gled I'm like it. But ye see, I'm the rale oreeginal.'

"'Yer feet's no' sae flet either,' he says.

"'Are they no'?' I says. 'I'm sorry I canna let ye see my hert, so's ye could tell me if it's warm enough.'

"'Never heed,' said he, quite cheery. 'Dae ye ken me frae my picture?'

"'No,' said I. 'I ken ye by yer impidence an' yer toorie. Ye're no blate.'

"'No,' says he, kind o' huffy, 'I'm no blate; I'm Wee Macgreegor.'

"'Ye are that,' says I. 'Jist Wee Mac, an' ye'll ne'er be onything else; but ye're fine as ye are.'

"'He's a rale divert,' says the auld man, speakin' for the first time, 'though I'm no' shair I ken what a divert is; it's no' a word I ever use mysel'.'

"'Maybe it's no' guid enough for ye,' says I. 'An' for that maitter, wha may ye be?'

"'Edie; Edie Ochiltree. Ye shairly ken auld Edie, the gaberlunzie man?'

"'Whit's gaberlunzie?' says Macgreegor.

"'Jist a beggar wi' a meal poke,' says the auld ane. 'But maybe ye'll no' ken whit a beggar is noo; ye've been gettin' on sae weel since I left the warld.'

"'Deed no,' says I, thinkin' he was takin' a rise oot o' us, 'we havena sich a thing. Whit was it like?'

"'Erchie, ye auld footer,' says Macgreegor, 'ye're bletherin'. We've plenty o' beggars.'

"'Whist, Macgreegor,' says I, 'an' dinna disappint Edie.'

"'Are ye ony freen o' Prince Edie?' says the callant to him.

"'Wha's Prince Edie?' says the auld man; 'ye're no' meanin' Prince Charlie?'

"'Naw, I'm no',' says Macgreegor, 'an' I'm no' meanin' Mary Queen o' Scots or King William cross't Byne Watter. I'm meanin' the wee chap aboot my ain size that's aye gettin' photygraphed.'

"'Whit's photygraphed?' says Edie.

"'Da ye no' ken it's gettin' yer likeness ta'en? I min' fine when I got my likeness——'

"'Ay, it's a' in the book, Macgreegor,' says I. 'Ye needna start on that.'

"'I'll ha'e to tell the Shirra aboot this,' says Edie to himsel'.'

"'Whitna Shirra,' says I, wonderin' if he was gaun to mak' a case o' it.

"'When I say the Shirra,' says he, 'there's but ane I could mean.'

"'Maybe in your day; but there's twa or three noo. There's Shirra Guthrie, him that tried Duffy for bein' disorderly in the Mull o' Kintyre vaults. Dear kens whit they micht ha'e done to Duffy if I hadna explained he was jist singin' "Dark Lochnagar" in a new key. "Gae wa', Duffy," says the Shirra, "an' min' there's nae keys like the auld keys."'

"'It wasna Guthrie but Scott I was meanin',' says Edie. 'Sir Walter Scott—him that wrote aboot me.'

"'That's it, Edie,' says I. 'I couldna think whaur I had heard o' ye afore. But I min' noo—it was in a book Wullie got at the Sawbath schule for sayin' the 119th Psalm aff by hert. It wasna exactly a non-stop performance, for they gie'd him twa rests to tak' a sook at his orange. An' I read "Rob Roy" aince,' I says.

"'Rob Roy,' says Wee Macgreegor, 'I min' him fine. I saw him in the Princess, when Aunt Purdie got tickets frae the dairyman that has the bills in his winda.'

"'Whit's the Princess?' says Edie.

"'Listen to him,' says Macgreegor. 'He doesna ken the Princess; maybe he disna ken the Empire or the Zoo either.'

"'There's some things,' says I, no' wantin' to hurt the auld man's feelin's, 'that boys like you shouldna ken—the Princess is a theatre.'

"'An' dae ye tell me,' says the beggar, 'that Rob Roy's in the theatre?'

"'No' the noo,' says I. 'It's "The Grup o' Airmour-Plated Steel" or "The Warst Man in the Sautmarket" that's on the noo.'

"'The Sautmarket,' says Edie; 'that's whaur Bailie Nicol Jarvie cam' frae.'

"'The Bailie was a bobby-dazzler,' says Macgreegor. 'He was the boy to fecht. Yon was fine when he got the reid-hot poker an' near roasted the Hielan'man. It was better than the clown in the pantomime.'

"'What's a pantomime?' says Edie.

"'Oh, a baurley. Ye bate me at askin' things, Edie,' says Macgreegor.

"'An' ye're no' easy bate, either, Macgreegor,' says I. 'But I've been wonderin' if it wad be impident o' me to ask what brocht the twa o' ye here.'

"'I was playin' wi' my barra,' says Macgreegor, 'when Edie cam' up to me. "Here's yin o' the students in the procession that's forgot to tak' his fancy claes aff," I said to Katie, an' then he asked me for Mr. Macpherson, an' I brocht him here.'

"'The bairn's richt,' says the beggar, an' I cam' wi' a message frae the Shirra. He bade me tell ye that he has been readin' ye're bit book, an' Macgreegor's tae, an' he hasna enjoyed onything sae much sine he cam' to whaur him an' me is noo.'

"'Whaur's that?' says Macgreegor, but Edie took nae notice o' him.

"'He said I was to tell ye that there's a lot o' your words that he's no verra fameeliar wi'. He tell't me some o' them—"menoj," an' "nyaf," an' "smout," an' "skoosh cars," an' "swarees," an' as shair's daith they put me in min' o' some o' the things that Doostersdeevil used to say.'

"'Wha's Doostersdeevil?' says Macgreegor; an' wi' that Edie took to lauchin' an' could hardly be got to stop.

"'Doostersdeevil,' he said at the hiner-en', 'was an unco clever German. He was a kin' o' treesure-hunter.'

"'Did he dig for *Weekly Record* medallions?' says Macgreegor. 'My Paw dug up a ten-shillin' yin, but they fined him a pound for spylin' a man's gairden, an' he said it wasna much profit, efter a'.'

"'Better a fine than bein' put in jyle,' says I.

"'I've been in jyle mysel',' says Edie, 'yon time I led Doostersdeevil the dance'; an' he set to the lauchin' again.

"'Was it a cake-walk like this ye led him?' says Macgreegor, an' the brat set aff roun' the kitchen, his heid hingin' back an' near touchin' his heels.

"Edie turned fair white wi' fricht. 'Is there onything wrang wi' the laddie?' he whispers to me.

"'No' a thing,' says I, 'it's jist a new gaime.'

"'Lod,' says he, 'I'm gled I'm jist here on a veesit. There was anither bit o' the message,' he gaed on. 'Ye were to tell Hugh Foulis frae the Shirra that he tried to keep it daurk himsel' at first, but it wadna work. "Tell him," he said, "that makin' books is a kin' o' murder, an' is shair to come oot. Foulis 'll be identified the same's The Unknown was."'

"'Wha was The Unknown,' says Macgreegor, 'an' whit's iden——'

"'Macgreegor,' says I, 'it's time you——,' an' wi' that Jinnet was shakin' me by the shouther.

"'Erchie,' says she, 'ye're an aufu' man to sleep.'

"'Ay, an' to dream nonsense,' says I."

DANIEL SCOTT

## A JOURNEY TO THE SEASIDE

### In the Style of Sir Thomas Malory

*How Sir Percy Vale, his Lady and his brachet, journeyed to the Sea*

It fell on a time that Sir Percy was sore ill, and the weather was hot, so the leech said his advice to the intent that he might betake himself to the sea. That is me loath said Sir Percy but sith I must needs it shall be so. But his Lady was passing glad thereof and made much trussing of clothes. So it befell after within a sennight all came prepared. So on a day Sir Percy and his Dame set forth on his chariot without horses, as the guise is at this time, and they rode more than a pace till they came to Fenchurch, and there took train unto the South end, in Estsex, whereas Sir Percy had a barget. And many men at Fenchurch holp Sir Percy the which passing courteously gentily disparpled handsel among them. And they all accorded that by his largeness the curtiest Knight he was. Namely he gave large guerdon to him that guarded the train to the intent that he and his Lady should take post alone. For, he said, we will not hold speech of neither more nor less, neither at the beginning, neither at the ending.

And so in sooth he thought at that time. Not for then he was mistaken.

Now it fortuned that the knight had with him a brachet, a glasting beast and one of great annoy. By malfortune at the departition of the train this brachet, being held by no lune, sprang to the ground and voided Sir Percy, the which, wonderly wroth, yede foot hot after him, and that so eagerly that all men had wonder. Right so the train let make for to move and none might stop it.

Now it happed near hand in other part, there was found an uncouth sort, of different strain in estate and range to Sir Percy, being but villains and of low parage, but lacking no manner of spending. Right now the brachet sprang in among them, and Sir Percy wot not what to do, but one there, seeing what had betid, thrang him from behind, whiles other cleight him deliverly by the arms, and he wist not what had become but rashed among them. All so soon as he who had taken guerdon heard the fare at this array, he called out—What cheer, Sir Knight, what cheer? Sir Percy was too astonied for to speak but one there, hight Arry, cried back at him—What ho, ancient, what ho!

And when Sir Percy wist what had befallen he had such sorrow and heaviness there might no tongue tell it. And in sooth the sort was strange. The damosels had much false ouches y-set with stones and pearls in latten and their mantles were purpled in many colours. Everych mocked and juped at the orgulous knight and one with a horn, a much young man, cleped Alf, blew some deadly motes. Then they demanded of him truage for his siege, and some made no other cheer but clipping and kissing, while others gave themselves to chaunt, asking many times if one Sir William Bailey might not return to his home. All this term the brachet was questing like twenty couple hounds, and the knight was wood with rage. Then they made ready a feast of eating, drinking and cheer out of measure, and enforced Sir Percy to drink there the strongest wine that ever he drank, him thought, and therewith he was much chafed. And all that betid to him there is no maker can rehearse the tenth part of it. But within a while Alf and Arry had language together, and there sprang up

debate; then incontinent began a great stour, and either gave other many hard strokes, being marvellous good men of their hands. The French book saith they fought near half a day and never rested but right little, and there was none of them both but had grimly wounds. One had such a buffet that the stroke troubled his brains, whiles the other fell down noseling so he brast out in blood. All this while the brachet made the grisliest groans, for in the recounter both it and Sir Percy had many sore scathes that it was pity to see. At the last they were concluded. In a while the train let stop, and him who watched it came to spere after the knight and the mountenance of his miscomfort. Much araged Sir Percy dressed him thenceward, all that ever he might fling, to his wife which was in great dole, tray and tene, and them twain wept with heaviness. When had dawed a little the Lady she searched his wounds & lay there soft salves. And by when he was wield himself they had come to the rivage where lay great multitude of ships, galleys, carracks, dromounds and cogs, but Sir Percy would none of them, nor the barget which he ought, but cried aloud—By the faith of my body right now I repenteth me, & shall the days of my life, that ever I let make this journey. And the Lady—Y-wis the brachet is in default, if he had not been this had not happed. But the brachet retrayed with his maims, kept himself covert & softly made his moan.

RUPERT LISTER

## DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGE WITHOUT ADJECTIVES

### Fashions for Autumn

Autumn is upon us, and those who like myself are compelled to return to London are now reluctantly laying by muslins, lawns, insertions, and transparencies—the daintinesses and delights of the summer which passes away too soon. We may, however, solace regret by glancing at the windows of the shops which now, as ever, display so seductively the fashions of the hour. Look in at Messrs. Reid and Mayne's, and you will see, as I did yesterday, a coat and skirt of tweed, whose hue recalled the heather I had

left so lately. I could almost feel the wind and sun and hear the bees buzzing as I looked at it. The coat was built squarely and somewhat severely, as we saw others in the spring, and carried a collar of satin, on to which braid was *appliqué*, the whole cunningly again suggesting heather in colour and design. The skirt was modishly cut, and evidently designed by simplicity and adequacy of style for the exiguities of the *trottoir*. The seams, which display a multiplicity and variety of strapping, have been manœuvred by Messrs. Reid and Mayne with the dexterity—I would almost say the chicanery—one expects from them.

And what do I say of the buttons? Madame, there are none! Then how does it fasten? Ah! Go to Messrs. Reid and Mayne and ask to be shown the "*cri du cœur*." Enough said. The costume is in truth the apotheosis of *savoir faire!* She who has wisdom will buy it and, having arrayed herself therein, will face calmly the fog and smoke of an October in London.

Then for the drawing-room and the boudoir, the sofa and the fireside! We must have frocks *pour causer, pour rire, pour boire* (*le thé, bien-entendu*). Pay a visit to Messrs. Larkins; there you will find *en effet* gracefully draping its folds in robes and tea-gowns, and the material which reached England but lately—*gracieuse*. This greets you in a variety of shades which bewilder while they enchant.

I must tell you of a frock I saw which was carried out in *gracieuse* and which makes me ache with longing whenever I think of it. The colour suggested a bed of asparagus by moonlight, and as cloudiness of texture is the characteristic of *gracieuse* the hue was certainly very happily chosen. The designs was of the kind which ravishes by simplicity and which, relying on suggestion rather than on performance, at once stirs the imagination and delights the eye. Lightly, dreamily, irresponsibly, the skirt shook forth flounces. These pointed the way to a hem which would coquet gracefully with the ground as the wearer moved. Round the shoulders, as a cloud rests on the hilltops, floated a mist of lace. The bodice was cut *en ravanche* and was not ornamented save for *grignets* of the lace which were irregularly disposed upon it. The fastenings were cleverly concealed under *vinedons* of the

material. The sleeves resembled nothing so much as mountain streams in the manner in which they issued from the mist and flowed down ever more widely until they were suddenly "cribbed, cabined, and confined," and lost in the mist of a waterfall (again the lace). The cost of the frock is an absurdity!

I also saw a daintiness in samite—the colour of a horse-chestnut and of a glossiness which implored while it defied description. Simplicity, nay "tailor-maidishness," ruled here. It was simply a witchery of stitchery! Frivolity, however, burst out in the buttons which—alternately of gold and silver—were cut into the shapes of clubs, spades, hearts, and diamonds. This would do excellently for a morning at Bridge.

Chicette is still with us, and she who likes to meet the weather halfway will do well to provide herself with an example of Mr. Remington's *entourages*. They are a defence against the brutality of November.

Hats are fast reaching the nadir of popularity. I heard rumours, indeed, of a strike among the workmen at Messrs. Bowler and Topper; but on the whole, I think that a "hat-wave" may be confidently looked for in 1905.

Of gloves and shoes I have not space to speak; they are, as ever, the delight and the extravagance of Dame Fashion. The *chaussure* known as "Hermes" gains ground hourly. But the price? Alack! "Ask the purse what thou shouldst buy." And so, Adieu! Ladies.

K. T. STEPHENSON

## EPIGRAMS

Good people should remember that dressing badly does not necessarily help the poor.

Love denied becomes, to all outward seeming, more and more intense; brighter and brighter it burns, and its colours become more and more unearthly until, suddenly, it goes out. From the beginning, silently, working beneath a show of increasing strength, a decay has set in, not heeded, until, at one blow, it accomplishes its aim.

## A TRUE STORY

"Oh, come, Burn, this is sheer foolery!" I said. "I don't believe there are any houses in this cursed country. Let us give up short cuts and get back to the high road; that must take us somewhere some time. I am tired of lifting my bicycle over gates."

Burn stopped and looked round over the mist-sodden fields.

"A wise suggestion, my son," he said calmly, "if only we knew how to get to the high road."

I was startled.

"Don't you know where we are, then?" I asked quickly.

"Haven't the faintest idea."

My terrier Tim, curled up in his basket slung to my saddle, poked up his head to see what we were stopping for. I lifted him out; if this tramping over fields and lifting of machines was to go on he might as well run. Instead of careering about as usual, he lifted one paw and sniffed suspiciously.

There we stood in the mist and the gathering twilight, and even Tim was subdued.

"It is no good waiting," I said impatiently. "Let us go forward as straight as we can."

We had hardly started again when Burn said in a tone of relief:

"There's a house at last."

Pushing a wicket-gate we passed into a garden, and found ourselves facing a good-sized building.

"There are no lights," I said dubiously; "it strikes me there is no one at home."

"Dare say not," returned Burn, scanning the front of the house, "but there will be in a few minutes."

He made for a small conservatory, and as the door gave to his hand, looked round with a grin.

"Nine people out of every dozen forget their conservatory," he said.

"It's fairly cool, though," I objected, "to walk into another man's house like this."

"It is cooler to sleep in the fields, with everything sopping wet," retorted Burn, whose notions of ethics are elementary.

Leaving our bicycles in the conservatory we went into a small room, with books to the ceiling all round the walls, and a writing-table in the window, strewn with papers. There was a dank, unpleasant smell of mildew, and leather bindings rotted by the damp. I peered uneasily about in the half-light. "What a dirty hole for a man to work in," I said.

Burn opened the door, and passed out into the hall.

"By Jove! It is a queer place, and no mistake!" he exclaimed, as a large mat of old spiders' web fell on his head.

The hall was damp and slimy, and in the corner stood an umbrella-stand with three rotting umbrellas in it, while on a row of pegs above it was an uncouth row of sordid, moth-eaten coats and hats.

"Where is Tim?" I said sharply, for the sake of talking about something wholesome. "Here, Tim! Tim!"

My voice echoed back with a strange muffled clang.

I stepped hastily into the library again. Tim was crouching on the threshold of the conservatory—his tail tucked in, his back bristling, the picture of abject terror.

"Come here, sir!" I said roughly, making a grab at him; but he dodged my hand and fled forth into the mist.

"It's too dark to see anything properly," said Burn in a low tone. "I'll light my lamp and bring it along."

He looked rather queer as the light fell on his face.

We went into the next room without a word. It was evidently the drawing-room; a grand piano stood open near the door. I ran my fingers over the keys and awoke one faint tinkle that sounded so uncanny I stepped back in a hurry, and a lot of plaster came clattering from the ceiling.

Remnants of carpet still clung to the stairs and muffled our footsteps as we went up. A door stood open before us when we reached the top, and we went into the room.

The remains of a scarlet blazer hung from the bed-post—I know it was only a scarlet blazer, I feel sure of it—on a chain was a mouldering portmanteau, half unpacked; the bed had been

occupied, but not for long, for the dingy pillows were not misplaced; the bed-clothes had been flung off, all together, and trailed from the farther bedpost to the floor.

I was explaining to myself that to walk six miles over soggy fields, and to lift a bicycle over a score or so of gates, makes a fellow's heart thump a bit, when Burn caught hold of my arm, and I thought at first that he had broken my humerus. But I forgot that when I looked at him. You could see the whites of his eyes all round, his face was blue, his lips drawn back from tightly clenched teeth.

Instinctively I followed the direction of his glance.

My impression is that we took the stairs together at a single bound. I maintain that Burn would have left his bicycle behind; it was I who ran both machines down the drive, and I confess that I should have abandoned them at the front gate if I had not fortunately found it flung, long since, from its hinges.

It may have been three miles away that we stopped to mount, and Tim joined us, whining and shivering and looking back, with his back still bristling and his tail tucked in. Burn persists, now, that he suddenly thought the house too damp to sleep in, and that we didn't see anything.

Well, perhaps we didn't. Burn ought to know. If any fellow likes to make sure, I can give him the address of the house; I found it out afterwards. Not that either of us wants to see it again—for we don't—neither does Tim.

## INTERVENTIONS

### By Henry James

"*Continuez Messieurs et Mesdames, continuez toujours!*" That well-known utterance of the artist instructor has, it would seem, been the only direction that Mr. Henry James has found it necessary to give to the characters in his latest novel. While they continue to talk to each other he will take their portraits—and not only the portraits of themselves, but of their rooms, their furniture—in a word, their atmospheres. In "Interventions"

the plot can never be said to "thicken"—in fact, one may ask after reading it whether there is a plot at all. A young American, who has been studying Art in Paris, comes to London with the intention of devoting himself to journalism. After a winter in London, however, he marries, forsakes the journalistic field in which he has not succeeded in raising any crop to speak of, and, taking his wife to Rome, he returns, not to nature, but to art. Mr. Henry James has never been an enthusiast for "plot-culture," but—do we require a plot from a man who is neither a Family Herald nor an Anarchist? What does it matter to us that Roger Trentham gets no dinner on the day of his arrival in London for many chapters, because he is sitting for his "impartial" portrait? Roger Trentham (the young man from Paris) is a character after the author's own heart. He has a passion that amounts almost to a monomania for dissecting, analysing, and classifying his surroundings.

Every one and everything that comes under the eye of this observant young man is analysed, parsed, resolved into its component parts, and docketed. "His mind contained a set of pigeon-holes in which his acquaintances were placed. These he would review from time to time and furbish up the labels outside."

Trentham spends his first week in town at the house of a cousin, Mrs. Whitcomb, wife of the Rev. John Whitcomb, Vicar of St. Boniface's, Regent's Park. While he is waiting for her in the drawing-room he experienced a ghastly desire to turn a somersault in the middle of it. Anything to combat the feeling that he would become *en suite* himself if he remained still. He notes "the flowers placed in various inadequate positions in the room betrayed a talent for organisation which was dissociated from any artistic subtlety in manœuvre."

The vicar's lady, indeed, is a born organiser. At dinner subsequently—"Her conversational methods were those of a carpenter. She could saw off any convenient length of wood. She could, if necessary, make a plain deal table and put it on all fours, but as to polishing it! Roger admitted to himself that french-polishing was after all a 'close' trade, and why should his cousin be expected to show a knowledge of it? She had her method, however,

a decisiveness which floated over every obstacle. Another guest, also an artist, had lately been in Rome, and having proclaimed the name of this town as the captain of a river steamer does his places of call, she smiled inclusively at the late Italian sojourner, and, dropping Roger at this landing-stage, she passed on as one who had no concern at this particular haven." Mr. James's style is always delightful, and yet one wonders at times how Roger in the course of his perpetual analysis of himself and every one and everything around him ever found time to eat his dinner, or how he ever gathered himself into a sufficiently synthetic whole to propose to the altogether charming Sibylla Canton. Sibylla is the one element in the story which resists analysis, as indeed an element should. We wish to state unreservedly that we think her the most charming portrait of any in Mr. James's varied collection. It is impossible to say that she is like any one we met before. She is herself, irresistible, entrancing, distracting. Roger realises that the methods of the Public Analyst will not do here from the first moment of their meeting. "She stood before him a delicate surprise, an unanswered question, piquantly insistent, and yet with an elusive air of having answered it to her own satisfaction. Here was some one who refused to enter any of his well-stocked but ever-gaping pigeon-holes. She was animatedly irrelevant to everything that he had been saying or thinking during his previous life. He was conscious of an intellectual stridency about his manner and conversation which he had never detected before. He felt that a question would be a bristling inquiry from his mouth, and that he might trouble the waters of intercourse by rushing in as a fool rather than as an angel. He showed an incoherency in his first remarks which, on a subsequent recollection of the interview, pricked him with a poignancy undiminished by the lapse of time. Sibyl, however, was blissfully unaware that she had caused a flutter in the pigeon-cote, and, construing his inarticulate murmurs of tea and coffee rightly, declined to have any at present. At that moment the piano stopped. 'Was that Schubert?' she asked. 'Yes,' he admitted; then, with a crushing sense of his own blatancy, 'I heard it often in Paris.' 'My brother is going to Paris as an art student. Do you know any-

thing about the life there?' He hesitated, then plunging desperately, 'I was a student at Julian's for three years,' and he went away with the stream."

Want of space precludes further quotation. We can only assure all lovers of Mr. Henry James that when they have read "Interventions" they will re-echo Stevenson's verdict upon Roderick Hudson: "Sir, you have never done anything better than this." K. T. STEPHENSON

## ASPECTS OF DETERMINISM

OR

*(In words of one syllable)*

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY THE PHRASE "FREE TO ACT"?

In this age, when there seems to be no bound set to the range of what we may learn of man and the world in which he lives, when the great store of facts, which we mark with due care and set each in its own place, swells day by day, when at each step it grows more clear that what rules the world is no mere chance, but strict laws, to which all must bow, it is not strange that we pause and ask: "What is the place of man in this great scheme? These laws by which all life that we know—beast and bird and fish—are born and reach their growth, and die to give place once more to new life—must not we too yield to them?" And so comes the first great doubt: we ask if in truth all that we do is not bound by a law, which we may not break, but which shapes from our birth the course we are to take. The stern chain in which cause links with cause through all time seems to crush us and to break down our pride. Is not the claim that we are free to act and to seek our own good a mere boast, a vain dream which our own thought shapes? And yet it is just by the fact that we can so doubt that our doubts may be set at rest. If we were in truth mere slaves of the law of the world, mere links in the chain of cause, how could we so doubt and ask? Nay, how could we know that there is such a chain? Can the mind which grasps it and joins the links into one whole be a part of it? The facts which form for us what we know of the chain come to us each in its own

place in time, and yet the mind in one act can grasp them, and bind them into one. How can the mind, then, be, like them, a thing in time?

But still it may be said: "We grant this point; we grant that there is a mind or Self which knows, which is not in the great chain of cause; but yet does this show that we are free to act?" But to this we may say: "If we may grant this, what does the chain of cause mean? We could not know the mere facts which form the links of the chain, much less grasp the whole, if there were not a Self to know. This chain, which seems to bind us, and which we in vain strive to shake off, is a chain which we forge by our own thought and shape by our own act. Nor is this all; for what in truth do we mean by the word 'free'? Free from what? To be free must mean to be free to fight some force which binds us—just this force, in fact, which rules all the world that we know; were there not such a force, and did we not feel it, in which sense could we claim to be free? And so we come to the truth: we forge a chain that we may break it; we shape a law that we may bend it to our will; we form a world that our life may be no vain dream, but a Force which works in it and through it to one sure end." A. H. SIDGWICK

## SENTENCES CONTAINING ALL THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET AND ALL THE PARTS OF SPEECH

The effects of jealousy are a vexed question; they are curiously different in man and woman, making the one hate the object of his love, the other (Heaven help her!) detest those who would rob her of her prize. M. PARTRIDGE

Alas! in spite of our much-vaunted sanitation, we find that influenza, a germ disease, is still so widely prevalent that, like a conqueror, it year by year invades the bodies of those who are subject to its noxious influence. "WOLLASTON"

A child laboriously learns the six-and-twenty letters of the English alphabet, and lo! for prize he gains a fairy key which reveals to his juvenile mind the secret of all literature and eloquence. F. C. HELPS

## THE GOOSE-GIRL AND THE GANDER

Once upon a time there lived a Queen with two daughters; one as ugly and wicked as herself, the other (her stepchild) as good as she was fair. Now it chanced that a rich young Prince was travelling through the world in search of a bride, and he came to the country where this Queen lived.

"If he sees my sister he will not want to wed me," said the ugly daughter.

"You leave that to me," said her mother, and paid a visit to a wise woman in the neighbourhood. That night the Queen said to her stepchild, "You look tired, my daughter, and I think that a warm bath would refresh you—see, I have prepared one with my own hands." Now the Princess did not know that her cruel stepmother had squeezed some hemlock-juice into the water, and when she came out of the bath her skin was quite brown and speckled like a toad's back!

"Next I will comb your hair," said the Queen. She drew a poisoned comb through the maiden's tresses and they turned into tufts of coarse black wool.

"Look at me," commanded her stepmother, and as the poor child looked up she squirted adders' blood into each eye, and lo! they were no better than boot-buttons.

"Now you are too frightful to live in the Palace any longer," cried they both, and drove the Princess out on to the common to tend the geese.

But one thing the Queen had forgotten to take from her—her voice—which was so exquisite that any one hearing it would gladly have died for her. When the Prince arrived he rode directly to the Palace, across the common, where the goose-girl had just driven her flock home to roost. It was sunset, and in the distance they heard some one singing in a voice of such entrancing sweetness that the Prince exclaimed, "I shall marry none but the owner of that voice."

The Queen looked out of the window, and when she saw the young man advancing she fastened a beautiful mask over her ugly daughter's face and led her downstairs.

After some conversation the Prince asked the Princess whether she could sing, to which the Queen replied that her daughter had the voice of a nightingale, but, as she had strained her throat, the physicians had forbidden her to use it at present.

When he heard this the Prince was overjoyed, imagining that here was the ideal bride he sought; but before she left them alone together the Queen forbade him to salute his betrothed except on her fingers, explaining that this was the custom of the country.

When the Prince returned to his inn and told his faithful servant the news, Hans laid his hand upon his master's heart and said:

"It does not beat quickly enough for a lover, there is something wrong. To-morrow insist on kissing the Princess and make her sing to you."

Accordingly next day the Prince begged his betrothed to sing, and the vain, silly girl, forgetting her mother's warnings, uplifted a voice as harsh as a crow's!

"For that I must kiss you," cried the Prince, and directly his lips touched the maiden's cheek he discovered the mask.

Her screams soon brought the Queen to the spot, and when the young man upbraided her for her deceit, "Come, come," said she, "you will love my daughter fondly after you are married to her."

"Married? I will *never* marry her!" cried the Prince.

At this, in a terrible rage, the Queen struck him with her shoe, and turning into a gander he wandered out on to the common, where the goose-girl tended her flock.

When his master did not return, faithful Hans knew that something had happened to him, so he ran to consult the wise woman.

"The Prince is changed into a gander," said she. "Go to the common at sunset to-night, taking with you an axe and my apron. Chop off the Queen's head and throw it from you, but be careful not to let a drop of her blood touch you. Then throw my apron first over the gander and afterwards over the goose-girl."

Hans thanked the witch, gave her a purse of gold, and, taking her apron, departed.

That evening at sunset faithful Hans hid himself behind a bush on the common; and just as the goose-girl was driving her flock home to roost, the Queen came out of the Palace.

"Will you marry my daughter now?" she asked. "Never!" cried the gander.

Then the wicked woman seized the bird to strangle it, but at that moment Hans sprang out at her, and with his axe drove her head right off her shoulders.

Directly her blood gushed out it turned into a great sheet of water, but forgetting the witch's warning, Hans let some of it fall on his foot, which instantly became lifeless.

He now threw her head into the sea, and it became a beautiful ship; next he threw the apron over the gander, who once more resumed his proper shape, and then over the ugly goose-girl, who stood up a beautiful Princess.

"Here is my rightful bride," cried the Prince, falling on his knee before her, for he had heard her wonderful voice calling her geese; and now Hans had no fault to find with his master's heart-beats.

They got into the ship and sailed safely away to the Prince's kingdom, where they were married and lived happily ever afterwards, but the faithful Hans continued lame to his dying day.

JANE BAYLY-JONES

## AND THE MORAL OF THAT IS

"Laugh and grow fat," says the proverb. And the moral is —"Where corpulence is bliss, 'tis jolly to have size."

"Few and short were the prayers we said." And the moral is—"If you're waking, call us early, call us early, mother dear."

"Mary had a *little* lamb." And the moral is—"Enough is as good as a feast."

## AND THE MORAL OF THAT IS

"Truth is stranger than fiction." And the moral is—"If you tell a lie—tell a good 'un."

"Necessity is the mother of Invention." And the moral of that is—"Another 'story.'"

KENNETH P. BROWN

"Accounts and geese both have to be cooked." And the moral of that is—"If you want a man done, do him yourself."

"You can see an acrobat walk on a slack wire, and an organist jump on a slack choir." And the moral of that is—"You can't make a somersault without breaking legs."

"The good boy does not complain when the nurse rubs the soap into his eyes." And the moral of that is—"Let us soap for the best."

"The sulky man and the camel have both got the hump." And the moral of that is—"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

"It is only a mean man who means to augment his means by being amenable in mien." And the moral of that is—"The more the means the less the meaning."

KATE CLARKE

"A stitch in time saves nine." And the moral of that is—"It is very important never to mend too late."

"We cannot help it if we have no brains, but it is our own fault if we are without manners." And the moral of that is—"Half an oaf is better than low bred."

"The peppermint drop in the mouth of a child is more pungent than the odour of sanctity." And the moral of that is—"Look after the young, or the old must look after themselves."

## SIX EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JANE EYRE, SUPPOSING HER TO HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN HER APPLICATION FOR THE POST OFFERED IN THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT:

"A Young Lady Companion, aged 18 to 25, is required by a married middle-aged lady, whose residence is in the most open part of Islington. The household, a healthy one, consists of the lady, her husband, three servants, and an old and valued canary. The young lady should be of good parentage, blessed with good health, bright disposition, amiable temper, moderate personal attractions, and the education and accomplishments properly incidental to upper middle-class life. She would be expected to look upon herself as one of the family, and be as cheerfully and industrially useful in household matters as the lady herself is. There would be good board and lodging, but no salary!"

13 CORNHILL CRESCENT, ISLINGTON,
*November* 10

"Reader! picture me young, desolate, and inexperienced, standing before the door of my employers, ignorant of what welcome awaited me within. "If this be the open part of Islington," I murmured, "Heaven help the enclosed!" My resolution almost failed, but the fog was filling my lungs, pride came to my aid, and—I rang the bell!

A small room, furnished chiefly with antimacassars and chromo-lithographs, a small fire, and a small, elderly lady occupied in working what looked like another antimacassar! She took no notice of my entry. I felt rather confused when my inconspicuousness was thus pointedly urged upon me, but I advanced firmly until my shadow fell on her work.

She looked up and *whispered*, "Dear me! Are you——?" "I am Jane Eyre, madam," I said composedly. "Speak louder; I am very deaf." "Jane Eyre!" I shouted. . . . By this time I felt quite unembarrassed and at leisure to attend to my surroundings, which were humble but cosy. A loud knock at the

door disturbed me. . . . While he was attending to his tea and taking little notice of me I was able to observe him. My Master! seen now for the first time.

The massive brow shaded with silver curls, the firm jaw and chin deep-set with wrinkles, betokened the effects of a fierce intellectual fire within. "I shall not be afraid of you," I thought, "for I can meet you on your own ground."

. . . I am certain that my ill-starred employers cherish some family secret. They observed me covertly all the evening. The canary did not sing a note.

*November* 11

Presentiments are strange things! As a child I was subject to them. . . . The canary is a large specimen and of a peculiarly bright colour. At breakfast, Mr. Brande shouted to Mrs. Brande, "The bird is singing." She smiled and said, "Yes, I just hear him." Reader, it was not singing! I went calmly on with my breakfast, and affected not to hear. . . . I went into the drawing-room and caught sight of myself in a mirror. There was not much style about my dress, but at least it was tidy, it fitted, and it was "suitable" to my position.

While thus engaged, I heard a step and saw Mr. Brande looking at me curiously. "I wish to speak with you, Miss Eyre. Kindly sit down. Did you hear me tell Mrs. Brande that the canary was singing?" "Yes, sir." "Well, did you notice anything?" "I noticed that it was not singing, sir." "Ha! your habits of observation have been trained, I see." He paused and seemed to scrutinise my face, which met his calmly, and then said with suppressed emotion, "That bird is a painted sparrow! I accidentally let the canary escape some months ago. Afraid of the effect which this calamity might have upon Mrs. Brande, and unable to procure another of the same size and colour, I committed the fraud I have just indicated. Mrs. Brande is deaf. It is, therefore, easy to make her believe that the bird is singing. You, *as one of the family*, will please to back me up." He ceased and left me abruptly. . . . "So!" . . . She has said nothing about it yet.

*November* 13

. . . The ease of her manner, at once correct and cordial, attracts me. Were it not for the canary, that yellow and silent terror. . . . The crisis came this evening. She came into the drawing-room and busied herself as usual in arranging the antimacassars. I offered to assist. Suddenly she whispered, "Have you noticed anything about the canary?" "It is a fine, bird," I answered promptly. "But did you hear it sing?" she whispered. I could not answer this truthfully; I would not answer it untruthfully. I was silent. She continued: "He is far too old to sing now, but Mr. Brande, who is old too, fancies it does, and I humour him. I expect you, *as one of the family*, to do the same." She quitted the room as she spoke.

*November* 14

I have played bezique, the piano, chess, and dummy whist, darned tablecloths, and extinguished Mrs. Brande's cap, which caught fire. I have had no time to-day to nurse chimeras or dream of the future. The curate called, and looked once as if about to speak of the canary, but I had deftly placed his small table with his cup of tea in such a position that he would most likely upset it when rising to approach the cage. This occurred, and served to hasten his departure, for which on other counts I was sorry.

*December* 10

The curate has called often, but the canary lives in the dining-room now, so my heart is at rest. . . . I have told you, Reader, that I . . . I have always felt myself fitted to be the wife of a clergyman.

*December* 12

The blow fell at breakfast time. The bird by some means escaped from its cage, and after our united efforts to catch it had failed, fluttered into the slop-basin full of *warm water!* and drowned. I hastily took it out and wrapped it in a clean handkerchief; at the same time, unobserved, I poured some coffee into the basin which rendered the *yellow* tinge less noticeable. . . .

Mrs. and Mr. Brande have been consoling each other. . . . *Edward* called later, and the news of our engagement distracted their attention to their prospective loss. Mr. Brande said, "We must soon face a greater loss. We shall lose *Jane Eyre*."

K. T. STEPHENSON

## REFLECTIONS OF A GUY ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER

4.30 P.M. This is an improvement on guarding grass seed in the garden. Windsor chair all to myself, and plenty of string. New stuffing too, and a pair of boots.

Seclusion rather wearisome, all the same. Wish some one would come and complete my toilette, which at present leaves much to the imagination.

4.45. Really hope that some one will notice my left boot before I appear in public. Think they might have put more straw in that leg. Perhaps it is the leg and not the boot. Must mention it in any case.

6.0. Hurrah! here they come—now for some attention. So I am to have whiskers, am I? Do be gentle. And here are medals. I am of real importance now.

7.0. Toilette completed. They are really most attentive to me. Have never worn this sort of hat before. Queer arrangement. Seems to be on crooked. No one notices boot. Feel annoyed. Enough to disgrace any respectable scarecrow.

7.30. So I am to have a procession. Did not expect so much. Find myself the central figure. Feel pleased. Remember boot; feel sad. Hope no one sees it. Cheers from the populace lining the route. Also hisses. Wonder why? Feel pleased with populace. Attempt royal bow. Hat falls off. Boy says, "Now then, Roger, what cherup to?" Rude boy. Puts hat on again. Think perhaps I had better not try bowing.

7.40. Populace throws offerings at my feet. Offerings rather hard. Aim of populace not all that could be desired. Wish they would show their feelings otherwise. Still, it is delightful to be so popular.

7.42. Offering hits me in the face. Think that it must have been an egg.

7.43. Positive that it was an egg. . . .

7.45. Procession reaches large open space. In the centre I perceive an erection of stupendous height. Wonder what it is?

7.50. Bearers deposit me on the ground, then seize me, and without "By your leave" hoist me to the top of aforesaid wooden structure. Cannot understand this.

7.55. Escort retires, leaving me enthroned—enthroned! The very word. I see it all now. Verily I am a monarch among men. Always *did* think I was too good for grass seed.

8.0. Grand display of fireworks, entirely in my honour. Really feel most flattered. Position here, though proud, rather draughty. Again remember left boot; but what matter—in a king all things are well.

8.15. Small boy approaches with squib to salute me. Regret that I cannot acknowledge the favour. Squib explodes suddenly. Must I fear Anarchist bombs? Hat really feels most insecure. . . . By the way, thought kings always wore crowns? Rather puzzled.

8.30. More explosions. This is really very dangerous. Beautiful ruddy light plays on my medals. Feel that I am looking my best. Populace cheers.

8.32. Much warmer now. Illuminations really splendid. Must promote some one for this.

8.34. Getting rather hot. . . . Unpleasant crackling sound. . . . Populace seem pleased.

8.35. Small boy shrieks, "Go it, old Admiral, now you'll sizzle!" Can he possibly mean *me*? Am I really nothing more than an Admiral? What a terrible blow . . . feel I shall never recover from it . . .

8.36. Hotter and hotter . . . can't stand much more. Very smoky too . . . very hot . . . think I almost preferred grass seed . . . flame running up my right leg . . . why not the left? . . . terribly hot . . . only an Admiral too . . . flames creeping up my back . . . positive that . . . I . . . preferred . . . grass . . . seed.

DOROTHY KIRBY

## HOWLERS

### Languages

Ἐπεὶ γὰρ ᾔσθεθ' ἡμέραν τὴν κυρίαν ἥκουσαν—For when she saw that *Lady-Day* had come.

Τὸ γενόμενον καλῶς ἔχει—The baby is doing well.

Φασίν ἐκ δαιμονίου μὲν οὐδενὸς μανῆναι Κλεομένη, Σκύθαις δὲ ὁμιλήσαντα αὐτὸν ἀκρατοπότην γενέσθαι—They say that Kleomenes did not go mad by the act of any deity, but the sermons of the Scythians made him take to drink.

Ταῦρος χηρεύων—The bull is a widow.

Οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν ἴχνευον αὐτὸν μὴ οὐκ ἔχων τι σύμβολον—I should not have got far without a ticket of some sort.

Vergilium vidi tantum—I have seen too much of Virgil.

Non hic numen adest, non Di—Here is no divinity; here no inseparable prefix.

Coeruleae puppes—Skye terriers.

Peritissimi viri—Men who kept on being killed.

Arma virumque cano—"Arms and poison for the dog!"

Aes triplex—a threepenny bit.

Compare Caesar and Alexander.—Caesar, Caeserior, Caeserrimus; Alexander, Alexandrior, Alexanderrimus.

Hors d'œuvre—"Out of work."

Ils mangeaient du jambon cru—They were eating what was believed to be ham.

Pas de deux—Father of twins.

Tant de malheur—Unhappy aunt.

Qui peut apprendre le trépas universel des siens sans désirer le tombeau?—Who can learn the universal decease of his folk without longing for a drum?

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte—It is certainly not the Prime Minister who is cute.

### Divinity

What are the two things necessary to baptism?—Please, sir, water and a baby.

Asked what he knew of the Creeds, a Radley boy wrote: "First they wrote the Apostles' Creed and nobody believed it, and

then they wrote the Nicene Creed and nobody believed it, and then they wrote the Athanasian Creed and they had got to believe it."

Ending to the Parable of the Mustard Seed—"And the fowls of the air came and lodged under the branches thereof and brought forth some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some an hundred."

"Mary Magdalene was the sister of seven devils."

"The Cities of Refuge" were for those who unintentionally committed suicide.

What is a graven image?—An idle maid with hands.

### History

The British Constitution is what you may call a sound one, but on account of its insolent position it suffers from fogs.

Henry VIII. was brave, corpulent, and cruel; he had an ulcer in his leg, and great decision of character.

What was the fate of Richard II.?—Richard II. is said to have been murdered by some historians. His real fate is unknown.

### General

"What is the area of London compared to Paris?"—The area of London is where the servants live, and has steps down to it. I have never been to Paris.

Explain "sotto voce"—In a drunken voice.

What is meant by a "nasal organ"?—A Harmonium.

What is meant by a "Hibernating animal"?—An Irishman.

What is the Masculine of "Regina"?—Reginald.

"George Washington was the man who said he never told a lie."

Classify "triangles."—Triangles are of three kinds—the equilateral or three-sided, the quadrilateral or square, and the multilateral or polyglot.

Define "Horse-power."—Horse-power is the distance a horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

Name the three highest mountains in Scotland.—Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond, and Ben Jonson.

What is the shape of the earth?—Obsolete.

How does a cow rise from the ground?—By its musils and the power God has given it.

M. N. KEYNES.

# PROSE, 1905

## THE PHILATELIST

"SEEN better days, I reckon," said I, with a jerk of the head to the door that closed behind the weather-beaten steward.

"Better days, sir! I just *believe* you!" said the "Colonel," sitting bolt up to emphasise the point. "Seen days the like of which no other man on this ship has ever seen. That man, sir"—lowering his voice to a pitch of reverent adoration—"has made seven fortunes—seven distinct, splendiferous fortunes, sir!"

"And lost them," I remarked.

"Oh, you can sneer. He's down now; any one can wipe their darned boots on him. And he don't spin his yarns so freely as some. But I know. He's everlasting proud, that's the size of it; and a man with a past like his . . . and I'll lay he'll make another fortune yet before he's done with."

"Tips?"

The Colonel flattened the speaker with a stare. We could see him pullulating with narratives, and we got them—got several, which proved one of two things—either that the Colonel was a consummate master of fiction, or that the weather-beaten steward was the genius of modern America incarnate.

This man, whose "Christian" name was Derek and whose surname was variable, had been trained, it appears, as a high-class expert engraver and printer. At first home-made bank-notes were his speciality, and at least one of his fortunes came from that source. But afterwards he had dwindled to postage-stamps, and it was as an irregular and immoral philatelist that the strangest of the Colonel's stories pictured him. It occurred to me that in these degenerate days, when highwaymen and pirates are out of fashion, it is the collector of strange things who has the best

chance of adventures. Eggs, orchids, gems, giraffes, and jade have made men acquainted with strange bedfellows before this. You would not expect much of postage-stamps; but Derek made romance even there. He had travelled up and down the world raking over the dead letters of petty American States and Pacific islands for rare old issues. Then he had been so rash as to supplement his discoveries with a few manufactures at his own works in Camberwell, London. That was lucrative also, but when the final discovery came his credit went, and he was left with dozens of rarities on his hands—mostly genuine, but unconvincing to dealers who knew him.

The enforced month of solitude which he enjoyed at Pentonville was a month fertile in new ideas. When he came out he put all his gear, his dies, and his handpress, and all the paraphernalia of an up-to-date colour engraver into a little tramp steamer at Leith, and travelled away out of earshot of Pentonville back to his old hunting-grounds in the West Pacific Ocean. Somewhere in the East Indies (the Colonel had never heard the exact location, but he opined it was somewhere near the Cocos) was a bit of island called Santa Colonia. There he landed.

Now the constitution of Santa Colonia was peculiar. It was nominally a republic of about fifty huts, containing a mongrel assortment of Malays and runaway Lascars, who divided their time between fishing and leprosy. There were also three distinct fevers to be caught on this blessed island. Great Powers had often tried to annex it, but the only thing they had ever retained was one or two samples of its fevers. In the early 'forties the last attempt was made, and the net result was one demi-semi Dutchman of a pilot left behind by accident. This man, who in his sober moments was a man of some ability, having passed through every stage but the last of the three fevers, and being so saturated with alcohol as to possess a certain degree of immunity from leprosy, had been the pioneer of European civilisation in the fifty huts, and was now styled First President of the Free Republic of Santa Colonia.

We gathered it was not a nice place of residence, but there our philatelist with his one idea disembarked his plant and paid a

visit of ceremony to the President. The President received him with suspicion. The philatelist ingratiated himself with gifts, the most acceptable being a pair of Sunday trousers made in Camberwell. (There were only three other pairs in Santa Colonia, and the President felt that a certain amount of display was essential to the maintenance of his dignity.) So they made a compact and a covenant together, negotiations being rendered difficult by the fact that the President had forgotten most of his Dutch and the philatelist had never known more than a little German. Still, he managed to communicate the idea, which was nothing less than the foundation of an inland postal system.

When you consider that on the island of Santa Colonia there were only fifty huts, and these were closely grouped round the Presidential mud-palace at the only harbour, and that only two of the inhabitants in the island could either read or write, it will occur to you that an inland postal system was somewhat of a superfluity in Santa Colonia. Yet the philatelist devised with most exemplary ingenuity an embossed silhouette of the Presidential features, taken from an ancient daguerreotype. He surrounded it with the usual bay-leaf crown, a picture of the Presidential residence underneath, a palm in each corner, and a number to represent centimes, paras, annas, reis, and other coinage according to the fancy of the reader — the real currency of the island being calculated on the standard of rotten fish. These stamps he made in various colours, to represent various values. One issue lacked a perforation on one side; this was called in after five copies had been issued. Another had the palm-trees upside down. Some were surcharged "Official." Some were postmarked and actually affixed to letters addressed to dusky natives, who never got them and could not have read them if they had. Thus for six months all went merrily, and several hundreds of stamps were issued—not too many, for fear of flooding the market. The natives meanwhile looked upon the printing machinery with reverence and dread, and would have fallen down and worshipped it had not the President beaten them away with sticks.

Well, of course, the difficulty was to dispose of them. The President would not let the philatelist go to Europe, because he

trusted no one out of his sight; and the philatelist was a marked man among the stamp-dealers of Europe. So finally the President went off with a portmanteau full of stamps and left the philatelist busy with the second issue for the coming year. The President, according to the Colonel's account, did exceedingly well in Europe. The damaged copies sold for two hundred pounds apiece, and the ordinaries were in great demand at five shillings.

And how did it all end? Did the President ever come back? "What do *you* think?" asked the Colonel. "With seven thousand pounds in his pocket and all Europe for his playground! He was the 'lion' of a London season, and died of it. No; Santa Colonia had to do without him. The philatelist waited six more months and then he started a third issue with his own head on the stamps, and began to look about for a steamer to take him home. But when the natives saw his likeness coming out on the little magic stick-papers an unholy fear came upon them, and they preached a crusade against unauthorised demons, and took that philatelist by the neck—having previously smashed his plant—aud put him out to sea in an open boat; and that's why Santa Colonia stamps are so rare."

J. C. STOBART

## "CONFESSIONS"

(WRITTEN WHILE WAITING AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION)

1. *Q.* In which proverb do you most devoutly believe?
   *A.* "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds" (I have been reduced to trying a refreshment-room cigar).

2. *Q.* How have you escaped public notice so long?
   *A.* By being careful only to express my feelings on the subject of the S.W. Railway system at the deserted end of the platform.

3. *Q.* Of all possessions beyond your reach, which would you rather have?
   *A.* Clapham Junction. I would afforest it.

4. *Q.* What is your pet epigram?
   *A.* I don't keep one; they don't make good pets. My last one died from insufficent airing.
5. *Q.* What truism annoys you most?
   *A.* All things come to him who waits.
6. *Q.* On what income should your best friend be able to live comfortably?
   *A.* On mine, if she would only believe it.
7. *Q.* If fate had always been on your side, where would you have been now?
   *A.* Past Basingstoke—whereas I am at Clapham Junction.
8. *Q.* Do you think men should part their hair in the middle?
   *A.* Yes, if they have an even number; otherwise, it involves needless hair-splitting.
9. *Q.* What do you consider the most beautiful line of poetry?
   *A.* "I waited for the train at Coventry."
10. *Q.* What (*a*) book (*b*) picture do you dislike most?
    *A.* (*a*) Last April's "Bradshaw," which I appear to have consulted under the impression it was the current one.
    (*b*) A triptych representing Milo at different periods of his career, which has been facing me on the platform for the past twenty minutes.
11. *Q.* How many persons do you suspect of harbouring a secret passion for you?
    *A.* All the station authorities at Clapham Junction. Why else should they conspire to keep me here?
12. *Q.* What is your besetting misquotation?
    *A.* "(*d*) Saturdays only" ("Bradshaw" *passim*).
    (This is how the passage runs correctly. I usually quote it as follows: "(*d*) Except Saturdays.")
13. *Q.* What do you do with your Christmas presents?
    *A.* Pay my Education rates.
14. *Q.* What is the very last thing you will part from?
    *A.* Clapham Junction.

C. E. BAINES

## THE SUPERSTITIONS OF DAILY LIFE

There is a borderland of the soul wherein poor human nature spends much time, a shadowy region, the debatable land between the bleak kingdom of a courageous if somewhat insolent scepticism and the milder country swayed by an equally courageous and perhaps nobler spirit—reliance upon and trust in a dimly apprehended external Power. In this debatable land dwells the hag Superstition. Here she has inhabited from time immemorial, bestowing upon her subjects vague promises of good fortune, dim and haunting prophecies of evil. All who enter her realm are afraid, but know not what they fear. She whispers horribly to them in the night, and at high noon they start from fear at the thought of her. They desire one thing continually—to appease, to propitiate, something, some one, they know not what nor whom.

Every soul knows this dismal country, and some have caves there and abide constantly in them, but some have strength to break often away and wrench themselves free or pay some small tribute and so escape. The hag delights in petty observances and childish acts of worship. We laugh at these and her for a season, and then—we too enter the shadows, slinking each to his own cave!

Superstitions proper are, as one interpretation of the word declares, survivals. The fear of and desire to propitiate the Unknown is a universal and hereditary attribute of human nature, which long ago received expression in various acts differing in external details in different localities but like in essentials. These in every case crystallised into a miniature ritual which has often survived its explanation. It seems natural that many superstitions should be connected with birds, for what creatures are more obviously on the face of things in contact with the Unknown? Coming we know not whence, passing we know not whither, we hail them as presages. Again, certain birds are clearly marked out as the proper objects of superstitious awe. You cannot look a magpie in the face without feeling that this bird is in possession

of a secret of its own, and knows yours as well. Hence its sudden appearance recalls you from your petty actualities to a sense of the vast mystery around you, and — a presentiment is born, whether of good or of evil depends on your own temperament, the local history of magpies, and a hundred and one arbitrary circumstances. The owl, with its twilight habits and mournful voice; the raven, seldom seen, sombre hued—the croaker *par excellence* —are necessarily ill-omened fowls. But the cuckoo brings luck to him who runs on first hearing that "word, in a minor third," which is doubtless a fanciful way of counselling energy during the spring. Swallows' nests are counted a fortunate possession, as are storks' nests on the Continent, and woe to the man who expels rooks! Cats and dogs rank equally with birds as creatures of presage. It is not strange that the dog, the "first friend" of man, with his sometimes more than human sympathy and intelligence, should be accounted fateful in his appearances, and his mournful nocturnal howls. Cats are in broad daylight but uncanny creatures. At night—which is day to them—with their gleaming eyes, and the indefinable thrill of their silky coats, his would be a stout heart who would deny them some measure of occult power. A black cat is generally an evil omen, yet by the law of contraries it is sometimes held lucky if a black cat enters the house. Colour has much to say in superstitions, as has also number. Black and white in general stand for good and bad luck, but in many families it is held that a dark man should be the first to enter the house with the New Year. Again, a piebald horse is lucky. Wish when you see one; remain silent until you see a white horse, and your wish will "come true." The rarity of the piebald would make it ominous, and the horse being a comfortable, everyday animal the omen would be good, but the meaning of the white horse as a necessary appendix is obscure. It recalls the fox's tail, which is *not* to be thought of when the new moon is seen. Wish when you see the new moon, do not think of the said "caudal appendage," and all will be well. But the very inexplicableness of the veto forges a lamentable chain of association of ideas which the present writer for one is always unable to break. The moon, formerly the object of religious worship, preserves a

relic of her former greatness in superstitious observances. Curtsey to her nine times when she is new, turn your money, and—do not look at her through glass. This last is a remarkable superstition, for, as glass is, compared with the worship of the moon, a recent invention, it is clear that this idea is not a very old one.

Of numbers 13 is the deadliest, an opinion generally held to be as old as the Christian religion; 3 and 7 are the luckiest numbers. Their symmetrical structure and their being odd numbers unite to render them peculiarly blessed. For as the oracular Barney Machree said, "There is luck in odd numbers." Why in odd numbers? There is certainly something dashing and generous about an odd number; no exact peddling balancing of one half with another, but the full score and something over—for luck!

A picture has been held to be the origin of one of the most deeply rooted of modern superstitions. In Correggio's "Last Supper" Judas is represented as having spilt the salt, but it seems more probable that the superstition was the origin of this detail in the picture, and not *vice versa*. Salt as a mysterious essential of life, the ancient emblem of hospitality, naturally assumed mysterious characteristics. But why do we now throw it over the left shoulder and ejaculate "I hope my Cornish friend is well"? To propitiate the hag?

K. T. STEPHENSON

## A PICTURE

Over my bed there hangs a picture which I can see reflected in the mirror opposite like the dream of a dream.

It is a misty picture of a girl on a barge—a huddled, desolate little figure—alone with the sky and the water, and, although her surroundings must be in perfect accord with her mood, she is entirely unconscious of them, and her troubled thoughts are turned inwards.

The sky suggests a certain cold aloofness from all little foolish human things that suffer, the water holds no comfort and offers no

counsel, and the gathering darkness enfolds her without tenderness and permits no escape from the gloom which enshrouds her spirit. Yet she has come to Nature for help; she has sought for and has found isolation so complete that she has become for the time being a part of this vague, colourless scheme—a something inanimate and unearthly; her soul beats its wings no longer in helpless pain on the weary body which is its prison, but escapes out into the common greyness around, and is at rest—at one with Nature. She has touched ground; she hopes for nothing more from life; she dreams of nothing more. She is only a girl, but she has acquired the wisdom of all the ages — she has learned to suffer.

I wonder who painted that picture! Strange and ungrateful of me that I have never taken the trouble to inquire, for I should like to say "Thank you" to its originator. I should like him to know that I have been that girl.

MARGERY FELLOWS

## LETTER FROM LOUISA HARRINGTON TO HER SISTER CAROLINE STRIKE DESCRIBING THE COUNT DE SALDAR'S COURTSHIP

My dearest Caroline,—Yes, you may this time truthfully felicitate your Louisa. And the sweetest of creatures! Such grace, such elegance! And such *expressive shoulders!* More than ever I feel for my darling sister compelled to pass her days in the embraces of a *backbone*. The name? Señor Silva Diaz, Conde de Saldar de Sancorvo. How does it sound to my Carrie?

A foreigner, I hear you say. What of the Earl of B., the Hon. George P., and the others? My dear, I have taken my choice, and as one cannot marry all, let us choose the best, as poor papa says. A countess is somebody. In verity I am now more than ever convinced that for masculine manners you must go to the

Continent? *Ces autres?* Disconsolate, no doubt. And, *on dit*, the Earl in his despair is contracting a hopeless mésalliance with a person wholly beneath consideration. A domestic servant! I could weep for him, were it not for the ludicrous resemblance to the conduct of poor Peter Smithers. You remember?

A miracle of elegance, I have said. There is in my Silva that refined melancholy conveyed in the tender droop of the Iberian eyelid. And his manner of crossing a room! Englishmen lurch or shuffle or stride. A Southern nobleman *steps!* I could, in faith, wish our Evan nothing better than the opportunity of studying such a model as the Count. Not rich. But for that, as Silva says, one can wait. He has claims. And his wife will find it a pleasure and a privilege to advance them by such poor means as she possesses.

His wife! But let me start at the beginning. For I know my Carrie longs for the whole history. At the Cogglesbys—contrast me that name, *je t'en prie*, with the music that is to be mine—under Harriet's roof I met him first. I marked his distinction, his *air*, as he entered the chamber of the reception. Those Cogglesby receptions! Torment to one of my susceptibilities, I assure you. Yet, one should confess it, Andrew has acquaintance amongst the highest in Europe. How, otherwise, account for the presence of Silva? I marked him from the first, and I saw that it was a case for diplomacy; here was no prey to common snares. So under the shoulders of my circle I watched him. Leaning by the fireplace, solitary, abstracted, *triste*, were he English one would have said bored. But Portugal has manners and can dissemble. Judging the moment when he could bear it no longer I sought Harriet and prayed her to present him. His relief! And when I rallied him so delicately upon his melancholy, "Ah, mademoiselle," he said, with a delicious lift of an eyebrow, "when man is alone, man is always sad. Is it not?" You should have heard the pretty English. He said of it once, "Broken, like my art!" For no foreigner, nobleman or beggar, can swallow our odious English "h"—the asthmatic of consonants. I spoke to him of Portugal, said I had heard of its beauty, longed to see it. Words failed him. But what need of words to one who has eyes and shoulders,

*movable shoulders!* I permitted him to escort me to supper, and drank the wine of his country, always a penance to my delicate system, as my Carrie knows. As the evening advanced he grew tender; he is the soul of sentiment! He spoke lines of Portuguese poetry. I praised the sound of that mellifluous tongue. He offered instruction, and I had a first lesson on the spot. He taught me Portuguese for "loaf," verb and noun! He was pleased to praise my attire. I was wearing the mauve, dear papa's choice. *His* favourite colour was blue, the colour of his skies.

On the following afternoon he came to pay his compliments to Harriet. I was wearing blue. He saw and was grateful. He praised our parks. I told him that I generally walked there in the forenoon. Thus the impression was made. Now to make it indelible.

This, my sweet one, I have observed in men. You have never won a man until you have made him jealous. The next morning I was walking in the park with the Hon. George P. when the Count passes. I smile my sweetest. He lifts his hat with a scowl. For a week I see no more of him.

A week! The limit of his endurance. He came full of reproaches, protestations, complaints. I assert my independence. The liberty of Englishwomen. He melted, sobbed. We mingled our tears on the sofa.

Such are our battlefields, Caroline!

It is to be soon. Such is dear Silva's ardour. By the way, when you announce this to your friends do not omit to mention that the De Saldars are of *almost royal* blood. Not that *I* care for that, but people are weak.

Needless to say, I have not thought it necessary to introduce Lymport. Nor has he inquired. He *assumes* the highest. And he is right. Once out of England, out of sound of the shears!

Wish me joy, dearest one, and recall me to your amiable Strike. Adieu!

LOUISA

J. C. STOBART

## RUDYARD KIPLING AS A DISCIPLE OF WORDSWORTH

*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames?*

To demonstrate a connexion between Kipling and Wordsworth might seem at first sight to be a *tour de force*. To the orthodox critic the one is the embodiment of the quiet contemplative, the other of the loud unreflective. While Kipling is circling the world in a tramp steamer or hurrying across a continent in a prospect-car, Wordsworth takes a walk up Borrodale. To make a poem, the one expands a single mood or incident in the ease of a philosophic calm, the other compresses a world-wide experience into tabloid form in the train between Southampton and Waterloo.

But, in spite of this apparent difference, there are similarities between the two. Both poets headed a new literary movement, and in both cases this was a break-away from previous tradition. Wordsworth brought poetry from the salons of Mayfair to the countryside and the peasant's hut; Kipling carried it further into the engine-room, the barracks, and the public-house. Wordsworth, in revolt against the current poetic diction, had recourse to the ordinary pedestrian language of the middle classes; Kipling, finding that Browning had already employed most of the English language for poetic purposes, yet managed to extend his diction still further by the introduction of countless scientific and trade terms, the adjective "bloomin'," and all words which usually begin with "h" with the aspirate omitted. Finally, a enemy might say that both, besides being poets, are also frequently writers of prose.

Now, when we reflect on the difference and on the resemblance between the two, we naturally ask which of these is essential and which accidental. Are the two poets essentially different, possessing by accident certain points of similarity, or is there one principle at work in both, expressing itself in differences? To answer this question we have to consider not only their actual preserved works but also their general spirit and intellectual attitude, their historical position, and the political and literary environment in which either lived.

The position of Wordsworth is by now a commonplace of literary criticism. He found poetry bound in the chains of artificiality and cramped by the hard conventions of the rhyming heroic. He headed the revolt, the return to nature, the emancipation of poetic thought and poetic form. He claimed a place in the kingdom of poetry for humble scenes of peasant life, for trees and rocks and flowers, for simple emotions, and possibly, too, simple thoughts. And with this new matter came a new form—"the language of conversation of the lower and middle classes"—the ordinary Anglo-Saxon words, and, above all, the ordinary Anglo-Saxon monosyllable, of which he was the first great champion. The word "thing" is one from which Pope and his school would have shrunk, as being flat, inelegant, unpoetic. Wordsworth establishes its claim in the lines:

> For old, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles long ago.

How would Cowper have dealt with such a phrase? Probably in some such way as this:

> Of bygone deeds calamitous she sings,
> Of mighty contests and the strife of kings.

Of course Wordsworth was often carried too far by his principles; his passion for simplicity of life carried him into the details of Poor Susan or Goody Blake; his passion for monosyllables nerved him to face that most terrible of all monosyllables—"Jones." So keen was his contention with the official eighteenth-century poetry, that he often ranged himself under the banner which is always hostile to all poetry—the banner of prose.

The environment of Kipling was of course very different; the world had moved on in the interval; new poetic traditions had arisen, flourished, and fallen. Above all, Wordsworth had done his work; the victory over Pope and the return to nature had been accomplished, perhaps even too completely. Tennyson had lavished all his pictorial and onomatopœic art on the English countryside; his commonplace book was full of lines about the sea or the ousel, to be worked into future poems. The Saxon monosyllable, from

being a resource, had become a disease. If "thing" is the typical Wordsworthian word, surely "lilt" is the typical Tennysonian.

Browning, of course, stood apart from contemporary influences; and Kipling, at any rate in his early work, is saturated with Browning. But there were some spheres of life which Browning, with all his encyclopædic range, never touched; he "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes," but they were mostly other ages and other climes; like all the other early and middle Victorians, he kept apart from what was really the great fact of the Victorian age—namely, the industrial revolution, with its accompaniments of town life, machinery, and the despised and rejected aspirate.

Then came Kipling, uplifting the banner of the lower classes, as Wordsworth had uplifted the banner of the middle. The town, from being a dull aggregation of red-brick and smoke, becomes the theatre of passions and their achievements, the field of Badalia's struggles, or the background of Charlie Mears's metempsychosis. Machinery, from being a lifeless substitute for the labour of man, becomes endowed with a voice, a message, a romance of its own. The dropped "h," from being a stigma of degradation, becomes the battle-cry of the new movement, the mark of emancipation. Wordsworth had found poetry in Michael and his hut; Kipling only carries the same process a step further when he finds it in McAndrews and his engines:

> Backed, bobbed, braced, and stayed,
> And singin' like the morning stars for joy that they were made.

But, it may be said, are there not still great differences? How can the loud cosmopolite, with his hurry, his blatancy, his doctrine of blood and iron and racial domination, be really a disciple of the calm philosopher of the Lakes? Is not the poet of machinery, or of "Sussex by the sea," only a small part, and not the most characteristic part, of the real Kipling?

Kipling is a man of such extensive and varied interests that it is difficult to understand him entirely, to comprehend all his activities in the light of one principle. But there is such a principle latent in his thought; Kipling no less than Browning has a metaphysic of his own. For him there is a God, or Fate, or

the Lords of Life and Death, outside the universe, and working it like a machine. Hence man is likest God, not when mercy seasons justice—that is a delusion of street-bred peoples—but when he sits outside another machine—a type of the universe—and works it. Hence comes Kipling's glorification of the engineer, the gunner, the absolute autocrat, the Roman Catholic religion, and, ultimately, God. From this doctrine he deduces his religion; we must believe in God, since the head of the Indian bureaucracy must be responsible to some one—otherwise the machine would not work. Hence, too, come his ethics; it is best for man to work a big machine, next best to work a small machine, or be part of a big one. Hence the young man should enter the Army or Navy, if possible, since they are big machines; failing that, he should go away among the inferior races and work them into a mechanical system: above all, he should have nothing to do with democratic government, which is not a machine, but an organism, and cannot be worked from outside.

Now this doctrine of Kipling may seem in direct antagonism with those of Wordsworth and most other poets; he seems himself so far conscious of this that he alters the spelling of the Deity's name. The God of Wordsworth is immanent in nature:

> The Presence which disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts;

the God of Browning is immanent in man and nature alike, or, rather, the principle that makes them one; the Gawd of Kipling is merely chief engineer to a very big machine. But Kipling's doctrine, if we examine it, is only an exaggerated development of Wordsworth's. The "return to nature" is only one side of that glorification of the object as opposed to the subject which is characteristic of English thought, and which animated the whole scientific development of the nineteenth century. When the return to nature begins the balance is fairly preserved; the "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" is no less important than the daffodils observed. But as the landscape widens and grows in interest and complexity the inward eye is forgotten; we gaze at the wonderful panorama, seeking its ruling principle in it alone

and forgetting that it can only be found in the inward eye itself; and when the prospect begins to embrace the whole world and the call for a unifying principle becomes more urgent it is too late to retrace our steps, and we must seek the principle without, in a God or Gawd who is postulated to make the system work.

It would be interesting to trace the development of this principle, its relation to Kipling's political and ethical doctrines, to the British Empire and the White Man's Burden. But having proved Kipling's metaphysical sonship to Wordsworth, I had better cease.

It would be a pity to spoil it by an anticlimax.

A. H. SIDGWICK

## DEFINITIONS OF ENVY, HATRED, MALICE, AND ALL UNCHARITABLENESS, CONTAINING ALL THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET

*Envy* is A's feeling towards Z when Z has just the particular cake that A wants, even if there exists no suggestion that Z bested him in any way in acquiring the prize.

*Hatred* is A's feeling towards Z when A is possessed by such extreme ill-will that even if he had all the cake in the world and Z none, the joy of the situation would not altogether quench the blaze of his animosity.

*Malice* is A's feeling towards Z when A is revenging his grudge by zealously spreading the injurious rumour that Z acquired his cake by the exercise of wrongful means.

*All Uncharitableness* is A's feeling towards Z when A can see nothing to justify Z's possession of the cake, and experiences a quiet hope that Z may be seized with violent regret (and other things) if he eats it.

E. M. WHITE

## GIVEN THE CHARACTER OF POLONIUS, LAERTES, AND OPHELIA TO FIND THE CHARACTER OF MRS. POLONIUS

POLONIA

*Proof*—(*First, or a priori method.*)

What sort of person would Polonius have married?

"Give every man thine ear but few thy voice." He being a man who gave every man his voice would naturally prefer a lady who was more ear than tongue. Now listeners are of two kinds —those who listen to criticise or to learn, and those who are silent because they are afraid or unable to speak. That Polonius should have married a critic is as impossible as that a critic should have married Polonius. Therefore Polonia must have belonged to the latter category. She married Polonius for the same reason that Ophelia would have married Hamlet, or any one else—because he asked her. Thus Polonia was weak-minded to start with, and it is easy to imagine to what a depth of imbecility a few years of old Polonius and his good advice must have driven her.

(*Second method: by the theory of heredity.*)

Polonius bulged with good advice, together with "a plentiful lack of wit and most weak hams." Laertes also exuded discretion; see his adieu to Ophelia with the priggish termination:

"Youth to itself rebels though none else mar."

Thus Laertes clearly "took after" his male parent. Now Ophelia, on the other hand, with her perpetual "Yes, my lord," "No, my lord," "I shall obey, my lord," and "I do not know, my lord, what I shall think," was obviously an amiable young person, but very, very weak: no good advice from her, but she was for every one the uncomplaining receptacle of it: with what a deplorable result we are all aware.

Thus both methods lead to the same conclusion: *videlicet*, the weak amiability of Polonia.

Now since such a character, or indeed any other, after ten years of "this tedious old fool," would be reduced to utter mental

annihilation, and since Ophelia was evidently born long after her brother Laertes, and therefore after the aberration of her mother's intellect had become pronounced and hopeless, it is not difficult to detect the hereditary taint which predisposed this unfortunate young woman to cerebral derangement, insanity, and suicide.

In short, we have proved that a certain character was inevitable for the wife of Polonius, and probable for the mother of Ophelia. It only remains to add that the distinct traces of gentlemanly and sportsmanlike feeling which we find in Laertes must have been derived from his mother, since it is clear that the "fishmonger" possessed the instincts of a bully and a sneak. Therefore Mrs. Polonius was undoubtedly an imbecile lady of refined instincts. Q.E.F.

J. C. STOBART

## Mrs. Polonius

She had been a pretty girl, pretty enough to turn young Polonius's head, and to cause that usually so cautious courtier, "suffering extremity for love" of her, to commit the one rash act of his prudent life, and risk the "desperate undertaking" of making a mésalliance—for Mrs. Polonius was of plebeian birth. His was a short infatuation and a long regret, for his wife's beauty faded rapidly, and the "blâze" of his love faded with it. All that was left was his belief that experience had made him a perfect mentor for youth. His frequent warnings against impetuous passion have the sting of personal disenchantment. It was long before the romantic girl, who had looked up to him as a demi-god, could reconcile herself to the loss of his affection, for his soul had been "prodigal" to give "the tongue vows" during their courtship, and her laments were continuous and tearful, greatly annoying Polonius. Years afterwards, when Ophelia tells him of Hamlet's "tenders of affection," probably in a sentimental tone like her mother's, Polonius bursts into such a storm of irritation that it seems directed against some remembered grievance rather than against Ophelia. He sees her mother in her, while he wishes her to act "as behoves my daughter." Being a failure both in her

husband's eyes and in the aristocratic society which he frequented, Mrs. Polonius withdrew to her nursery, and, faithful to her old hero-worship even in her sadness, taught her children to adore him as she had done, and to find wit in his ponderous puns, and eloquence in his prosy platitudes; obliterating herself the while so entirely that to them, too, she seemed only a gentle nonentity compared with their pompous father. Unwittingly, however, they were both largely formed by her.

Ophelia had many of her traits. Not only her gentleness and obedience, but her very mannerisms. Her description of Hamlet (Act ii. scene 1) is full of circumstantial detail dear to the middle-class mind—much in the style of Juliet's Nurse. Her little commonplaces (Act iv. scene 5)—"We know what we are, we know not what we may be." "I hope all will be well." "We must be patient." "They say we made a good end"—are evidently echoes from Mrs. Polonius's former visits of condolence. Even the old sentimental songs with which her mother used to sing her to sleep haunt her in her madness. Laertes warns his sister against a confiding tenderness which she certainly did not inherit from Polonius. On the other hand, in his father's long sermon of advice to him one catches hints of what Polonius probably thought *his* dangerous maternal inheritance.

"Give to thy thoughts no tongue." (Mrs. Polonius had a tendency to prattle.)

"By no means vulgar." (There rankled the thought of the plebeian blood.)

"Not gaudy." (Mrs. Polonius had dearly loved cheap finery.)

What Polonius did not see was that Laertes also got his better qualities, his uncalculating generosity, his too tardily awakened conscience, his family affection, from his mother. The only time that she is mentioned in the play (Act iv. scene 5) it is by her son; but even he uses her more as a figure of speech than as a personality—although the adjective "true" rings with a certain reality after the rhetorical "Chaste unsmirched brow."

Poor Mrs. Polonius, faded, sentimental, bourgeoise, commonplace, rather silly—but *true!*

E. C. WADE

## STORY OF A PSYCHICAL PHENOMENON IN THE STYLE OF DANIEL DEFOE

A True Relation
of a
Phantasm of the Living;
in which, during a period of anxiety & sickness,
one Mrs. Richardson
appeared to
Fanny Brown, a little waiting maid,
the 5th of January 1905:
which apparition supports the views of the late Mr. Myers,
put forward in "Human Personality," recently controverted.

This relation is attended by circumstances that were the subject of investigation by a gentleman whose eminent position in one of the universities renders fraud impossible. The Mistress of the Girl, with whom the apparition conversed, is a gentlewoman of known charity and piety, a stepdaughter of the said gentleman's, who lives in London.

### A Relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Richardson

By Miss A——

Mrs. Richardson is a maiden gentlewoman of about five-and-thirty years of age, compelled by adverse circumstances to accept menial employment. For some years she served me faithfully as waiting-woman, and our intimacy grew little by little until we had come to be more like two friends than mistress and maid. Though of a pleasing mien and cheerful air, this estimable woman suffered from a disorder which it seemed beyond the power of physic to relieve; for suddenly her distemper would cause some part of her body or even her face to swell to such disproportion, as would have been laughable were it not terrifying. In December 1904 we parted with mutual regret, forasmuch as she had inherited a small property in the vicinity of London on the death of her

brother, a tradesman in a small way of business. The last among the many friendly offices she did me was to instruct a little maid in all those acts of service which had proved so greatly to my advantage.

On the 5th of January 1905 this little maid was alone in the kitchen, where my dinner was preparing, and fell into a doze, on her own confession; which she had no sooner done, than she hears the bell of the telephone in the passage. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Richardson, lately her fellow-servant, to whom she owed all her instruction in the use of that instrument. She saw Mrs. Richardson replace the receiver and turn the handle, and at that moment of time the clock in the hall struck five after noon.

Ma'am, says the little maid, I am surprised to see you; but begged her to enter the kitchen and to drink some tea, which Mrs. Richardson complied with. She told her she was desirous of sending an important message, and had come to that house because there was no telephone where she now lodged. But how came you, asks the maid, to enter without my knowledge? Oh! says Mrs. Richardson, I still possess my key, which I will leave for your mistress before I depart. Then she asked the maid if she remembered two volumes that lay on the table by the bed of her mistress. Fetch them, says she, and so the maid goes away and fetches them.

Then Mrs. Richardson fell to reading parts from the book, which was Myers' "Human Personality"; which she continued to read to the wonder of the maid, who understood little of what was said, commenting on the wisdom of the writer, who had conceived the clearest notions of the subliminal self. She spoke in a rapt and pathetical manner, forgetting to eat; and when she rose, her tea remained untasted. Then the cape of Mrs. Richardson's mantle fell apart; and the maid cried, Dear Mrs. Richardson, you have begun to swell. To this she received no answer, further than a request that she should replace the volumes without delay. On her return she found that Mrs. Richardson had departed without salutation.

When I entered later in the day, I was informed of her visit,

and noticed on the table the tea which she had not tasted; and this surprised me, as it had been of her own choosing. Some two hours later, I received a letter from Mrs. Richardson by the hand of her little niece, begging me to come to her at once, as she feared she might die. As she had visited my house that day, and as I was indisposed with a cold, I did not go that night; but next morning, I hastened to her bedside. Her illness had somewhat abated, but the physician feared her throat might have been obstructed during the night. It was unwise of you, says I, to imperil yourself by a visit to me at the beginning of so grave a disorder. I assure you, says Mrs. Richardson, I have been in my bed these three days; and then she tells me of the love she bears me and how she had thoughts of the many beautiful sayings in "Human Personality." Then I asked her if she was disturbed in her mind, and she said she had forgot she was no longer my waiting-woman; and when her distemper was growing, she had thought earnestly of me. During her anxiety, she had fallen asleep about five of the clock with a desire in her mind to warn me that no dinner would be ready on my return, in consequence of her disordered health.

Immediately on coming home I questioned the maid concerning the occurrence of the previous afternoon. She never varied in her story, but says she should have told me before that Mrs. Richardson was wearing a blue locket. This strangely surprised me, for such a locket Mrs. Richardson had shown me that afternoon and said she had received it but two days before from a sister in Kent. My maid, though no hypochondriac, has been part crazed by the knowledge that she had converse with an apparition; and, though convinced of the truth of her story, I have sent her to an Hospital, where the most sceptical may be convinced from her particular relation.

HENRY HEAD

## IN DEFENCE OF PUNNING

Punning may be defined as the employment of a word or phrase which suggests, by resemblance either of spelling or (more commonly) of sound, another word or phrase, or another sense of

the same word. The resemblance may be of any degree: we have the Exact Pun, which consists in two different senses of the same word; the Good Pun, such as that mentioned by Charles Lamb between "hair" and "hare"; or the so-called Bad Pun, such as the world-famous outrage on Judas Maccabæus.[1]

Punning is usually attacked as—(1) not amusing, (2) actively offensive, (3) in any case useless. Let us take these points in order.

(1) This view is usually infected with the modern taint of subjectivism: it generally resolves itself into the simple statement, "*I* do not find punning humorous," a position which is thought to defy further argument. The reply is, of course, obvious; the argument is merely a revival of pre-Socratic sensationalism. There must be some universally valid conception of the humorous for even a denial of it to have any meaning. By a dialectic regress we determine this concept, and define humour as the sudden perception of some similarity or contrast—each, of course, involving the other—between two objects not consciously related before. This definition explains parody, burlesque, and other forms of humour. A pun is thus seen to be, by definition, one of the purest types of humour. Hence the subjectivist plea "*I* do not find it funny" is self-contradictory, since it presupposes this objective concept; it is merely the æsthetic equivalent of the burglar's or Tariff Reformer's plea, "*I* do not find ordinary moral standards satisfactory." The reply is well known: sensationalism, in the realm of humour as in other realms, if consistent, must be speechless.

(2) The more subtle opponents of Punning surrender their position and fall back on the bare statement, "Punning is repulsive to me personally." This argument is more difficult to meet: there can be no objective standard of Repulsiveness, and so our opponent is not immediately guilty of inconsistency. We have, then, to examine the causes of this repulsion, and by showing what other things ought to be equally repulsive from the same cause, reduce him *ad absurdum*. Now, the objection is

[1] Hoary-Tory-O! Do-jus'mak'-a-bee-'us (bee-hive).

probably based upon what is really a sound instinct: the objector feels that the punster is outraging language and is emphasising accidental similarities of sound at the expense of the essential relations of thought. This is seen clearly in his varying attitude to the Exact, the Good, and the Bad Pun. The first he tolerates, because the connexion is not really accidental, but essential: a pun, for example, on two senses of the word "bow" only rouses the scientific mind to point out the underlying etymological connexion. He is less kind to the Good Pun, since here etymological connexion is rare, and the relation is usually accidental; but at least word corresponds to word, and the divisions of language are kept inviolate. But the Bad Pun overrides all considerations of etymology, structure, and division; and he feels it as a lapse into primal chaos from the hard-won Cosmos of language. But what, after all, is the punster doing? He is only utilising for his own purposes accidental similarities of sound in words which bear no linguistic relation. This is precisely what has always been done by every poet that ever wore the bays of Apollo. Poets use, and are forced to use, sound-effects every bit as accidental as even the Maccabæus masterpiece. Our objector, if he is consistent, must only allow them sound-effects where the connexion is essential —*i.e.* in onomatopœic words. Thus, in Tennyson's line

The murmur of innumerable bees

he would allow him "murmur," since the word is designed to convey the sound; "innumerable," on the other hand, conveys the "murmur" sound only accidentally; the original Latin word would not do so at all: hence Tennyson is making a Bad Pun. Therefore, for our objector, Tennyson and all other poets stand or fall with the nameless genius who invented the "Maccabæus" pun. He must reject all or accept all.

(3) Having disposed of the æsthetic attack, we can face the utilitarian without qualms. In these days of reaction from the ideals of 1840 it is happily superfluous to refute the utilitarian position *ab initio:* having proved that punning is humorous, we need not further prove that it is not useless. But a few *a posteriori* proofs may serve to indicate the strength of our position and to

show that puns are not, as is generally supposed, mere ephemeral creations belonging to the lighter side of life. A Pun by the Delphic Oracle, of which Crœsus did not see the point, caused the fall of the Lydian Dynasty, and consequently the rise of the Persian Empire. A Pun [1]—by the same inveterate joker—caused Athens to build a fleet, and so led the way to the rise of the Athenian Empire. A Pun by Cicero [2] clinched his case against Verres, whose fall was the first nail in the coffin of the Sullan oligarchy, and so cleared the way for military autocracy and led inevitably to the rise of the Roman Empire. Finally a Pun—some authorities say three Puns—by Pope Gregory caused the conversion of England to Christianity, which, as we all know, led to the rise of the British Empire. In the great movements of cosmic history, what are kings, principalities, and powers beside Puns?

All the great men of the world have made Puns. Shakespeare made them; Aristophanes made them; Æschylus, Rabelais, Ben Jonson—the list is endless. I make them myself sometimes.

Mr. Balfour does not.[3]

A. H. SIDGWICK

## COINCIDENCES

A recent writer has described with great sympathy and truth the feelings of some children, come to years of discretion, whose toys were to be sent away—how, in the dead of night, they stole to the box in which the toys were packed, and, extracting from it a few of their most treasured relics, buried them in their garden, that the hand of the stranger might never rest upon them.

With some such feelings a modern writer approaches the subject of coincidences. For these are surely the toys of our race's infancy—the tangible objects round which hangs our first unconscious symbolism. The years of discretion teach us that toys

[1] *Cf.* Herodotus, I. 53, vii. 141.

[2] In Verr., II. i. 46.

[3] Except possibly "While I am leader of this party I intend to lead it."

are made of lath and plaster; the ages of discretion teach us that coincidences are too often the workings of a natural law, and bid us send them away in a box to the savage, the mystic, the dreamer. But there still lurks in us the spirit of rebellion, which the calm voice of science cannot exorcise; and in some midnight hour, when science sleeps, let us steal out and give them at least a decent burial, and perhaps a few words of funeral oration.

For these forgotten toys once formed the only stepping-stone from the lower world to the higher. The stars at the birth of a victorious chieftain, the birds' flight across the path of a successful expedition, the rain which seemed to answer the priest's invocations —it was in these that our ineradicable impulse to wonder first found its satisfaction. It is true that this wonder begot science and philosophy, the brood of Kronos which deposed its own parent. But the battle was a long one, and the victors were divided. Philosophy at least never forgot the wonder from which it sprang: religion and poetry, at least in the first struggles, fought by its side, and superstition was always a bold and useful skirmisher. Even science itself found at first that it had won but a Pyrrhic victory. For when it had shown that the stars are merely a great system moving by unalterable law, wonder turned round on it, and found in this very thing a new source of strength. The relentless march of the heavens typified the relentless march of man's fate; their ordered unity typified the unity for which he strove; and so from its ashes arose Coincidence, and called itself Astrology.

For us, of course, coincidence can never mean so much again. The mists of morning, which covered its early movements and made all things and shapes seem alike, have given place to the clear light of day, in which we can distinguish, and classify, and label. Coincidence must take its place in the ordered army of fact: the excursions of its youth are over, its wild oats are sown. And military restraint is not good for it—it grows pale and wa[illegible] under its limitations.

The law of probability is its non-commissioned officer, an[illegible] somewhat of a martinet. Let coincidence exceed its bounda[illegible] so little, and science steps in. If I see two men going w[illegible]

of a club, each with a sixpenny edition of Haeckel under his arm, I may call it a coincidence: if I see six men, Coincidence is at once ordered back to the ranks, and Science hastily explains that it is a Theological Club. I may smile or groan, but I may not wonder. In other ways, too, coincidence is bound by the Rational; indeed, we can now see that it cannot exist without a rational basis. Bill, in "Troy Town," remarking on the coincidence of his being hanged on his birthday, might be thought a pure instance of chance happening. Cromwell's victories at Dunbar and Worcester, and his death on the same day, might seem an even stronger instance. But, alas! what is it that makes these events coincidences? It is merely the length of our year—a year 364 days would spoil them; and this depends on the motion of the earth, and so aspiring wonder knocks its head against the Solar System—a sad shock to one so old. In one place only coincidence retains its ancient power. On the shores of the Mediterranean, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile, around the green baize tables, among the waste products of civilisation, coincidence finds its last and most faithful devotees. If such be the ending destined for it upon earth, better a quick death, a veil swiftly drawn, and a quiet grave.

Yet the old age of coincidence has not been without its consolations: it has even had its triumphs. Not only does humanity as a whole still refuse to walk under ladders or sit down thirteen to dinner; Science itself was driven to invoke the aid of its ancient victim against the onset of Psychical Research, until it could save its face by compromising on Telepathy. But the battle only showed the weakness of the old warrior: the more coincidence was used the weaker it grew, and the more insistent became the demand for scientific explanation. And so Coincidence, "rude donatus," put up its sword and left its last field.

Its task is over. They that fight the battle of the ideal against the actual no longer need its aid; they can meet science in front, from the end to which it advances; they need not attack it from the quarter from which it arose. So at last we may bury the toy of our childhood, not perhaps in the Valhalla of Odin and Thor, or the fairyland where rest Cinderella and Jack the Giant

Killer, but in some green spot open to the stars which were once its friends, where the birds fly that were once its messengers.

καὶ παίζειν ὅτε καιρὸς, ἐπαίξαμεν · ἡνίκα καὶ νῦν
οὐκέτι, λωϊτέρης φροντίδος ἀψόμεθα.

A. H. SIDGWICK

## COINCIDENCES

The ordinary man dismisses coincidences with a "Dear me!" or a "How odd!" But your philosopher who lives by wonder sees a pretty problem in them. Surely, he reflects, so strange a knot of events must signify something, be more than a fortuitous concourse of circumstances. But what? For it is hard to escape, and still harder to accept, the first and obvious solution, that if coincidences mean anything at all they mean that events are furiously wirepulled from the "other side."

But in a mythopœic age, or in a mythopœic mood, we make no bones about swallowing such a doctrine. We not merely accept, we greedily affirm the existence of wirepulling powers, and glory in our own puppetdom. Our complaint then is that coincidences and other miracles are so few. With that liberal supply of machinery they should be as the sands for multitude.

That this mood is well known to us all is obvious enough from the fairy-tales. There the never-so-ordinary reader calls imperiously for his full rations of "voonders upon voonders," and gorges himself with miracles. And a fairy-tale without coincidences would be a fairy-tale without fairies.

In real life also there is a curious half-acceptance of the doctrine on the part of men of destiny and their admirers. Your real man of destiny, no less than the fairy hero, accepts coincidences as his right. He even appeals to them, or we do for him, as proofs that he is being used, as the phrase goes. It is right and proper therefore that the stars in their courses should fight for him. The smallest event has significance.

The fairy defect of the fairy theory of coincidences is, of course, that it proves too much; it empties out the baby with the ba[illegible]

A satisfactory explanation of coincidences must leave a little room at any rate for the action of the human mind.

Now at this point, curiously enough, one aspect of fairy mythology begins to chime in with the most recent mythology—I mean with what has been named Metapsychics.

Besides the non-human agents of the older mythologies there was often the human mind itself, in the form of the master magician, the wise old woman, or the silly son. And these purely human persons were frequently supposed to outmanœuvre all the non-human powers in the direction of events.

But that is just what Myers and his school claim for the "subliminal" consciousness of man. As those who know anything of metapsychics will agree, there as yet appears no end to the wonder-working powers of the submerged mind. Among other little miraculous trifles, it runs our physical organism—in its spare time, so to say. But its main work appears to be just that wire-pulling of events in time and space that meets us in the fairy-tale.

Thus while the fairy-tale might reply to our question—What causes coincidences?—by pointing to the human magician, the school of Myers would point to the subliminal consciousness of every human mind. There, they say, is the destiny that shapes our ends, that loads the dice we throw, and plays the music to which we dance. Like another of Kipling's "harumfrodites," we are puppets and showmen too.

How far we dare go in applying such a theory depends upon our courage. But we can scarcely go further than a distinguished Cambridge professor has lately gone, or in a more delightful direction.

It is, or should be, generally admitted that of all people below the rank of men of destiny, lovers are most often indebted to coincidence. Their great miracle of coincidence is, of course, that "just we two" should have met at all in a world of millions of souls. Cynical people see nothing remarkable in that; but our professor, being a professor of philosophy, sees a good deal. Believe not, he says, that this beatific meeting is due to nothing more than geographical propinquity; but seek its origin, if not in other stars, at least in other states of your soul. In the subliminal

world you two, you happy two, conspired together to bring it about, and from thence you pulled the strings that moved events. What wonder, then, that your course is strewn with coincidences! Not to know them would be to argue true love unknown. Comforting as such a theory is to the lover, the novelist will find it equally comforting. He need no longer make-believe that his manifold coincidences are inevitable; he may boldly believe that they are, and tell his ruder critics to go to—Metapsychics! Only he must be warned of this, that coincidences cannot be improvised. They will not come just when you do call them. Unless, therefore, the stuff of coincidences is confessedly mingled in the plot from the beginning, the story is only spoiled by producing them, juggler-fashion, out of obvious nothing. The sound maxim for novelists, as well as for other observers of human nature, is this: Always allow in your calculations for the incalculable subliminal; you never know when you may need a coincidence, or a theory of coincidences. A. R. ORAGE

*A Catastrophe* is the fool's word for the fact that the seed which he has sown has come up. HENRY MARBLEY

*A Misunderstanding* is a term used by those who first meant what they did not say and then said what they did not mean; (or) is a term used by those who have been led to say too much by the fact that they ought to have said more. HENRY MARBLEY

*An Entanglement*—The mix of the warp and woof of "a will of its own" with the web of things as they are.

JAMES LE MORE

*A Sulk* is the state of mind in which it would be well if one were to speak more and think less. K. T. STEPHENSON

*A Catastrophe*—What we fail to see past.

*A Misunderstanding*—What we fail to see round.

*An Entanglement*—What we fail to see through.

*A Sulk*—What we fail to see in.

## SWEARING AND STRANGE OATHS

The first remark to be made with regard to profane swearing is that popular ethics on the subject are in a thoroughly chaotic state. The ordinary Sunday-school condemnation of the habit is as inconsistent as the pulpit condemnations of gambling which leave the Stock Exchange untouched.

For sure the first thing to be recognised about the man who misses his train and says "Damn!" is that his language has no conscious reference to any theological dogma. If the man who, at the Professor's Breakfast Table, uttered three words, two of which were "Webster's Unabridged," and the first an emphatic monosyllable, had really visualised St. Paul's conception of a groaning and travailing Universe (including Webster's Unabridged), I for one would find a unique interest in his view-point. But let any reader ask the next man in the train who speaks of "the deuce" exactly what he knows or believes of the Dusii. The result will be pure blank.

This obvious fact is not recognised in current ethics. The broken collar-button, the suddenly punctured tyre, the train missed by half a minute, produce an inevitable overflow of nervous discharge. Now, human behaviour under these conditions may take several forms.

Some people let their emotions explode down ticket-of-leave channels. The present writer was once installed in a home wherein the domestic encumbrance was an aggressive adherent of the Salvation Army. When diplomatic relations with the mistress reached breaking-point, the electrical condition of the kitchen atmosphere was always indicated by the overheard strains of

'Tis life everlasting; 'tis heaven below.

So, too, I recollect observing the divergent behaviour of a man and his wife over one of the exasperating incidents of our trying civilisation. The man followed the energetic advice of a friend of mine: "D——, and have done with it." The lady expressed her

irritation (and her opinion of her husband's language) with perfect propriety—and took an hour to do so. Now, tested by any sane ethics, there is not a penny to choose between this pious domestic and exemplary wife and the erring man who employs the emphatic monosyllable. The kitchen hymnody warbled "D——!" to the dullest ear; and the emotions of man and wife were chemically the same stuff, differing as squib-powder differs from gunpowder.

Why not keep your irritation to yourself, and exercise restraint? asks an objector. There go two words to that. Emerson once said that if you are a poet and do not write poetry, the latent inspiration "will out," even through the pores of your skin. A cynical lady observed to me that this is true of masculine bad temper too. The man is silent, and the evil thing comes out like a malarious atmosphere, poisoning the very springs of agreeable sociability. No; my energetic friend's wisdom, as quoted above, is better than this.

But perhaps the reader will argue that the impatience itself is immoral. The brilliant author of "The Defendant" has taken up the cudgels for what may be called the swearables of our petty life. The worst knife that ever broke a pencil, he tells us, is not really a bad knife, but a good one if only we were not accustomed to a better. "It would be regarded as a miracle in the Stone Age." Bother the Stone Age! The razor that failed to shave me this morning is undoubtedly a perfect weapon from the standpoint of the Stone Age. But then the chins of the Stone Age need no more grooming. The fact is, Mr. Chesterton's defence is sheer immortal conservatism. I could defend Slavery or Armenian Massacres, or even the continuance in office of the present Government, if you grant the antediluvian point of view.

I should like to take a stronger line still. Swearing is essentially a *Liberal* habit. The emphatic monosyllable is the oldest and most venerable form of the creed of Mazzini and Gladstone. What is Liberalism? It is academic discontent with things as they are. What is Swearing? It is non-academic discontent with things as they are. Mr. Gladstone's language against the Turk was saved only by prolixity from the charge of

profanity; Mr. Stead and Mr. Dillon have crossed the fence. The first aboriginal Liberal in the Stone Age was the man who chipped his knuckles when trying to chip his flint hatchet, and said ——!

But meantime there are Philistines in the land; and the present writer is a practical moralist. A string of convenient substitutes for swear-words is a felt want of our civilisation. Why not innocuous oaths? The *Leisure Hour* once suggested a perfect phrase for this purpose: "Dan Godfrey's blazing blast-furnaces"—the mouth-filling quality of which leaves nothing to be desired. I have known a Shakespearian enthusiast who fell back upon

Now in the name of all the gods at once

in time of stress. But enough of these toys. The great nation on which the sun never sets is obstinately conservative. It abides by its own beef, its own beer, it own fogs, its time-honoured dulness, its venerable ill-temper, and—last, but not least—its own pet monosyllable. Offer it "Strange Oaths!"—your thanks will be, "Don't care a ——!"

R. E. CROOKE

## MORAL STORIES

### Grimalkin and Little Edith

Once in ten thousand years a cat is allowed to speak. Grimalkin was that cat. Little Edith had just pinched his tail. So Grimalkin said—

"Why do you pinch my tail, Edith?"

"Why, where else should I pinch, Grimalkin?"

Grimalkin felt that he had wasted seven words; Edith did not understand in the least.

"Put yourself in my place," he said earnestly; "would you like me to pinch your tail?"

"But I have no tail," said Little Edith.

So Grimalkin had another ten thousand years to think of the proper answer.

*Moral*

When opportunities are rare,
Embrace them with excessive care.

J. C. STOBART

THE CLOTHES AND THE MEN

(*After G. Bernard Shaw*)

A rich man, feeling generous, presented his poor relations with new clothes. One was a clerk, crippled with rheumatism and a large family. He received a dress suit. The other was an overworked curate, who had charge of a straggling district. A cycling suit was sent to him. While thanking the donor, he pointed out that he possessed no bicycle. The clerk also mentioned that he never had a chance of wearing evening dress. The rich man, deeply touched, immediately sent the country curate some ball tickets, and to the rheumatic clerk—a bicycle.

*Moral*

Not the Gift, but the Giver.

HILDA NEWMAN

THE APE THAT IGNORED THE PAST

A Youthful and Reforming Ape, fresh from a tour in Utopia, publicly advocated the use of nut-crackers. "In Utopia," said he, "nobody cracks nuts with his teeth, and consequently toothache is unknown."

The Dental Adviser to the Crown rose to reply, and demonstrated that—

(*a*) The Reforming Ape lacked all appreciation of the dignity of Apish customs.

(*b*) It was centuries of strife with toothache that had made the

character of Apes, and indeed the Empire of Apeland, the things they respectively were.

The Youthful Ape died under a shower of cocoanuts.

*Moral*

It was always too late to reform.

R. D. DENMAN

## IN PRAISE OF CATS

The true cat is the emblem of tranquillity, the incarnation of home, the embodiment of Oriental Nirvana at the Occidental fireside. Cats! As we see you, grey, sleek, motionless, staring with mysterious eyes through the heart of the red-hot coals into a Beyond that we cannot perceive, of what are you thinking? Some say, because you do not fawn upon your master like a dog, nor play tricks, nor come at a whistle, nor work like the horse, the ass, or the man, that you are stupid and lazy. These are people who have not leisure to think. The cat is the only animal capable of abstract thought, the proof whereof lies in her absolute calm of expression. Such calm is only attained by those who have grappled and vanquished the abstract problems of existence. Feline philosophers, could ye but speak!

The true cat is the hearthrug cat. Some may boast of mousers or show cats. Heed not these. It is only the cat of deficient intellect or of insufficient sustenance that condescends to prey upon mice and rats. A well-fed, well-trained cat may occasionally pursue a mouse if it should cross her path, but only in a pure spirit of amateur sport, and as one feature of the lordliest life on earth. The cat that habitually and professionally catches mice for a living is no lady; and the cat is properly the most ladylike thing on earth, not excepting the lady.

At the show the cat is quite in her element. For cats are always on show; never unconscious, even when asleep, of the value of appearances. There is one feline attitude at washing-time when one hind leg has to be raised in the air somewhat after the manner of a leg of mutton. This is not a graceful attitude, and the cat knows it. If she thinks that you are looking she will

sometimes begin with a deprecatory cough, and if you are a gentleman you will look the other way. But the show cat is not the true cat. For the most part she is a bundle of monstrous fur, wherein the elegance of feline shape is utterly obscured.

Black cats require a separate paragraph. Some think they push the mystery-business to the verge of indecency. Black cats *are* uncanny. They visibly hold commerce with the unseen. When they are young and the rain is in their blood, black cats execute the wildest and most mysterious of leaps and gyrations. They are evidently at play—but with whom? Ah, with whom? That was why they burnt old women who associated with black cats in the Middle Ages, and perhaps they were right. Black cats!

No, the true cat is the tabby. That is the distinctive feline marking, as seen in her uncle the tiger. And the tabby is the most catlike of cats, the most graceful, the most indolent, the most meditative. For the cat is as the lilies of the field, that toil not, neither do they spin. The essayist may quote Shakespeare; but neither "harmless" nor "necessary" is an epithet complimentary to the cat. For the true triumph of feline genius is the manner in which she has contrived to live in comfort, rent free and owing no service to any man. No true cat comes when you call, *because* you call. She will come if there is anything to eat, otherwise you may call until you are tired.

Perhaps the secret of the cat's success as a fireside ornament is, in addition to her repose of demeanour and perfect manners, the silence in which she lives and moves. Walking daintily on cushioned velvet she makes no sound in her progress; she will walk through a bed of flowers or a table of Venetian glass, and, if not disturbed, breaks nothing. In repose she is silent too, until, saturated with bodily comfort, warm and well fed, she breaks into that most reposeful of human sounds, matched by nothing but the hiss of the tea-kettle. The purr of a cat has often deterred wicked men from crime.

A silent, self-centred philosopher!

Ah, but in the silence of the night has not your blood run chill at the sound of those unearthly shrieks like the wail of lost

souls in the fire? And when you were told that this is the wooing of Puss, did it not give you cause to ponder upon the nature of the mysterious creature who deigns to dwell under your roof? A creature of a double life: by day the silent, somnolent, indolent prophet of repose, by night a dreadful, wailing, wild-eyed ghost of the shadows and the house-tops. Ah Sphinx! Ah mystery! He who loves thee most least comprehends thee. What hast thou seen, what hast suffered, to put that note of agony in thy nocturnal voice? How hast thou meditated, what riddles hast thou solved, to spread thy hearth-side face with that ineffable calm?

J. C. STOBART

## IN PRAISE OF CATS

Custom, as inexorable as when she binds the names of Thackeray and Dickens eternally together in our conversation, forbids the discussion of cats uncompared with dogs: let no profane lust after originality drive us from obedience to her decree, rather let us meekly proceed once more to weigh in the balance their traditional respective merits. In fact, on this subject, the only permissible gambit is the question whether the one has less heart than the other, to which the reply must be no crude affirmative or barren negative, but, as befits the subtle and elusive nature of our theme, a nice evasion of the alternative, as "that the cat can more than make good in quality what she lacks in quantity," or "that where she falls short in intensity she surpasses in discrimination." For your dog, or rather your unselfish dog—the whole depths of canine egotism no pen has yet probed—flings himself upon you with an "abandon" which allows no leisure for selection. Ages of evolution have given him one commanding need, an object for his love, a chance or a cash transaction has made you that object, so that he will fawn on you, idealise you, worship you, with a devotion practically independent of your individuality. It is quite otherwise with the cat. Her green eyes watch you shrewdly, with an almost cruel impartiality. She condemns, tolerates, admires you piecemeal, but if the sum-total of your qualities prove satisfactory, she will

tender you, in consideration of your duly rendering service in food, fire, and massage, the honour of her calm, unexacting affection. To each of the high contracting parties is reserved their absolute independence of action and untarnished self-respect; neither sentimentality nor passion may mar the alliance which, when once formed, is durable, philosophic, Emersonian.

Hence it is that men of hasty, impulsive natures, craving admiration of any sort, soldiers, sportsmen, and those who follow the rough excitements of business, are accompanied by dogs; while it is left to the cat to take her place as the honoured fellow of dons[1] in our universities, as the friend of artists, the beloved of poets and bishops. Sometimes there arises an actual antagonism between men of the former class and the too scrutinising critic, so that of at least one gallant soldier it is whispered that he fears nothing—but a cat.

Let us not be thought rashly to maintain that cats are the only creatures capable of a restrained and lofty friendship for our race. Some men boast of a relationship all but perfect with a squirrel; but for ourselves we always suspect that in reality they need to lavish a world of tenderness and devotion to gain in return but rare and tricksy favours from their squirrel friends. With a jackdaw things may go better. Humour prevents his flattering preference from degenerating into mawkishness, but his companionship is exacting and whimsical, and it is not every one who can stand the strain of his rapid alternations between teasing and coaxing, between pecking and caressing. Besides, these other friendships are comparatively rare, results of lucky accident or complete compatibility, they lie, like the aristocratic manner, beyond the reach of the majority. But if you have gained a fair share of true civilisation of spirit, it is hard if you cannot have a cat to your hearth, to say nothing of kittens to your home.

There is, alas! another and a dimmer side to the fair medal of pussy's fame. As night comes on the darker steed of the pair which draw the chariot of her little soul (some coal-black Cinderella

[1] Such as was the late lamented Senior Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

charger would Plato have fabled it?) grows strangely restive, and too often, taking the bit in its teeth, bolts away into regions of horrid, anti-social barbarism. Philosophy, self-restraint, good manners, apply their brakes in vain—but this is in praise of cats, and our very title bids us turn our eyes from the Hyde-like degradation of a noble nature. Who dare say, moreover, what purgatory of self-reproach is passed through at early dawn; what hard-fought battle between the higher and the lower self precedes the attainment of that peace with the world and herself which radiates from the gentle cat who, restored to her right mind, mews for a sardine or whisks her gracious tail into your breakfast plate next morning!

GILBERT WHITEMAN

## ON THE BORROWING OF BOOKS

A topic for the cynic, this. He may dilate upon the matter with a bland relish of its bitterness, noting with a smile of satisfaction the absurdity of the lender's anguish, the sublimity of the borrower's forgetfulness, as signal examples of the meanness and paltriness of the human soul, which are his chief delight.

But the book-lover cannot dally with an affair so vital; to him it is unspeakable. To dwell on it is to forfeit all esteem for humankind. Mention the subject to him and he will turn upon you with churlish ferocity and voice, with a stern sense of virtue, his absolute determination never to lend a book.

For in the society of the passions and affections the true love of books (not the mere love of reading) is an unsociable member. It does not consort with the love of humanity, as does the love of sport or of wine, but keeps by itself, sour and jealous, brooding over old wrongs, resentful of the demands that may be made on it by other feelings.

Thus it is commonly found that the borrower of books stands, for the bibliophile, as the very type of all that is most treasonable, shameless, and graceless in human nature; and this all the more if, in his inexperienced years, he himself was apt to lend. He cannot forgive himself for that trustfulness that was so foully

abused from time to time, because the ghosts of the books lent long ago haunt him reproachfully.

And indeed it is the suffering of the poor dumb books themselves that would pierce, if anything would, the callousness of the borrower. Exiles from their master's care, if they do not languish mouldily on a garden-seat or bank where they have been left, they stand on alien shelves in mute protest. It is their lot most often never to be opened from year's end to year's end; if a glance fall upon them it is a glance made irritable by the qualms of stifled conscience; none takes any pride in them; none handles them lovingly, remembering their past history; they are elbowed by strange books whose neighbourhood has no meaning; and far away their rightful owner looks at the gaps in his shelf, where they should be standing with their fellows, cudgels his brain for the name of the rascal who has despoiled him of them, but sooner or later fills up those very gaps with new-comers.

And yet, after all, despite all the heartburnings which this business of the lending and borrowing of books brings in its train, the world of friends would be a poorer place without it. Perhaps the man whose master-passion is the love of books will do well for his peace of mind to keep clear of it. But it is a plain fact that he who never lends a book never has a book returned to him, and misses thereby one of the true pleasures of friendship. For between friends, such, at any rate, as are rather lovers of reading than lovers of books, the trusting and restoring of a book sweetens their intimacy in a way that more than compensates for an occasional actual or possible loss to their library. It is the token of the generous courtesy which is the garment of friendship, the vehicle of that communicativeness which is its essence.

A friend would have his friend enjoy the writing that has rejoiced his own heart; it is even a fervent delight to him to know that the written word brought its message to his friend's eye from the same page that gave it to his own. And the book itself is dearer to him for having been handled by his fellow.

Therefore, as an element of friendship, despite the scorn of the cynic and the sour wisdom of the jealous book-lover, the borrowing of books has its place among the pleasant things of

life; and the careless and ungrateful borrower offends not only against the rights of books, but against the rights of human fellowship.

ELEANOR CROPPER

## BORROWING BOOKS

There are three ways of obtaining books—buying, stealing, and borrowing. The buyer loses money, the stealer loses reputation and sometimes liberty, the borrower loses nothing except the lender's friendship. The difference between the last two classes is rather subtle: both take the book, neither gives it back willingly; but the thief, if pressed, will probably deny his theft, while the borrower is always ready to acknowledge his borrowing. It is generally best, when trouble is brewing, to address your victim voluntarily with some such phrase as "It was so good of you to lend me that book."

Borrowing books as a profession or as a means of livelihood is justly condemned by the right-minded; it should rather be regarded as a sport or as a fine art, according to its grade. The lowest and least intellectual form consists of entering a friend's house during his absence, removing a book, and leaving a message of insolent triumph to that effect; this last act marks the transition from a felony to a gentlemanly proceeding. The second stage represents a moral advance upon the first: ethically it lies somewhere between highway robbery and Rugby football. The distinctive mark is that the owner is present when the book is borrowed; the borrower announces his intention of borrowing the book, and wins the race home with it in his pocket. The variation of this method, in which a third friend is introduced to hold the owner down while the loan is being completed, is of a lower grade, and can only be defended as a joke.

In the third stage we pass from barbarism to civilisation; and moral institutions, which are the mark of civilisation, are here present in the form of certain presuppositions of politeness on either side, which constitute the rules of the game. Rule I. is that it is impolite to refuse to lend a book. This would seem to put the game into the borrower's hands; but Rule II. restores

the balance by allowing the lender, within limits, to say that he has already promised the book to another friend. Matters now seem at a deadlock, but Rule III. again modifies the situation: it say that lies coming under Rule II. must not be too glaringly obvious. It is clear, then, that the borrower must exercise a nice discretion. On the one hand, the book must be valuable enough to be worth borrowing; on the other hand, it must not be so valuable as to force the owner to invent a really artistic lie and so escape Rule III. Where not much is at stake he will probably refuse the effort involved, and let the borrower win the game.

In this higher stage the game admits of several interesting variations, such as the Sick Friend, the Journey, and the Biter Bit. The Sick Friend is used either in attack or defence: thus the borrower may say that his friend is ill and in need of a certain book, and offer to take it to him; or the lender may refuse to lend the book on the plea that he has already promised it to another sick friend; in such a case, however, the lender must observe Rule III. with care. The Journey variation is purely offensive: the borrower is leaving the lender's house and borrows the book to read in the train; if the lender replies that he has promised to lend it to another friend to read in the train, he infringes Rule III., and loses. The Biter Bit is one of the most interesting of all the variations: as the name implies, the lender becomes a borrower; he has lent, let us say, a book (*a*) to a friend. He then goes to the friend's house, borrows a second book (*b*), and says, "As I am here, I may as well take back that book I lent you," adding, "for poor Jones," if he is also playing the Sick Friend.

The above may serve to indicate some of the possibilities of this game. On its merits as a form of sport it is needless to dwell. Like all the higher forms of sport, it does much to train our faculties, and is an invaluable element in the education of an Imperial Race: at least it teaches thoroughly the two great lessons of Enterprise and Diplomacy (otherwise called lying and stealing), which form the A B C of Imperial expansion. It is with a just historical appreciation that the Book-borrowers' Club

have placed in their vestibule the busts of Ananias and Barabbas, engraved with the motto, "Honour among Borrowers."

Book-borrowers on the whole are a prosperous and contented race, and entertain a kindly feeling for one another, although their interests frequently conflict. They are often scattered in this life—some live near Hyde Park, some in Portland; but they will all be reunited later on.

A. H. SIDGWICK

## HOW THE DADDY GOT HIS LONG LEGS

Here is another story, O my Best Beloved, and it tells how the Daddy got his long legs.

Once upon a time, before people were in such a 'scruciating scurry and before there were any motor-'buses, there was a Dretful Discontented Daddy.

He was always grumbling about himself; he grumbled about his toes and his nose and his tongue and his lung and his antennæ and his appendicitis, but most of all he grumbled about his short, short legs.

His legs were shorter than a centipede's, and, as you know, Best Beloved, the Daddies don't think anything of centipedes. "Clerks and Cabmen" Father Daddy always called them.

When the Dretful Discontented Daddy grumbled Father Daddy got mos' awful angry, and licked him, long and lustily, with his short, short legs. You must know, Belovedest, that Father Daddy had short, short legs, too.

That made the Dretful Discontented Daddy grumble all the more, because, as he took peculiar pains to point out, if it wasn't for his short, short legs Father Daddy couldn't catch him, and he would never get a long and lusty licking.

When Father Daddy said he had no ground for complaint the Dretful Discontented Daddy said that even if he had it would be no use to him, as he hadn't what you might call a leg to stand on it with.

Then Father Daddy was confused and struck dumb, and had no available answer, because it was Logic, and, as the Dretful

Discontented Daddy explained, it stood to reason, and no one could reasonably expect anything more of him with his short, short legs.

But when he added that Father Daddy couldn't get away from the fact because his legs were so short too, Father Daddy got mos' 'stonishing angry, and said if the lumpy earth wasn't good enough for him he had better go and live in a Plate Glass Window.

"Aye, aye!" said the Dretful Discontented Daddy; "just so, and not otherwise. Transport me to my Platal-Plane."

That was the way the Dretful Discontented Daddy always talked. He thought it was Logic, too. But he made a mos' monstrous mistake in choosing his premisses.

At the top of the Plate Glass Window there was a Patent Ventilator, and on the other side of the Patent Ventilator there was a Wild West Wind.

When the Dretful Discontented Daddy climbed up to the Patent Ventilator (and it took the Dretful Discontented Daddy three weeks to climb up to the Patent Ventilator with his short, short legs) the Wild West Wind blew him all the way down to the bottom of the Plate Glass Window again.

Then he was more dretfully discontented than ever, and he hid his face in his short, short legs and longed to go home.

The only way home was through the Patent Ventilator, so he climbed and he climbed and he climbed, and he reached the Patent Ventilator in two weeks and six days. Just that time and no more. But he was so surprised that it hadn't taken him three weeks that he forgot all about the Wild West Wind, and the Wild West Wind blew him all the way down to the bottom of the Plate Glass Window again.

It was all so spontaneous sudden, and he was so surprised, that he forgot to grumble, and said to himself, "If I got there quicker it strikes me my legs must have growed." And that was Logic, too, Best Beloved. So he climbed and he climbed as hard as he could climb, and he kep' on and he kep' on and he kep' on a-keeping on, and each time his legs grew longer, and he gained a day each time; and each time it was all so spontaneous sudden, and he was so surprised, that he forgot all about the Wild West

Wind, and the Wild West Wind blew him all the way down to the bottom of the Plate Glass Window again.

By-and-by, and in course of time, he was able to climb up to the Patent Ventilator in no time, and he became so 'customed to finding himself at the Patent Ventilator in no time that one day he remembered not to forget about the Wild West Wind.

But when he tried to squeeze through the Patent Ventilator, behold! his short, short legs had grown too long.

Then the Dretful Discontented Daddy was more dretfullier discontented than ever, and longed more'n ever to go home.

Suddenly, and when he least expected it—and it does happen that way sometimes, O my Beloved—it occurred to him that as he had arrived there by Logic he might find a logical way out.

He said to himself, "If I can see through the Plate Glass Window I can wear a hole through it." And that would have been Logic, too, Best Beloved, if the Plate Glass Window hadn't been so hard. But the Dretful Discontented Daddy didn't think of that. He was thinking of his dear family and how inordinate envious they would be of his nice long legs.

So he started wearing a 'normous hole all over the Plate Glass Window, and he got so practised that he went all over it in no time.

He is still trying to wear a 'normous hole all over the Plate Glass Window, and he can get all over it in less than no time nowadays, his legs have grown so 'ceptionally long.

Occasionally, and between times, when Father Daddy comes and pokes fun at him through the Patent Ventilator, and asks him how he got his nice long legs, he pretends not to mind, and answers indifferently, "Specs they growed."

But when a Stranger-man, taking a 'telligent interest, inquires who he is, he smiles in a sad and sorrowful sort of way and says, "I am the Daddy that longed for big legs, and all windows are a pain to me."

ICHABOD

# PROSE, 1906

## EXPOSTULATION WITH A PARENT

NOW, then, Clumsy! 'Old up, can't yer; and don't shove a chap inter the gutter.

You wait till we gets 'ome, and see what Muvver's got to say to yer, that's all!

Shamed of yerself, do; in this 'ere state agin, same as last Toosday.

Serve you jolly well right if I chucked yer altogether. (Look out for that puddle, now; there goes! Wad did I tell yer?)

'Urry up, now—past eleven o'clock, and me wantin' to be abed. But what's the odds to you if the Boss bullyrags me for bein' late at school or punches my 'ead for noddin' when another bloke's sayin' 'is Collick?

Oh! no yer don't, neither—not a bit of it! No sittin' on doorsteps, with the rain a-pourin' and peltin' and soakin' through everythink, an' my toes a-bustin' out of my ole boots.

You buck up, now, and come along. You "ain't a-goin' to"?

All right, then; I'll leave yer and skidaddle 'ome alone. There, dont'ee cry, Dad, dont'ee. I didn't mean it, I swear I didn't.

Look'ee here, Fader; the teacher, he give me thruppence to-day to get my boots mended, coz it was my burfday.

You 'urry up, now, an' you shall 'ave some baccy to-morrer; you shall, for certain.

That's right, mate, push along.

The thruppence? Ho, ain't you wide awake, jest, an' no mistake? No fear—not me—not such a flat! But you shall 'ave the baccy right enough.

"Don't want none"? Ho, yus, you will. You'll grab at it

fast enough to-morrer. Shut up, I tell 'ee. I ain't got no thruppence, so stop it.

Mind the step.

Why, 'ere's luck! Muvver, she's out, a-looking for yer; so tumble inter bed, an' she can't jaw yer till to-morrer.

E. BAUMER WILLIAMS

## ESSAY ON GOING YOUR OWN WAY

One of the most cherished Articles in the private Creed of the Ordinary Man is the belief that he could—if he would—get his own way. That he does not attempt to do so is due, he thinks, to a kindly regard for others and a not ignoble wish to refrain from running counter to the ordered advance of his fellows. And these considerations alone keep him from setting out on that way of his!

O pitiable credulity, that hoodwinks him and cheats him into believing such a fairy-tale! Getting your own way? Do you really think such a thing exists as your own way? Can you see —or rather can you even imagine yourself seeing—any way in life, however fantastic, that can honestly be called yours? For a very few years, it is true, you had a way of your own and tried to get it—and I rather think you succeeded. But soon the grey cloud of Convention settled upon you and blurred all the landscape, till it grew

heavy with some veil
Risen from the earth or fall'n to make earth pale.

And the bright lights of earth and sky were gone, and you saw nothing but a few monotonous paths fenced in with neat hedges of What-other-people-expect-you-to-do-in-the-circumstances. Of course there is variety even in these paths. If you are disposed by nature to be a good citizen, you take a nicely paved path and keep your feet dry. If you are cantankerous, you choose a way full of puddles. But the hedges are always there, and the fog never lifts, and soon you learn to believe that there is no fog, but that you see the whole countryside and are taking your way across it.

A few there must be, I fancy, whom the mist can never blind;

for "some there are that with due steps aspire" to reach what lies beyond our trim roads. So they leap the hedges and find the broad hillside and moorland, and plunge across them, getting their own way and I know not of what delight beside.

For the rest of us, who dimly hope that the beaten track that we see is not all, there is no salvation save to take the hand of a very little child and follow where it leads us, as it gets its own way. But woe to us if we bring the little feet to walk along the paths within the hedges, and bid the little eyes yield to the growing mist which lies so heavily on *our* eyelids!

M. V. HILL

## ADDITIONAL CHAPTER TO "ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS"

Alice was getting quite accustomed to jumping little brooks, and finding on the other side a new kind of person; and so, after jumping this last one, she was surprised to see Humpty Dumpty again, still sitting on the wall, and still smiling at her.

"Does he always smile, I wonder?" she said to herself as she approached him, curtseying and trying to remember whether it was his belt or his cravat. "We meet again," she said, looking up at him.

"Whose fault is that?" said Humpty Dumpty.

"I suppose it is mine," replied Alice; but he merely smiled at her so pleasantly that she did not feel at all shy. "I have been wishing to see you again," she went on, "because I want to ask you the meaning of the other hard words in the poem, which you began explaining to me so kindly."

"I didn't explain them kindly," remarked Humpty Dumpty; "it was kind of me to explain the words; that's what you meant to say."

Alice thought that was what she had said, but she had learnt that it was easier not to argue with Humpty Dumpty.

"I like explaining," said he; "tell me what you want to know."

"Well," replied Alice, glad to find him so accommodating, "I

can guess that *frumious* means fuming and furious, and that by *galumphing* you mean triumphing gallantly——"

"No," said Humpty Dumpty, interrupting her, "it means galloping triumphantly; but I see you understand the principle. Go on."

"Then what is *uffish?*" asked Alice; "'in uffish thought,' you know."

"I do," said Humpty Dumpty. "It means a kind of huffy uppishness, and people who hunt Jabberwocks are very liable to it. It is not infectious."

"That's a comfort," Alice replied. "*Whiffling*, I suppose, means whistling and—and sniffing?"

"Yes," he replied; "it is a triumph of onomatopœia."

"And what is that?" Alice asked eagerly; "it sounds nice."

"*Tulgey*," Humpty Dumpty continued hurriedly, "means turgid and bulgey; all woods, you may have noticed, are turgid; and this one was bulgey as well. What next?"

"Let me see," said Alice, repeating the next verse quickly to herself.

"You may," remarked Humpty Dumpty.

"What does *vorpal* mean?" she asked. "'His vorpal blade went snicker-snack.'"

"Why, of course it means that the stroke was mortal to his corporeal vitals," said Humpty Dumpty. "You might have guessed that, I think."

"Well, I can guess that *burbled* means that the Jabberwock bubbled and gurgled, and that *chortling* is chuckling and snorting. But what is *beamish?*"

"Dear, dear," said Humpty Dumpty, "have you *no* sense? He was beaming, of course; *and* he was Flemish, on his mother's side. Now, have you guessed *manxome?*"

Alice thought a little, and said, "Does it mean the foe was handsome and Manx?—But then the Jabberwock had a tail, so he can't have been Manx."

"Handsome is right," said Humpty Dumpty; "but the other part of the word is 'manicured.' He was very careful of his nails."

"Thank you," said Alice; "then that is all—except the Tumtum tree. I've never seen one."

"But you must have heard of things being done *in toto*," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is the ablative of Tumtum."

F. SIDGWICK

## IN PRAISE OF PROCRASTINATION

To live by the clock, as though for ever catching imaginary trains, is to live in misery. It is difficult, however, to persuade energetic or punctual people of this. They always act and talk as though there were some merit in getting a thing done—whether it is wanted or not. Mrs. Baxter, in "Quisante," is a good example of this: "She was under spiritual contract to make two petticoats a month," and she interrupted the conversation to say: "'I'm splendidly forward. This isn't an April one; I've done them, and this is my first May.' It was impossible not to applaud and sympathise, for it was no later than the 27th of April." Some one asked her if she had ever thought what would happen if she stopped making petticoats, asserting that it illustrated the absurd importance we attach to ourselves, and that the race would get itself clothed somehow. The good lady was quite unimpressed, and was hard at work on June petticoats in May. The pity is that such people cannot realise that the world would go on quite peacefully and comfortably without their strenuous efforts. They make a little god of Punctuality and rise up early in the morning to offer sacrifice to it. They spend their life in an unceasing effort to do everything at the proper time—or sooner, for the habit increases till they become miserable if they only finish anything *when* it is wanted. Their life is one long feverish task, and they probably *die* before their time in order to live up to their principles. These punctual people have many proverbs to hurl at the heads of weaker brethren: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." Why? we ask; but they are doing to-morrow's work and have no time to answer.

"A stitch in time saves nine." The poor idiots do not realise that if the stitch is put off long enough it need not be done at all.

"The early bird catches the worm," which seems to show that worms, anyway, are subject to a different moral code from the rest of the world.

They—the punctual people, not the worms—boast that they "rise with the lark"; but unfortunately they do not "go to bed with the lion," which would seem an appropriate end, both to the proverb and the people!

They drag poor Solomon in to back them up, and as Solomon lived at a time when wisdom meant moral precepts, not brilliant epigrams, he uttered very excellent sentiments about sluggards, and ants, and the virtues of early rising; but Solomon was wiser, and from his realistic description of the sluggard's petition for "a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," we may gather that he had tasted the joys of lying in bed after he was called. The people who bound up at the appointed hour lose one of the greatest pleasures of life. To half waken, to turn over and curl up again, just for a few minutes (!), and to fall into a gentle doze, is to enjoy luxury in its most seductive form. It has been well described by a poet who was, otherwise, uninspired:

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
  Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
  Forever flushing round a summer sky.
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
  Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast
And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;
  But what e'er smacked of noyance and unrest
  Was far, far off expelled from his delicious nest.

This is the gift of "Procrastination"!

Punctuality can only reward its devotees with an increase of activity, accompanied by self-conceit; but Procrastination gives unending pleasures. The happy moments spent in bed in the morning, when a sleepy conscience, giving gentle pricks, only heightens our enjoyment, are almost equalled by those at night, when we sit before a fire putting off the moment of going to bed. The pleasantest part of a visit is that when we say we ought to

go, and know we ought to go, but linger for a few last words, because we are enjoying ourselves too much to tear ourselves away! It is only those who can throw punctuality to the winds, and put off their daily duties with a clear conscience, who can enjoy a sudden and unexpected holiday—who can go just because the sun beckons and the wind calls, for a long, idle day in the open air, and come home, tired and happy, filled with the beauty of the world and the joy of living, to find that the day's work which they had planned has remained—very comfortably—undone, and that the world has been clothed—even without their petticoats! "Procrastination," says the moralist, "is the thief of time"; but surely a thief like Lamb's friend who borrowed books and did not return them—yet "if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure, at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it." We have lost a day, but have gained a treasure, which cannot be taken away from us—a happy memory. To procrastinate is often sound, worldly wisdom. It is not always expedient to act too quickly, and "to be too busy is some danger." Most of the men in history who have kept their heads, both metaphorically and literally, in troublous times were those who waited to see how the cat jumped. Queen Elizabeth lived peaceably in the main, and left her country happy and prosperous by the simple expedient of putting off her marriage, and keeping all the eligible princes in Europe dangling after her, instead of turning one into a troublesome husband and the rest into declared enemies. She knew that when she made a bargain she must keep something in her basket for the next customer or she would lose her market!

Even in lesser matters Procrastination is sometimes useful. We may turn the tables on the worshippers of action and say, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," or "What is done cannot be undone." Indeed, when one does not know what to do it is a very sound rule to do nothing! By procrastinating we may find a way out of our difficulty or the difficulty may end itself. At the worst, silence can never sting as words do, and the letter which has never been written cannot rankle like the letter which has! Perhaps we take Procrastination too seriously, and confuse

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her with the sober virtue Prudence, when we imagine her as taking part in affairs of State. She is the companion of our idle hours, the Juliet who whispers: "It is the nightingale and not the lark"; a thief, perhaps, but one who steals so pleasantly and robs us of what we value so little that we are content to look the other way and believe that her thievish tricks only add to her charm.

ALICE BOWMAN

## THE DUSTY MILLER

Was there a real miller? Why, yes, dear, of course there was. Ever so long ago—he lived in a little old-fashioned mill with his old mother. The miller was a kind man. He made porridge for all the hungry cats, and he fed the birds all winter. When cruel people moved away and left poor pussy to starve she knew just what to do. She went right down to the mill, and lived in one of the sheds and ate the miller's porridge.

No, he wasn't married. If he had been married there wouldn't have been any story, I'm afraid. You see, he helped all the poor people, and fed cats and birds, and kept his old mother comfortable, and somehow he never thought of getting married. But by-and-by the old mother died—and that winter the miller was very lonesome. He began to think of a wife then. But he was getting too old for most of the girls; and somebody exactly to his mind was not so easy to discover. He was afraid to marry a wife who might grudge the cats their porridge.

Well, one day he had been at the fair, and he had stayed late watching the dancing—not dancing himself, but only looking on. And he was coming home—lonely to his lonely house. And there in the moonlight, by the Holy Well under the Fairy Thorn, he saw a young girl sitting.

She looked tired and wet—for it had rained since the gloaming, and she was bathing her weary little white feet in the well—her fair hair hung all about her shoulders. The miller was sorry for her. He stopped to speak to her, and he lingered speaking to her, and she told him that she was a stranger and had come a long way. Her blue eyes were so sad, and she shivered in the cold, and the

miller took his own warm cloak and wrapped it round her. And she thanked him, and asked him to meet her again and she would give him the cloak.

Well, he went back there—and there she was with a little more colour in her cheek—and they made another tryst. The miller was in love—there was no doubt of that. But he could hear nothing of her by day, and he never questioned her after that first night: it was enough to be beside her—and look at her. Sometimes she would sing. Such music! none ever heard the like!

But all this time it was dawning upon him that there was something unearthly about her. For one thing—night by night she appeared to him in finer dress and more radiant beauty. At first he hardly noticed any change—then it began to trouble him; and one night, when she came from behind the thorn, in a green robe all sparkling with gems, her wee white feet in golden slippers, he threw himself on the ground and kissed the hem of her garment.

"Ah!" he cried, "how happy—how unhappy I am! For you are either a fair princess or—what is more likely—the Elf-Queen. And soon I shall lose you, and I shall wither in despair."

"I did not mean to harm you," she said. "But it is true that the time of my stay here is come near an end, and I too am unhappy with the thought of losing you, for I have learned to love. Tell me, miller, do you wish that we should meet thus year by year, and never lose each other while the world lasts?"

So the miller said there was nothing he wished more. Then she smiled and made a sign; and where he had been there was a little knot of mealy flowers—the first Dusty Millers that ever grew, Darling. For you see the Fairy Lady was April, who comes poor and shabby and grows splendid day by day, and the Dusty Miller is always there when his Lady is in the land. Do you like the story, Darling?"

"But how did the cats do?" said Darling.

AGNES S. FALCONER

## POPULARITY

"Fame floats on the wind's breath," say the wise men; but that thing which, like fame, is much sought for, and, like love, much longed for, is swift as the wind to pass, and slow to come as dawn to one that is lost.

You may search in vain through all the lands and half the seas ere you shall find a man who is loved of his peers, though this graft and, as it were, side branch of the Tree of Love is the pride of youth and the chief hope of all age that is not made a dead thing by ill-health or the joy of gold. I think the charm that takes men's hearts with love is the one thing that lives on when the man who waked the heart of it is dead. For some short years it lives, and like a fire in the wind dies out and is gone.

But when the man who is loved has made his own niche, small though it be, in the House of Fame, and yet his friends speak not of him, but their eye glows and the flush comes red on their cheek —that man you shall count wise to smooth the rough ways of life. Then you must hear the talk of the maids that served in his house and the men that have tilled his fields; and if they too speak no ill of him you shall judge him for more than wise. He is rich in the gift of love, which can draw love as the stone draws steel; his name shall sound sweet in the mouths of men all the length of his years; and he shall taste of the Wine of Life and drink from the cup of the gods.

ETHEL TALBOT

## THE VICE OF CONSISTENCY

Long years ago a Man—perhaps it was Adam himself—set up a Fetish, shrouded it with solemnities, and named it Consistency. Then he called upon Woman to reverence it and bow down to it, and she, in each succeeding generation, has striven—more or less successfully—to yield it her respectful admiration. But at heart she knows that her worship is hollow, and there have been moments when she dared whisper that the Fetish is a sham and can only bring disaster on its devotees. Yet of the solemnity of

its pretensions there can be no doubt. Let Man, its High-Priest, speak and he will tell you that to be consistent is to be noble, just, and honourable—to be inconsistent is to be trifling, irrational, and untrustworthy. On this belief as foundation he builds an amazing structure of rules for life and conduct. Take but his views on politics. It is needful, says he, for a well-ordered state, that a man's beliefs and deeds of to-day should be consistent with those of yesterday, and should foreshadow to-morrow's. But if woman would but follow her true instinct, which bids her call a consistent man a bore, she would have none of this vicious theory that one action must follow another in succession of dreary likeness, like iron palings all of a size.

Even in dining, Man avers that Consistency it is that bids him eat his fish before joint, and makes it altogether unthinkable that the soup should appear after cheese. But Woman has never yet brought herself to believe that consistency in dining can be a virtue. For, though I doubt if she would admit it, her ideal of a dinner can be satisfied by a savoury and an éclair.

How is it, then, that, with these sceptical thoughts in her heart, Woman can yield as much reverence as ever to this Fetish that masquerades in such virtuous guise? Is it not that she may, by a noble exercise of the contrary Virtue, prove how really vicious is Consistency? So she continues to aid Man, in spite of her inward knowledge, in his worship of the great Sham.

Thus, by one great self-sacrificing exercise of her native Inconstancy, does Woman undo the mischief wrought by this vice of Man.

M. V. HILL

## EPIGRAMS

The only use many people have for a God is as a safe and reliable agency for the proper chastisement of those that trespass against them.

Some people seem to believe that God's Providence operates only outside the sphere of human aim and motive. If this be so, it must be by a strangely circuitous and perplexing method that Providence dodges the devices of mortals, so as to bring about the world's great events notwithstanding.

## THE TINTED GLASS

### A Review

It is not often given to the reviewer—an epicure of somewhat jaded palate—to experience a new sensation. Mr. Rudyard Kipling provided one some years ago, and a few others, but very few, have done so since then. Now, with the coming of spring, "M. A. Knowles" has done it for us again with "The Tinted Glass," a book which must always be considered a very remarkable performance whatever the author's subsequent work may be. It is not a book which bids fair to attain an exuberant popularity. There is a hint of allegory in it which will be distasteful to some, and a certain old-world precision and leisureliness of style unsuited to an age which cherishes the Rapid Review. These remarks will perhaps recall "John Inglesant," but "The Tinted Glass" is not in the least like "John Inglesant"—that marvellous jewel of story, an opal in a mediæval setting. It is fanciful, somewhat after the fashion of Hans Andersen perhaps, and the quaint, direct, lucid style, with the abrupt changes from humour to pathos, the sudden half-caustic, half-playful reflections of the author, are not unlike his manner. It is worthy of note in this age, which approximates every day more nearly to the state of things prophesied by Mr. Chesterton when "we shall not be able to see the ground for clever men," that this book contains no intentional epigrams, carefully thought-out paradoxes, startling epithets, or other depressing manifestations of the author's ingenuity and industry. He is, in fact, to be congratulated on having achieved a style without mannerisms and with distinction. "The Tinted Glass" is a simple story, essentially English in its setting and its characters—save one. The scene is a village in Dorset or Somerset, the date somewhere in the dreamy age before motor-cars were, almost before railways were—the last years of England's beauty sleep, in fact. John Deverel possessed a wife, a son, Roger, and the most prosperous farm in the village, though his wealth was not expressed in luxury. "The best parlour at Deverel's was a long, low room with a polished floor and no

carpet, windows wider than their height and no curtains, carved wooden chairs and no cushions. On the polished table in the centre there always stood a large china bowl full of flowers, and on a high side-table there lay two books—the Bible and Shakespeare. The room was certainly well furnished. The neighbours said that the Deverels did not need to make a show to let others know how rich they were, and that is certainly a convenient reputation." The farmer and his wife are in keeping with their honest, homely surroundings, and their son is—a poet and a philosopher. He grows up treated always with kindness, but never understood by his parents, inherits the farm at their death, and lives his whole life in the village in which he was born, liked but never in the least comprehended by his shrewd, cheery agriculturally minded neighbours. The book is, in fact, the story of the life of a man who lived always in a foreign country inhabited by a race friendly but foreign to him. When a boy he picks up in one of his father's fields a piece of glass tinted with prismatic colours, a fragment centuries old turned up by the ploughshare from its long resting-place. Here the discerning reader will scent the allegory which is certainly not artfully concealed. He keeps the tinted glass always, and gradually falls into the habit of observing mankind through it. The glass, needless to say, has remarkable powers of altering perspective and colour for the gazer. The poet, in fact, sees things as they are, and is thus worlds removed from his neighbours, who can never be persuaded to look through the glass, and regard him in general as an amiable eccentric. Roger has his love affair, but it is only an episode in his life and in the book. The development of this episode is a half-ironical contrast of two methods of courtship. Marian Barton, the village beauty, is a triumph of characterisation. She was "what some would call an ordinary girl. Ordinary, however, only in the sense that there are many like her in England. Not clever, but with subdued twinkling lights of humour about her, and full of a golden, radiant content destined to be a lamp unto the feet of her husband." Marian has another lover besides Roger, a certain William Friar, a cheerful and commonplace young farmer, evidently the right man for her, and

Roger recognises. He decides to make room for the triumph of the commonplace, and tells her one evening of his love and his decision. Marian only half understands him, for she is entirely engrossed with the vision of William coming over the common to meet her, and Roger leaves her to that happy consummation. This, as we said, is only an episode in the book. The life of the village goes on; Marian and William are married, and go through various vicissitudes of fortune. Unconsciously to them all Roger is always their best guide, philosopher, and friend, though many look upon him as a harmless lunatic. The book stops—it can hardly be said to finish—with a description of the feverish activity engendered by the opening of a railway through the district and the leap by which the village becomes a town, which is marked by the birth of its newspaper. The actual end is in 1870, and the passing of the Education Act, with Roger's comments thereon, close the story in a singular though not inappropriate fashion.

K. T. STEPHENSON

## THAT BOOKS ARE THE BEST FRIENDS

Those who believe this cannot have read Walt Whitman.

For, indeed, I know of no author who emphasises the contrary with so much conviction and to so much good purpose. If books are to be ranged according to their "friendliness," his will certainly take a principal place on our shelves; yet no sooner do we settle down in an easy-chair to participate in the delights of a "causerie" with our newly discovered friend than we are asked to look for him—not on such-and-such a page, nor between the lines, but "under our boot-soles." This might appear at first sight nothing less than a hollow and uncharitable pretence at abasement, a scurvy trick of self-humiliation pranked upon the unwary and warm-hearted fellow-sinner in order to circumvent his attempts at a confession—as a man might shake his empty purse in the face of a petitioner or forestall the request of a loan by begging a sixpence to redeem his waistcoat. This lowering of a man to your boots is not more in season than the premature and unattended disappearance of your neighbour below the table

at a friendly dinner-party, putting an untimely end by his mere impatience to the mutual "feast of reason" and progressive "flow of soul." But to deal seriously by our author—for we have been but trifling with him so far—the injunction is not that we should examine our shoe-leather, or the dusty carpet of our sitting-room, but that, having emerged with him into the air and succeeded him at his own diversions, we should "see what flowers are at our feet," behold and consider the pleasant "leaves of grass," and look along "the open road." To do this in the right spirit—and that is our author's—is to be on a pretty good understanding with Nature and feel the community of fellow-travellers. Yet this would seem to be no less than what we had hoped to derive from a long course of mutual cultivation and friendly tête-à-tête with our books. Do I hear certain well-to-do friends and *cossu* relations protest at this juncture? Is this attitude as much *above* their understanding as the other was *beneath* it? Such as have money to supply themselves with knick-knacks, pictures, motor-cars, &c., like prodigiously to attach to their substantial surroundings a local habitation and a name. And, indeed, I confess myself to a certain sympathy even with the book-lover who lends a value apart from its author to an uncut favourite.

There are such things as associations apart from authorship. An old china tea-cup that we have in our possession has gained great properties of friendship from having stood for many years on the chimney-piece of our great-grandmother F——, who, we know, disliked Chinamen as much as we do ourselves, and cannot be thought to have cherished this chipped remnant of a set on account of any secret affection she bore the "pagan" handicraftsman who made it. A cabinet-maker once produced a square and sullen piece of furniture which has, since it left his hands, acquired an air of tenderness, almost sisterliness, by reason of the affection bestowed upon it by some departed friend. How much more, then, will books—our constant companions, taken up at all odd moments of the day, full of the "sounds and sweet airs" of past reading, recalling, perhaps, a face long since forgotten, a voice "long since mute," a field or scenery long since destroyed or converted—seem able to replace or to

better the friendships we still retain with spirits of our own flesh and blood! But is not even this, after all, only friendship by proxy? Could we love our books, our cabinets, our old china tea-cups unless we had loved the friends whose memories linger about them? Can we love them at this moment without including many parts of the broader reality in our affection? Merely to make friends of books for their own sakes would seem, in the words of Cervantes, to be "wanting better bread than is made of wheat." Shakespeare, as Dryden tells us, and we can well believe, "needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature," and Beatrice, as Shakespeare himself tells us, "could see a church by daylight," which I take it to mean could give all things their due, and recognise one form of truth without unnecessary exaggeration of another.

E. MACCOLL

## THE COMPLEAT VAGABOND

### Chapter VII

This morning I was up before the sun, and I washed in the stream as the warmth began to come into the east, and a bird or two tried timidly for a reply, each one emboldening another; so I returned to my fragrant haystack, and watched the sunrise. There came into my head the conceit of Sir Francis Drake's epitaph, that says "the sun himself cannot forget his fellow-traveller"; and I thought that the combination of poetry and scientific inaccuracy in that phrase wonld date it for any one. But Drake was no vagabond; he had an object, and reached forward to an inconquerable hope. Your true vagabond is a free agent. I recalled the new word "casual"—it was new when last I read a newspaper forty years ago—and I agreed with myself that the word described me best. Thorough independence of civilisation is (alas!) impossible for me; the laws of England prevent me from stealing my food—"convey" the wise it call; her climate prevents me from going unclad; and comfort bids me seek a barber now and again; while my most galling chain is that which binds me to my banker: thank Heaven, I have and need no solicitor! But money I must have, to buy me food

and clothes, though I only buy clothes when I go South in winter and spring, because I can get better clothes for my money at a place I wot of in Northern Italy than anywhere else. And it is usually at that season when I have to leave England that I return most nearly to civilisation. Last year, on the boat to Marseilles, I met a man whose aim in life, or lack of aim, was very like my own; but even he had seen an account of Gordon's death at Khartoum in a newspaper some twenty years ago, whereas when I retired from sophistication, Gordon was indeed known to me, but by the merest accident. Men will be talking, and they insist on trying to "inform" you; they are unselfishly anxious that you should hear "the latest," and selfishly anxious that you should hear it from no lips but theirs. For me, I care for none of these things. If a man will tell me what he has seen for himself of the way the wren builds; if he will sing me a song of the people that has never been "lapped in lead"—type, I mean—or if he takes my crust as his due without thanks, I know him for a brother vagabond, a casual like myself. It is many years since an Essex casual told me that the wren built her nest from the outside, working inwards, while the blackbird's last labour is to add an extra covering without; which I never knew before. And then the carol I heard from a Herefordshire mummer last year!—the quaintest possible collocation of Christianity and Paganism, like our marriage service—and all of it sung to a tune like a stream in sunlight. Only the other day I gave bread and bacon to a vagabond obviously poorer than myself, whom I forbore to remind of the three shillings he has owed me this half-century. He was almost blind, and did not know me; but as I looked at him I recalled the place where we made the bet he has since lost, on that windy down that overlooks our old school. So we spoke of common things, till he used a phrase that I know he learned from one of my dead; and it jarred a chord of memory long since out of tune, so I bade him God-speed and struck off into a side-road. How I love these little side-roads of England in summer! Till they cease I ramble along them, first on this side and then on that, stopping to look at a flower, or to remember where last I heard that

warble. Vagabondia is a happy land for a man to whom lack of companionship is not loneliness; and such have I been forty year.

F. SIDGWICK

## "EULALIE; OR, THE ELMS AT RÉCAUVILLIERS"

[*Note to the Reader.*—Let it be granted that "prose description" may be: (*a*) *subjective;* (*b*) *objective;* and (*c*) the blend of (*a*) and (*b*), which results in the "pathetic fallacy"—a frequent trick of the "decadents." Let it further be granted that "the style of the modern decadents" may be concocted by taking the mannerisms of, *inter alia*, George Moore, Oscar Wilde, Richard de Gallienne, Max Beerbohm, and Arthur Symons; mixing together, straining, and throwing away the sediment.]

The leave-taking had been arranged for sunrise. . . .

Alone among the hours, and especially in mid-autumn, this hour is proper for lovers' farewells. The soul trembles at the approach of the garish day; and the body is wrapped about—as with a shroud of samite—by the chill mist of the autumn dawn. The terrors and the shadows of night have scarce flown; the gross sunshine forbears yet a little while to flaunt its rays before the drowsy morn. The exigent, punctual day looms ahead, grim with the terror of the unknown, lowering with the menace of enforced activities that gall the weary limbs of man. How shall one live through the daylight hours till gentle night comes again? Only the very strong and the very brave are unafraid at dawn.

Neither Sylvester nor Eulalie was very strong and very brave. They chose to part at dawn simply that no element might be lacking to complete the sadness of their separation. He and she, wearied with a long and tearful vigil, would cower beneath the elms of Récauvilliers like two children untimely awakened and carried out of doors to shiver under the wan sky. . . .

Arrived at the meeting-place before the appointed hour, Sylvester rested on the trunk of a fallen tree, and surrendered

himself to the gentle sadness that welled up within his soul. The woodland wore an aspect of damp and dishevelled melancholy; an aspect of some goddess issuing, divinely discontented, from her bath. The leaves, sad and dun-coloured, fluttered to the ground like lost illusions—the illusions that Sylvester had once entertained about life, about love. Illusions and ambitions alike had been shed; had detached themselves from his philosophy, and sunk to where the multitude of their kind awaited them with the boon of a peaceful oblivion.

Ah! he could at last look upon the landscape and not feel rebuked! In this season of decline and decay, Nature no longer repelled him with what some sensitive spirit (was it himself?) had termed "the great staring egotism of its health and strength." The dun carpet beneath the elms gave forth a subtle yet poignant aroma: an aroma sadder than the sad sere colour of the leaves; awesome as the nervous whisperings with which they fled before the wind. What more fitting *mise en scène* could be devised for the interview in which Eulalie and himself were to say farewell?

With her fine sense of the emotional and æsthetic requirements of the situation, Eulalie would assuredly introduce no jarring element of colour or sound. She would show, as always, a consummate skill in avoiding not simply the *banal* but also the more complex *banalité* which consists in the too passionate avoidance of the commonplace. Eulalie was unique; and Sylvester's duty as an artist in melancholy was to take leave of her for ever, that his artistic experience might be enriched by the emotions thus aroused.

P. C. LYEL

## EPIGRAMS

What you fear to say seriously you may safely put into an epigram. Wit rushes in where Gravity fears to tread, for it excites as well as covers a multitude of grins.

Most of us spend our lives dreaming of what we will do when we wake up.

## MAHOMET

Mahomet was not his real name; only I called him so because he would never keep still, and I had to see that the mountains he sought in his eagerness did not do him any harm.

Those were the days when we searched for the Fortunate Isles over a sea of carpet, in a ship manufactured out of two overturned nursery chairs.

"We must never find them, Mahomet," I used to say.

But Mahomet always would, and he always has, ever since.

With some dim prescience of my attitude towards Life, I would never disembark, but used to watch him surmount the difficulties of landing and gain a perilous footing on the table, previously laden with the desire of the moment.

Sometimes, when it was twilight, I would point to luminous cottages shadowed by opaque mountains in the depths of the fire, saying:

"*There* are the Fortunate Isles, Mahomet."

"Red-hot coals," he would answer gravely. And once I showed him the canal outside, where a moonlit barge was passing through a sheet of silver.

"It is raining diamonds in the Fortunate Isles," I whispered.

"Moonbeams," was his brief reply.

Later the quest lay in more definite ways; for me in a country produced by the contact of a blank sheet of paper and a black-lead pencil—for him—well, for him—a wife and nursery of his own, where the old game is being played by sundry smaller Mahomets.

Mahomet the Second is my favourite; I have just been explaining to him, as I tucked him in his crib, the real way to those same islands.

"Well, do you understand?" I asked him. "How do you find them?"

"You go on and on till you don't get there," was his drowsy answer.

He is the smallest philosopher I know.

# PROSE, 1907

## THE FORTUNATE ISLES

THERE is one man and none other whom I pity; he has never known the Waters of Babylon, and to him alone are shut the straits that lead to the Isles of the Blest. Strangely indeed did those old Children hold that that dividing channel was the channel of death: strangely, for children are nearer to the starting-place: or was it a true word veiled in allegory?

He knows the Fortunate Isles whose soul has returned from captivity. As he sat by the Waters he shed no tears; he forbore to hang up his harp, but its strings sent forth a note of melancholy: sometimes, like the poet of Rome, "he laughed at tears, and shed them in his heart." But the season came when the rough places were made plain, and the crooked ways straight; when the waters took on a calm, and his barque bore him to those golden shores where roamed the Great Ones he had known and loved; where reigns an independence known to no philosophy of earth.

Therefore I pity him whose surface-waves are stirred; for the knowledge of the Waters and the Isles moves the masses of the depth, while the surface is calm and untroubled.

Blest Gate, that openest thy joys to rich and poor alike; Mystery, whose initiates must pass from darkness into light; Temple, that spurnest not the lowly worshippers, adorned with richer sculptures than those of Pheidias and Praxiteles, whose Deity hath arms outstretched to all who travel thither by the road of Suffering; Valley of the light of life; Mountain, where "tears from the depth" are dried; Blest Isles, to your shores shall my soul fly; she shall sit beside the Waters of Babylon in a bitter captivity, that at the last her return may be glad!

DOUGLAS P. HILL

## THE GOLLYWOG AS A SYMBOL OF OUR NATIONAL DECADENCE

[*In publishing the papers of my honoured friend the late Professor Nogo, I make no apology for including the following fragment, which was evidently to form part of his treatise on the subject on which he was the acknowledged authority—the Decadence of the English during the period* 1850–1940. *The research and intimate knowledge displayed therein are to my mind equalled only by the brilliant criticisms and luminous conclusions. I may add that Professor Nogo evidently intended this chapter to be illustrated by photographs of objects from his unique collection of antiquities.—O. N., Tokio,* 2613 *A.D.*]

If it be true that a straw shows the direction of the wind, and a leaf the current of the stream, it is assuredly an indisputable fact that a nation's advance or decline may be traced by the trifles that go to make up its ordinary social life. To a close student of English history the period 1890–1910 is especially rich in traces of the nation's decadence, and in no field does research yield such marvellous results as in that of the social life of the English middle-classes. Among the many signs of advancing decay I have selected one that seems to me to be the clearest symbol of this declension. It is an object of which, so far as I can judge, the hideousness was equalled only by the popularity—I speak of the "golliwog." In describing it I find it difficult to avoid incurring a suspicion of wanton and malicious exaggeration, wherefore, in order to escape from this appearance of malice, I will refer my readers to the photographs taken from some golliwogs in my possession, and I feel confident that these illustrations will give an impartial view of these repulsive objects. Yet to me it is as a symbol of the decay that was attacking this great nation that the golliwog possesses its supreme interest.

First, let us consider the name. The word itself is an affront to both eye and ear. No derivation can be assigned to it with any

confidence, though I may in passing express my opinion that Professor Sinsen has suggested a not improbable origin of the word. [He holds that *gollywog* is composed of two parts, both of which are corruptions of other words: *golli* being a corruption of *dolly* (a child's puppet), and *wog* a low form of the verb *to wag*. The whole word would thus mean a wagging doll or toy.] This appearance of a practically meaningless word which passed rapidly into the common speech of one of the most civilised nations of antiquity is in itself a sign of the canker that was attacking the English, even in their noble and unique language.

Secondly, the black colour of this object is, to my mind, of the utmost significance. It was, I judge, a cynical acknowledgment of the failure of the white races in the struggle for supremacy, and an admission that the future was in the hands of more virile peoples, savage and uncivilised though they might be.

Thirdly, the fact that the cult of the golliwog became so popular as even to oust that of the "peterrabbit" and other such totems proves that the English were fast losing all sense of beauty and dignity of form and colour. That a people who held some of the most marvellous stone images of antique art in its museum-temple should devote itself to the admiration of the most hideous grotesque that could be designed is inconceivable on any other hypothesis than that of national decadence.

Fourthly, the appearance of this golliwog in the education and training of the young is surely the most unmistakable and pathetic symbol of the general decline. Imagine a child with fresh and unspoiled instincts of the good and beautiful surrounded by objects which cease to terrify him only when his sense of beauty has been blunted or debased, and you will perceive how serious an emblem this golliwog is of a deliberate lowering of the standard of truth in art.

As I regard the five specimens of this object that I have been able to collect, I am filled not only with a loathing for its hideousness, but with an unfeigned pity for the young eyes and minds that were terrified by its appearance. Yet from the not inconsiderable literature devoted to the golliwog, I gather that the

English had persuaded themselves that it was a laughable and mirth-exciting object—thereby revealing their own enfeebled sense of humour and wit. . . .

The signs of decadence which were not wanting in political and commercial life were eclipsed by this symbol which was enthroned in the nurseries and homes of the people.

M. V. HILL

## PROSE PARODIES

DICKENS (*in the dark*).

Night! never was such a night, never; not if you collected all the darkest nights mentioned by historians, since the days of Pharaoh, and all the blackest nights invented by novelists since the days of Robinson Crusoe, and baked them into one compact night of the customary number of hours, and coated it thickly over with lamp-black and emptied several bags of the darkest possible soot upon it, would you turn out such a night as that was!

CARLYLE (*declining an invitation to dine with Lord Mayor and Cabinet Ministers*).

. . . for which I thank you; but there are factors in the essence of the proposal that forbid my acceptance; besides which, there are cocks and hens, contriving noises and eggs; motorisms, contriving noises and smells; a Thames river whence are stenches and sounds:—these all infernaller than pit of Erebus could emit, than pit of human stomach can endure: so that I am sick; and must decline this you proffer me; which is, nevertheless, beautiful to me. . . .

MILTON (*pleads for a Restraint upon the Liberty of the Press*).

. . . Let me persuade ye, Lords and Commons of England! the right-minded in this realm, the simple folk and the learned together, desire not that this unbridled liberty continue longer; for as men gather not grapes from thorns, nor, having sown tares, do they expect wheat thereof; so assuredly the vintage ye shall

gather from this planting I tell ye of will be a vintage of bitterness; and at the harvest from this sowing will be no songs of the reapers.

RUSKIN (*rampant*).

To be able to say, That is beautiful, is well; being, in some sort, "deep calling unto deep;" and to say, That is beautiful and true, is very well, being further interchange of salutations on the part of deeps; but you will say, That is beautiful and true and cheap; which is not very well, nor well at all, nor anything but ill; and thyself an ass egregious, and rascally beggarly knave; avast therefore, and avaunt!—egregiate no further, but back to thy herd, thou most remarkable ass—*with thy Cheap!*

RUSKIN (*comparatively couchant*).

When it has dawned upon England that grass is meant to be green, and not black; that there has been spread above her a firmament intended to appear blue, and not brown; that Nature is admirably competent to suspend in that firmament all requisite clouds, to drop fatness and not pestilence; that streams bound from the hills and play about the valleys under the impression that they are pure and not poisonous; there may then be room for hope, that she shall not presently be extinguished, erased from the catalogue of islands, abased by an avalanche of seas.

F. H. FLINT

*From "Marius the Bank Clerk," by Walter Pater (from Book ii. Chap. ix. "Procrastination").*

Well! it was there, as he beat upon the station gate (that so symbolic barrier!) and watched the receding train, that the idea came upon him; casting, as it were, a veil of annoyance over the vague melancholy of his features; and filling, not without a certain sedate charm, as of a well-known ritual, his mind with a now familiar sense of loss—a very *desiderium*—a sense only momentarily perceptible, perhaps, among the other emotions and thoughts, that swarmed, like silver doves, about his brain.

RUPERT BROOKE

## "SCAPHO-SCAPHEGONY"

The persons who call a spade "a spade" are these: The plain man, the dull man, the true man. The plain man because he has no Tact, the dull man because he has no Imagination, and the true man because he has no Fear. But the bedside man, the poet, the auctioneer, the emphatic or profane person—because they have those things which the others have not; or, in the latter class, because they have not that thing which the others have—namely, Patience—will use equivalents, euphemisms, synonyms, metaphors, synecdoches, metabolisms, and tropes of every sort, rather than face the thing as it is.

It is Tact that teaches us to call a navvy "an Excavator," or a bargee "a Navigator"; the same instinct makes a postman with timid calves say "Good dog!" or the Greek to call his Furies "Eumenides." The Chinese are the most euphemistic people on earth, therefore the least progressive.

For, behold, here is a great solemn truth. So long as you continue to call a spade a spade, so long is there a chance of your continuing to think of it merely as a spade—and trying to improve it. It is nothing transcendent, the spade that you can *call* a spade. The lie that you can call a lie is half repented already. But the lie that you call policy or intuition or tact or excuse or inspiration or God—a plea, or a parable, or a convention, or a euphemism, or any figure of speech whatsoever, that is a lie that will breed.

Ideas are so cheap to-day, it is so easy to spin theories, and the *a priori* method saves such a deal of hard reading and straight thinking, that hardly here and there do you meet a man who has the habit of looking a Fact between the eyes without blinking, and staring it out of countenance. Yet to have mastered a Fact is to take a step forward; to have discovered a new one is more, it is to take a step *upward*. Stubborn and sturdy are Facts.

Are there no beautiful Euphemisms? Not for spades, it would seem. I think you will find none for things that have hard outlines like a spade. But for vague equivocal things like love and fighting (for examples), which various eyes see variously, things

which have in reality uglyish aspects but which it is desirable that some should admire—why, there is the field of the beautifying euphemism that artists call Romance. Thus you may teach Life to babes, or Virtue to the Pit.

But are there no harmless Euphemisms? There are, yes, some puny, poor drawing-roomisms. Lions must roar at you like sucking doves lest they fright the ladies—or suchlike—who go about in drawing-rooms and kid gloves and rose-coloured spectacles—a queer get-up! For such the honest old spade becomes a "fancy article," tied up with pink ribbons, stuffed and plushed to make a toasting-fork to "sell"—another euphemism—at a Bazaar.

But are there no virtuous Euphemisms? For "women labouring with child, sick persons and young children," breaking the news, hiding the depths—noble lies forbidding to despair? Perhaps, if you meet that lunatic brandishing a knife, you may be justified in misdirecting him. But such encounters are rare, and when news is "broken" or depths concealed from the young, one sometimes wonders whether wisdom or cowardice has the largest share in it.

Finally, why is it that those who are bold enough to call a spade "a spade" generally prefer to speak and think of muckrakes. Is it because prudery has so long worn the garb of innocence that decency herself now goes suspect? Genius and its mission to shock! It was not always so, and surely, surely it has been so long enough. Since Shelley and Byron began it have we been shocked inadequately? We blush no more at anything (in print), we stick at nothing (in literature), we sympathise with sin (on the stage), we have not much objection to nudity (in art). In a word, we have already embraced the spade, embraced and swallowed it. Now let us go on and talk of something a little nobler!

J. C. STOBART

## ON CALLING A SPADE A SPADE

You cannot avoid it, of course, when it *is* a Spade, and has been left to you. In that case it becomes one of those unpleasant duties that you owe to Society; but, even then, be sure that it is a Spade before you speak. If you can, however, obey the law of

charity, and leave it to the other man to say the nasty word, and to do the nasty thing. All of which is an Allegory.

*Be sure that it is a Spade before you call it.* That is the invariable rule. Now, I have no doubt that when you call a spade you mean something nasty. Yet, really, there is nothing objectionable about it in itself. The genius of the Bronze Age who hit upon the happy idea of attaching his tomahawk to the burnt stick with which he used to scratch the ground no doubt found it a vast improvement; to the gravedigger it means bread-and-butter, and perhaps Christmas pudding; to Elizabeth and to the Poet Laureate it brings royalties; and though, according to Father Vaughan, Lady Chicane sees in it the loss of her personal honour and of the family diamonds, still a Spade in the hand is better than No Trumps with the adversary; and there are noble souls like Mr. Micawber to whom a spade may be something to turn up.

Remember, there is nothing more deceptive than a spade-call. It may come from strength or from weakness. The spade may be a weapon of defence with which the noble-hearted peasant protects his holding from the attack of the foreign foe; or it may be the instrument by which he puts to death his innocent rival. You can never tell.

So, high-born, respectable British Matron, precise and pharisaic in the dulness of your ultra-conventional suburbanity, do you not see that your supposed candour is the acme of cant? You call a spade a spade, and you think that thereby you are equipping yourself with a tool wherewith to cleave in two such worms of earth as husbands, or curates, or sons-in-law, or tradesmen, or even cooks. Whereas the worm doesn't even turn. Why should he, when he knows well enough that there isn't any spade there at all?

The bishop in the story was quite right. The spade convention laughs our so-called candour to scorn. In ordinary circumstances we do not trouble even to play out the hand, unless, indeed, the spade-call has evoked the repartee of a double. Why should we? The spade is but the guinea's mark, the coin itself may be a counter or may be current money, according as it is qualified.

We British are said to suffer from onomatophobia—that is, we

reverence words more than things. The truth is that we think of nouns as standing for realities and overlook completely the adjectives that accompany them, and yet in our incomparable language the adjective comes first, in order to convey the leading idea to the mind before the noun comes to destroy it. But we turn adjectives into nouns and then misapply them, and this is what we mean by calling spades, spades. Let me give an example: I take in two newspapers, a "daily" and a "weekly"; whether either or both take me in is beside the question. The "daily" is renowned throughout all the world for its immense circulation and its skill in splitting infinitives, yet it knows no viler word to apply to those whom it considers beyond the pale of decency than "Liberal"; while the "weekly," famed as it is for its patronage of all the liberal arts, knows no more scathing term to hurl at its enemies than "Moderate."

Let us get rid of cant. In these County Council days, when living pictures are forbidden, we know that the naked truth can be nothing more than a plaster saint. Even Mr. Labouchere supplies the lady on his cover with a sufficiency of drapery to pass muster in a London crowd. Kipling has shown us, and Germany has proved to us, that the uniform is not the least part of the official's equipment. So to call a spade a spade is worse than indecent, it is futile. Take my advice, and if you cannot do better—leave it. PETER PIPER

## LETTERS FROM THE SHADE OF BEETHOVEN

### To Richard Strauss

As I was taking my daily walk round the ramparts of Elysium the other day, I met my friend Mozart, for whom I hear you still profess a certain admiration, and we fell to discussing the musical developments of Germany since we left it to the tender mercies of younger generations. You may care to hear our opinions, even though after the fashion of the day you should scarcely conceal your contempt for the judgment of your elders. Mozart urged the imperative need of keeping absolute music wholly distinct from illustrative, and insisted upon dramatic music being reserved for

the theatre. "Bravo!" said a voice behind us, and we saw that somewhat self-assertive fellow Wagner close by; "did I not say that Berlioz made himself grotesque in the concert-room by trying to express in notes what can only be intelligible with the help of action?" Mozart agreed, and so did I, although I somewhat resented an irreverent clap on the back with which the Saxon emphasised his approval of my friend's words. They then both turned on me (as I fully expected they would) and said that I began it. They were both wrong, however, as they presently admitted, for if I did work to a picture I never defined what the picture was, but left my hearers to imagine their own. My Pastoral Symphony would have been so named even without my sanction; I did not reproduce any sounds save the notes of birds, which in themselves are absolute music. I did not try to represent the growing of turnips, or even the bleating of sheep. My aim was to induce the same impression which a sojourn in the country makes upon the dweller in town. When I perpetrated a Rondo about the loss of a penny, I did not add a triangle obbligato to illustrate its fall upon the floor. When I expressed my gratitude for recovery from an illness in one of my last quartets, I did not preface it with a movement to describe the pathological details of my sufferings.

I revenged myself on your namesake by telling him that you were hailed as Richard the Second in direct descent. "*Unsinn!*" he cried; "Franz the Second, if you like. That stuff comes from Liszt." I was just about to ask Wagner why he had not included his father-in-law in his diatribes when Mozart broke in. "No," said he, "from Kotzwara, who wrote the 'Battle of Prague,' and I am afraid that even our friend Beethoven once——" "True," I said, "but that was after an unusually bad dish of fish at the Matschakerhof." At this moment Brahms came up, and said in his bluff way, "You and I have never been to London; come and hear 'Heldenleben' at the Queen's Hall this afternoon." And we all set off together.

I am afraid that none of us liked it, least of all Wagner, who declared that the only enjoyable pages were reflected from his "Nibelungen." Mozart said that if he wrote chromatics he

preferred to make them fit, and if mosaic was hammered together the chips were apt to fly into one's eyes. Brahms was silent, but grunted occasionally. I congratulated myself on my wisdom in choosing even that scoundrel Napoleon for a hero rather than myself.

But, dear Sir, how could you allow yourself to depict lovely Woman by such a series of squeaking non-sequiturs as that violin solo? Was your face smarting from the feminine nail? If I had so described my Immortal Beloved, I should have composed many Busslieder before I was restored to favour. And your battle? Honestly I prefer Kotzwara's, for his thunders would not have caused a temporary return of the deafness from which I suffered so long.

No, young man. When I wrote the Pastoral Symphony, it was "the expression of sensations rather than music-painting." Your work is "the impression of sensationalism rather than music." Can you invent a real melody, or are you trying to conceal the fact that you cannot? Your parti-coloured mists are alluring, but, believe me, they will dissolve when the sun shines.

We all wondered if it had so happened that the title, programme, and composer's name had been withheld, what fate would have befallen your "Heldenleben."

So we returned to Elysium, found little Schubert in a Nectar-stube, dragged him to the piano, made him play his song "*An die Musik*," and felt better. L. V. BTVN

BROTHER,—From the abode of the dead, and yet of the living, I greet thee. All hail to thee, great artist that thou art! Like thee, when on earth I was criticised, mocked at, made light of; now all men praise me—yea, even beyond my deserts. So shall it be with thee, when thou art come to the place where I now am.

One hundred years ago I wrote these words at the head of the Pastoral Symphony: "Mehr Ansdruck der Empfindung als Malerey." But in a movement of that symphony I imitated a storm, for well I knew that without a definite picture there can be no emotion. It was all I could do then; Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner—above all, Wagner—these came after, not

before me! I had only Mozart—Mozart and old Haydn—to build upon. But thou—what is there thou canst not do, with *thy* means? The bleating of sheep, the tumult of battle, the sick and wandering fancies of the dying, the ecstasy of love—all these things—ay, and more—canst thou portray. The whole realm of life and spirit lies open before thee. True, the critics are not satisfied; thy works, they say, are ugly, formless, illegitimate. But what of that? So—or much the same—they said of me; and where are they now? Go thy ways; go thy ways, and leave these little men to their chattering. A hundred years, and where will they be?

I say not that I can follow thee in all thou dost. But what of that? Who knows if I or thou be right? Could old Haydn follow me? So go thy ways. Keep to thy own path—thou canst do no else. It is *thy* path, and, lead it where it will, thou must follow it. If it leads to Heaven, thou hast thy reward. If to Hell—what then? Dost thou fear to be in Hell with ME?

A. R. CRIPPS

Young man! (*Junge!*) there are those on this side of the river who do not scruple to tell me thou art my spiritual son. So! it is not the least of our afflictions in this nether world to see the harvest of our deeds, and here are many virtual fathers who see with a vision death has cleared the inherited behaviour of their offspring. So if to me, knowing no link between us, thou appearest, at times, but a sedulous ape of my worser habits, there are other moments when I have not scorned to think thou drewest inspiration from me. Still would I remind thee, for thy good, that though I sought ideas in the pasture I never looked for them in the kitchen or the nursery. And if in my strains thou hast heard Fate knocking at the door, never didst thou hear a gutter urchin (*Strassenbube*) rattling his stick on the railings. Young man, these are unworthy tricks; mere mockeries of music and travesties of sound! And why, with such an orchestra as thou hast in these days at thy command, seek the earth over for bizarre and weird forms of wood and wind, save to tickle the ears of groundlings who love excitement and novelty, and reck not if true

harmony is lost therein? Not ill were it for thee, perchance, shouldst thou endure some touch of my world ill, and that deafness to mortal sounds which befell me might tune thy spirit ears to more celestial notes. Young man! thou hast the germ of the true musicianly spirit. Prostitute it not to novelty-mongering, lest worse befall thee!

HALLAM TATE

## ON OTHER PEOPLE'S NAMES

Nothing is easier than to give or, as they say, call other people names. That, however, is not the point. The possessive alters, not to say spoils, the case, as it so often does. Instead of being at liberty to give other people names we are limited to the consideration of those they have. True, if, in the exercise of my individual judgment, I give a person a name, *that* becomes, so far as I am concerned, his name. It has been presented to him, a free gift, and is therefore his. But it is to be noted that nothing you can offer anybody will be rejected with less hesitation; if, indeed, the refusal be not accompanied by obloquy or even more objectionable quantities.

Names thus gratuitously bestowed have, for some obscure reason, been named "nick." They are really, however, surnames, just as Brown or Shakespeare are; names, that is, over and above those received at baptism. And surnames are nicknames. It is remarkable, therefore, that, while people go about complacently bearing one nickname, they should yet betray the utmost irritation if another be given them. And this seems stranger still when we remember that those nick- or sur-names are not really theirs. They are Other People's Names, and their proprietors have long ago passed into other spheres, or forms, and doubtless been named afresh; as Cæsar, for example, who, according to some, is probably now known as Bung.

But, much as we may wonder, it is certain that you will hardly secure a person's lifelong enmity more quickly than by offering him an improved nickname. You may reason with him; show him beyond controversion that the other name is much more appropriate than that which has drifted upon him from weltering

seas of darkness and ignorance, and which really belongs to some preposterous ancestor whom, were he to meet him, he would discard at sight; but you will convince him of nothing, except of your own impudence. Should he be so singularly amiable as to discuss the matter, he will tell you that it was his father's before him—as if that were argument. His forefather may have stood seven or eight on his own bare feet, and been fittingly called Big; but that does not justify him in demanding to be so called who never stood more than five or so in his tallest hat. He will never agree with you; as well offer him a new nose, which would be putting a slight upon the one he has, and, naturally enough, make him angry.

No; of names, as of noses, one is enough; and a man is satisfied, for the most part, to have that he found in the cradle inscribed upon the brass in the cathedral. Except, of course, in cases requiring particular consideration; for a considerable consideration the vast majority are prepared to take on Other People's Names—which, after all, is a much more sensible proceeding than taking them off.

All this he will tell you—the man to whom you offer a name. But the Woman is another party altogether. The Woman, with that utter absence of scruple which gives her her supereminence, will pursue Other People's Names anywhere they like to go. The Woman will adopt one or more of them with the utmost alacrity, dexterity, and joy. The Woman, so far from rejecting Other People's Names with scorn and justifiable—if not homicide—contumely, will seize upon them as upon a splendid feather, stick them in her cap, wave and flaunt them in the eyes of the world. The Woman—so far as Other People's Names are concerned, the motherly woman will deride, tear off from her daughter the name she herself gave her, and label her with that belonging to some other motherly woman. There may be some element of self-sacrifice in—but we will proceed no further in this business.

It has already been noted that there is little freedom of speech in connexion with Other People's Names individually considered. It would be unbecoming, therefore, to direct criticism on any name in its particular mass. So doing, we should be hurling stones in the dark, not knowing whom we might hurt. But it may be said

without danger that some names are unhappy, so to speak. And with a great deal of time and space and other essentials at our disposal we should have been pleased to elaborate a scheme for the reform of the present absurd method of nomenclature. The basal principle of the scheme would be that boys and girls leaving school should be re-sur- or nicked-named according to the general impression he or she had left (if any) so far, or to any pleasing feature or trait. After some such reform all persons might speak of their names as being really theirs, and of their "good names" and of Other People's good names. At present there is no such liberty, inasmuch as their names are not theirs, and very few of them good for any—amount.

We are prevented also from dealing with the signing or writing Other People's Names, and from saying anything concerning reading Other People's Names, whether in the "Court Circular" or the modern "Newgate Calendar." The subject, indeed, spreads out like a swamp that would engulf us.

For between Other People's Names and other people subsists a vast and intricate telepathic system, and the same message put on all the wires will awaken an infinite variety of emotions. And yet, as we have seen, they are not theirs, and, granting that they are, it has been gravely questioned whether there is anything in them. It is very puzzling—like all the rest.

F. H. FLINT

## ON OTHER PEOPLE'S NAMES

There is a theory abroad that Names have an origin in Noises. For myself I do not think that Adam was so called because he made a noise like an Adam. I remember reading in early days a Greek tale of a babe who was isolated, that its parents might study Instinctive Language; but if I recall it rightly, the story had no satisfactory conclusion; and anyhow it was told by Herodotus, who was the Father of Lies and Brother of all black spirits, though his fantastic admirers may daub him with cheap whitewash. Plato pretended in one of his dialogues that the Names of things had a serious derivative meaning. But he put this ludicrous theory in the

mouth of a man who believed that you could not step into the same river once; and, if a man will believe that, he will believe anything.

I refrain from quoting the query put by William Shakespeare *re* the content of a Name.

I fancy I have now made most of the conventional allusions and can get to work on my real contribution to literature. Sir Thomas Malory said of King Arthur that he "leaped upon a small hackney" and rode off. I, like King Arthur, have used these small hackneyed remarks as my steeds that on them I may ride off into wider fields, or perhaps soar aloft into the empyrean if they will take to themselves the wings of a Pegasus. (Vide "Encyclop. Britann.," *s.v.* Greek Mythology.)

This Essay is not on My Name nor on Your Name, but on the Names of Other People. Thus it will be my first duty to prove that there are no Other People. For, if there be any Two Things, they must be both like and unlike in being different; and I gather from infallible logicians that such a condition of things is not possible. Then plainly there are no Other People; indeed, there is only I, and not even You; for I am certain of Myself, and I was never quite sure of You.

Then what are we to do with our Essay? Why, throw Logic overboard and begin again.

Other People's Names are for a convenience to their friends: labels, titles, indices, handles. Useful in fatal accidents if written clearly on the shirt-tab or on the back of the collar; in exhumations if stamped indelibly on the occiput or any other clear bone-space. There was once a man who had no Name and went to hunt the Snark.

> He would answer to Hi! or to any loud cry,
> Such as Fry me! or, Fritter my Wig!

But it was not a very satisfactory position for himself or for his companions.

In evidence of the truth of my observation note this poem; for a poem will prove the truth of any lie, if it be sufficiently obscure:

> Two Dank Spirits went out for a walk
> Over hills of Coal and hills of Chalk.

"Aha!" said the one; "I like this Coal;
Its smutch, it smacks of a sinful soul!"

"Fool," said his friend, "with your random talk!
*There are Fossils of Living Things in Chalk!*"

Two Dank Spirits came back from their stroll
Over hills of Chalk and hills of Coal.

"This Chalk," said the one, "it likes not me;
Its Whiteness stinks of Purity!"

"Fool," said his friend, "with your random talk!
*There are Fossils of Living Things in Chalk!*"

When the Moon was new and the Wind was still,
Two Danknesses crouched on that Chalky hill.

And one had a spade and the other an axe,
And they worked till the sweat hissed down their backs.

They found it at last: it was cold and hard,
With DIPHIL writ clear on its visiting-card.

DOUGLAS P. HILL

## FLIES IN THE OINTMENT

Proverbs are proverbially fallacious. When the Preacher, in an endeavour to carve an epigram out of a platitude, wrote, "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour," and gave life to a belief which, sealed with the seal of Solomon, has come down to us unquestioned and absolute, he, unwittingly perhaps, set in motion one more wandering flame to join that innumerable array of false lights which float about the world for the misleading of mankind. For this principle, taken in its obvious application, will not, humanly speaking, stand the test of inquiry. It is what is known to Christian Science, I believe, as a "false claim." And however painful it must be to us to have to differ from so eminent an authority on any point, in the interests of truth we are compelled to point out the fallacy of this too

common faith in the undesirability of flies in the ointment; to demonstrate that the dead fly not only need not detract from the value, commercial or otherwise, of its unfortunate setting, but may quite conceivably be regarded as a positive asset.

Briefly stated, the principle underlying its application is the impossibility of happiness. However ardently we strive to compass that combined state of feeling and circumstance of which, perhaps, no entirely satisfactory definition yet exists, there is always *something*—yes, there is *always* something, some trifle, insignificant in itself no doubt, but assuming intolerable proportions in the light of the sense of injury its presence inflames—that intruding at the last moment contrives to irritate and disconcert what otherwise we fancy would have been that supreme state of blessedness of which at rare moments our imagination is dimly capable of perceiving. We call it the fly in the ointment, and rail indifferently against the fate that set it there, and our own impotence in the matter of its removal.

Now, has it never occurred to even the most sanguine amongst us that this last, so far from being, as is fondly imagined, the one thing superfluous to our happiness, is in reality the one thing essential to it; not the uncalled-for coping that threatens to over-topple the whole fabric, but the crowning touch, the apex of the pyramid, so to speak? For without that one irritant we might never have awakened to the possibilities of happiness that are ours already. We rarely understand how blest we are till something threatens to disturb our serenity. And by comparison only can the full measure of anything be properly gauged. Proportions are meaningless otherwise. The vastness of the ocean is best realised by observing the tiny speck an Atlantic liner makes on its expanse. And the spectacle of the dead fly best illustrates the immensity of the surrounding ointment. There are people—we use the indefinite term advisedly—who hold happiness within their reach for years without knowing it. Then, one fine morning, they behold the alien body sticking fast, and at once the imagination is stimulated and the mind awakened, and with loud lamentations they come triumphantly into their own. The apothecary might doze among his drugs till Doomsday, totally oblivious of

the precious ointment slowly wasting away on a dusty shelf or in some forgotten corner, did not his startled nostrils suddenly recall his indignant senses to the possession of his long-neglected treasure.

To the thoughtful mind, too many illustrations will doubtless present themselves for a catalogue of them here to prove otherwise than tedious. One will suffice. We will suppose ourselves looking forward to a quiet, restful evening, after a hard day. We have just settled down with our book or our thoughts, as the case may be, when that infernal piano next door starts tinkling. We are annoyed. Yet we never quite realised the blessedness of silence before. We never properly understood its inestimable balm while it was ours. The gift of the perfect appreciation is born of the lack of the perfect possession.

Of course it is always understood that the fly retains the precise dimensions as set out in the original scheme of Creation.

E. G. BUCKERIDGE

## FLIES IN THE OINTMENT

A fly is but a small thing, and an ointment is a powerful sweetness. Let us appreciate the full force of the metaphor. That distilled fragrance of Araby the blest was shut in its jar, held down with waxed parchment, which, being split off, the Genie sprang forth, and with his ineffable presence filled the whole shop of that Pothecary. The customer's little vessel was filled, and the parchment carefully replaced, yet the unwary bluebottle had slipped inside and was already swooning. And a month later, when another veiled figure came seeking ointment of spinkenard, and held out in henna-tipped fingers a little phial, the jar was again opened—pah! what a savour of death!

The sweeter the perfume, the more unbearable the fault in it. If Desdemona had not been so entire and perfect a chrysolite, the suspected flaw would not have appeared so ghastly. Haman counted all as nothing—wealth, position, consideration, and a seat at the queen's banquet—while Mordecai the Jew stunk in his nostrils. English people have proverbially a good nose for the fly in the ointment. They are not happy unless they can detect one. The writer once perambulated a fair country churchyard

with a fair country girl who apparently possessed in this world all that heart could wish, yet she gazed around and said: "I do think it is a shame! Why should these Griffithses have the pick of the churchyard?"

The Griffithses were quiet enough under their three grassy mounds, which nothing particularly distinguished as a place of honour; certainly the fair complainer did not want the place herself, but the grievance was there—'twas not much, but it served.

But a little folly in him that is in great reputation—ah, that is a stench indeed! O Solomon, that one weakness in the man whose wisdom was and is the wonder of the world! Wherefore that penchant for veils and henna, great king? We should not have remarked it in Rehoboam. But Solomon, whose wisdom was proof against Sheba; Solomon, who spake of all things from the hyssop to the cedar; Solomon, in all his glory, sitting in Lebanon's palace, with pillars of sweet smoke rising around him—there was a fly in his ointment, a taint of folly in his wisdom, and it availed to cut short his kingdom. O frail human nature, that compound of spirit and flesh, of mortal and immortal, soaring essence and heavy clog, strength and weakness, divinity and creature, life and death, ointment and fly.

E. M. PARKINSON

## MISS BROWN'S CHRISTMAS

Miss Brown sat over her sitting-room fire. She had been alone in her flat since twelve o'clock, when Jane departed, radiant in a pink blouse and an amazing hat, carrying a white box tied up with red ribbon, which was Miss Brown's contribution to her Christmas dinner. It had rained steadily all day, and in the afternoon a fog had crept up, shrouding everything in misery, till Miss Brown had lighted the lamps and drawn the curtains. She had read, she had worked, she had written letters, fighting against depression till eight o'clock, when she went into the kitchen to get her dinner, which Jane had left on a tray. The girl had been very grateful for her unlooked-for holiday, and had arranged the cold chicken very carefully with beetroot and celery, had put the mince-pies in a little glass dish, and added a vase filled with holly and mistletoe

to give a festive appearance; she had not thought that the vase would give the last touch of cheerlessness to the funereal meal, and that Miss Brown, when she had tried to eat, would throw away pretences and let the ghosts of other Christmases creep round her.

It was no good to tell herself that she was going away on Thursday and taking a new ball-dress with her; no good to say that it was only by choice that she was alone, for Mrs. Rankin had pressed her to share their Christmas dinner. She remembered how in the old days the family had fought against having a stranger at Christmas, and she knew that the young Rankins would fight in the same way against her. No; loneliness and ghosts were better than such hospitality!

Her mind went back to the old house in Highgate where they had grown up—always her idea of home. It was untidy and shabby, but they had been happy, and Christmas seemed always to have been an unclouded festival—though there was a year when the turkey, by some terrible mischance, did not arrive and they had had to make their Christmas dinner off cold beef, and one when they all had whooping-cough and could eat no sweets, because they made the coughs worse. There was a wonderful year, very long ago, when they had to wait till evening for their presents. *Then* a Christmas-tree, the first they had ever seen, burst on their enchanted gaze! Much later was the year when they were too old for trees and stockings, and gave their presents at breakfast in grown-up fashion. What children they were!

Then came the Christmas when Aunt Mary asked her to Nice, and she went and sent back French presents and spring flowers, and enjoyed every minute, except for the horrid pang, on Christmas Eve, when she heard a middle-aged American say that when one of a family was once away at Christmas they *never* all met again for it. She had tried to forget, but it had come back again and again, and—it was true! The very next year Jim was engaged and spent Christmas with Helen's people; after that Marion married and went to India; and this year, when they had hoped all to be together again, was the saddest of all, for they knew that now it could never be; so they left the old house, which was too large for them, and drifted apart, one by one, till she was left

alone, and could only send toys to the unknown children who made new homes for the boys and girls she remembered. It made her feel very old and tired.

At last the bell rang, and when Miss Brown opened the door Jane came in, while footsteps grew fainter and fainter as they passed downstairs. Jane was flushed and excited, and her arms were full of a quaint collection of untidy parcels, cracker-papers, and caps. She was evidently panting to show her treasures, so Miss Brown went into the little kitchen, and looked—with well-feigned admiration—at the presents, all cheap, and nearly all useless, while she heard the adventures of the day. She received a formal message of thanks from Jane's mother for the box of preserved fruit which she had sent, and also heard the informal comments which had been made by the family, who had evidently admired it. She was told at great length of the impudence of a strange postman who had passed remarks on the box, but when she regretted that she had not wrapped it in brown paper she found that Jane had dealt with him and passed on victorious, evidently enjoying the encounter. She heard of all they had had for dinner—and tea—and supper; what games they had played; and how the butcher's young man had formed one of the party, and then Jane confessed shamefacedly that he had seen her home and given her a motto from a cracker:

You have my heart
Till death us part,

and when it was favourably received had produced a white cardboard box, in which—enshrined in pink cotton-wool—was a gold brooch. This was decisive, and Miss Brown gave due congratulation, for the butcher's young man was not only personable but steady, and had £26, 15s. 6d. in the Post Office Savings Bank, though Jane explained as she gathered up her treasures that "it" couldn't be for some years yet, till he was a foreman.

Then at last Miss Brown went to bed, and Christmas was over. She was half amused, half touched, by the queer little romance, and Jane's evident happiness. She wondered dreamily what their future would be—and then—she had not wanted to

go to Jane's mother's Christmas party, and she certainly had no desire for the butcher's young man; and yet it was on their account that she cried herself to sleep.

ALICE BOWMAN

## TO THE AUTHOR OF "RED POTTAGE"

DEAR MADAM, — Has it ever happened to you, in your wanderings in the world of literature, to admire a novel, while failing to admire the novelist's admirations?

The case is quite possible. I admire "Shirley"; but Charlotte Brontë did not think (as I do) that Louis Moore is a hopeless ass. "Tom Jones" is a landmark in English literature; but Fielding did not think (as I do) that his hero ought to be shot at sight. "Daniel Deronda" is a magnificent book (I can't understand the critics who think otherwise); but George Eliot did not think (as I do) that Dan is a walking Y.M.C.A., with far too much private property in minor proprieties. Perhaps it is the same perversity that makes me object to your point of view concerning your own creations.

I once met the Rev. James Gresley. Some reviewer, I believe, said that no such person ever existed. But reviewers are fallible. I found him (the Rev. James) a quite endurable human being; and—I want to convert you.

Of course you will say that it is a case of mistaken identity; or perhaps that I am altogether such a one as Archdeacon Thursby. Not quite. In fact, it was a theological explosion that enabled me to identify my man. An Anarchist in these things myself, I happened to remark that "if you are not filled with a profound contempt for every organised form of Christian teaching, you must be congenitally incapable of Christianity." The harmless remark was expressed with some of the ill-bred excitability of youth; but I never dreamed of the explosion that was to follow.

I have seldom enjoyed anything so much as the next three hours. What I love best in all the world is what a college friend called a "theological free fight." It was perfect, and my only

regret was that the Rev. James did not enjoy it as well as I did. To be quite candid, he "said things." I am a fanatical believer in freedom of speech (including freedom to "slate") for other people, and I am still alive. After all, his worst wrath fell on the unlucky third person, who admitted that I was unanswerable, when I tried to prove that he (the Rev. James) was a more thorough materialist than Haeckel and Huxley. As we both got tired, I even admitted things. After all, we can never be quite sure about the Universe. The savage tribe mentioned by Herbert Spencer who believe that rain is caused by the spitting of the gods upon the earth *may* be right. So may the Rev. James. (He did not seem as grateful for the admission as I had expected.)

So much for the Rev. James. Now for his wife. I have an overwhelming admiration (at a distance) for the Mrs. Gresleys of the world. In actual conversation I am apt to find them, as Leslie Stephen found John Ruskin, "a highly explosive compound liable to go off without notice in any direction." *No* ideas of mine on theology, politics, ethics, women, or social order quite hit the mark, and I find the interchange of stifled antagonisms trying. But this does not alter my admiration of the type. They are the real "Pillars of Society" (women who can still preserve an unmixed respect for the limitations of a very imperfect man are our real safeguards against race suicide). And in one vital point I am with Mrs. Gresley heart and soul. She was quite right in disliking her sister-in-law.

The really intolerant and intolerable orthodoxy of our day is the orthodoxy not of James, but of Lady Susan Gresley. It has a maddening ritual too. ("Dressing extremely well," in your vocabulary.) Its "services," I think, are not in the early morning, but late at night. There are "worms who go in at back doors," too. ("Outsiders" is the technical name, I think, not "Dissenters.") You can even find ungrammatical preachments of the cult in almost every journal for women written in a ghastly euphemistic jargon which is Greek to the mere man. (I read a description wherein a lady's garments were suspended from her shoulders by a "*dream*"! of chiffon, I think.)

Now this other Athanasian Creed, with its terrible list of damnatory clauses, is the real accursed thing. It brings not peace but a sword, dividing the brother from the sister, and the husband from the wife, and (above all) the mother-in-law from the daughter-in-law. My compliments, Mrs. Gresley!—Sincerely yours, E. E. CROOKE

## THE USE OF DREAMS

Give me pork and a nightmare, a good, burly nightmare. Not one of your soft, golden-lily dreams, where all comes right, or rather nothing is ever wrong. These are but idle, enervating luxuries, like the Bounteous Isle of Maeldune; the nightmare it is that energises, that shows what is latent in the man (beside his supper). Whether one has suddenly found oneself in the drawing-room in shirt and socks only, and has to exercise unwonted ingenuity in making shift with an antimacassar, or has had to brace oneself to face a dimly seen but surely approaching Something, of nature unknown but certainly malign; in every form the nightmare is the stimulating, soul-developing dream, and the night-rider will awake next day ennobled and refreshed in spirit, if not in body.

Look at little Brown, whose "peak" is the office stool when he has to get a ledger from the top shelf, and he likes some one to give him a hand down. Follow him home; watch him through his supper sausage, and the hunk of cheese thereafter. Then go with him through the grey gate, and, lo! he, the insignificant, timorous Brown, of the ten-and-sixpenny trousers, is warily squirming his way along a precipitous ledge, that narrows through a dim mist to the edge of an unfathomable crevasse. Next day is not Brown a better man because he, like Odin, has hung over Niflheim? Has he not there, like Odin, learned wisdom before undreamt-of (note the phrase, for it is a testimony to the "revealing" in dreams, as our fathers also testified), as he gazed down into feet and feet and feet of nameless terror, and, finally, O glorious Brown, when there was no more path and he could crawl no farther, and

still it pressed behind, launched himself unsustained into the viewless vapour, and—awoke?

Or Jones. Yesterday Jones just missed his train. He tried to board it, but porters laid hold of him, and his hat was knocked off and fell on the platform. While he dusted it they abused him, and the crowd left the stricken deer and smiled superciliously two yards away. *Then* Jones was hot and red, and the next train was an unconscionable time a-coming. To-day the porters eye him, but he jauntily lights his pipe, and quails not. The secret? Why last night Jones came to that same station, and finding the gate shut, he flew over it, and chased, yea, and overtook, the retreating train, careless of millions of monstrous "Stand-aways," and dived head first through the last carriage-window, safe and sound (though the close-fitting dream-tunnel did its utmost to shear off his projecting hind-legs). Ah! glorifying nightmare! thou hast set the foot of Jones upon the neck of all porterdom for ever. The "sweet" dream, too, has its use, but after toil and strife, when the nightmare, in Hegelian phrase, has gone over into its Other. I mind one dream, wherein I was chased by myriad wolves, and, leaping a ravine, with pine-trees and a moon at the head of the gorge, and a white torrent sounding far below, I fell short and bowered in the thicket, while interminable wolves flew overhead. And all at once, as I lay panting, a voice cried thus:

> The Trail came by enchantment,
> By slopes of magic music from the heaven,

and I lay at peace in a broad, hollow lawn, whose path glimmered away into the moon that had become an ineffable glory; and I saw, as I listened to the long poem, the Divine Trail that led down from earliest ages through all human history, even to the present; nor could the last line, in a well-marked American accent,

> The Trail ends right here,

avail to disconcert me.

But the greatest revelation is given in the "Fürsichseyendes." nightmare, the nightmare that knows itself as such, and so transcends itself, bringing the calm, not of indolence, but of an assuredly conquering strife. In this I know that the evil has no more

power than my own fear allows it; I make it powerless by calming my own apprehension, and the triumph of mind over matter is complete. Of old, one wolf would have nosed me out, and I should have fled from one unavailing shelter to another till the daybreak. At a later stage I could have willed that they should not find me, but could not have prevented their return, to cross and recross the ravine all night long, while I "*strained*" them away from where I crouched in an agony beneath them. As it was, with an effort of self-realising will I created for them a forest and banished them therein for ever.

So, too, I used to flee through thick clay, with leaden boots, from tramps, and hide in a drainpipe by the roadside, and there crouch till they looked down, and then with all my might, I would desperately punch their pulpy faces, and awake shouting "Boo!" But now my nightmares threaten to be as tame as a world of miracles; I *know* that I can outwit my tramps, and—*they never look down.*

Yet sometimes, after an extra orgy, the old horror comes, and now, the highest lesson of all, I forego my power, and suffer them to find me, that I may thrill with fierce suspense, and once again nerve myself to punch them.

This, then, is the use of a dream, to awaken, and prepare against the hour of need, that which else in this dull world would perish, those dormant faculties of ingenuity, enterprise, endurance, which thus from time to time emerge from their torpid stable to gallop gaily forth with the nightmare; so that to the dreamer are revealed suspense and strife, strength, victory, and the peace of overcoming, which in this "day-life" he may never know.

It is late; to one and all, a good nightmare.

WILFRED HILL

## A MEAL

"Light" was the adjective used by the Vicar in describing the refreshments to be offered at the Choir Social; and lively were the speculations raised in the mind of one hearer at least as to how much might be expected from this dubious expression.

"What do'ee call *light?*" he inquired of his sister. "Lemonade and buns, or blummonge and tarts?"

"How do I know?" she retorted. "P'r'aps plum-cake and macrooms."

"That's all kiff," he said.

During the various items of the programme the Boy was occupied in casting surreptitious glances at the tables arranged at the side of the room. His mother had forbidden this, remarking that it was "an unmannerly trick"; but her son attempted obedience with only partial success.

At last the interval was announced, and the Boy waited on the other guests with alacrity. His mind was tranquil, his appetite keen—"light" meant not merely macaroons, but also beef-patties and sausage-rolls.

His duties finished, he helped himself to a patty and sank into a chair. Gently he pressed the pastry into his cup of tea; thoughtfully he ate the mixture, like soup, with a spoon. Some sausage-rolls, treated likewise, proved even more alluring; and afterwards followed meringues, macaroons, sponge-fingers, chocolate-biscuits, cocoanut-knobbies, and other cakes.

But the Boy had not yet reached the supreme moment, which only came when his crumb-dotted cup was filled with coffee, and a wedge of plum-cake stirred into it until it acquired the consistency of porridge. He leaned back in his chair. He was content. He had other things afterwards, but that was the height of bliss.

The Boy was young. Ten minutes later no voice was lustier than his, as he sang of Peter Piper and the picking of his pickled pepper.

KAY

## KINDNESS TO PARENTS

That it is desirable for my young friends to show Kindness and Forbearance to their fathers and mothers, in spite of foolish and inconsiderate behaviour on the part of the latter, is shown by the following story:—

Eliza and Gerald Conwell, aged respectively nine and seven, were two charming children. Their father and mother were singularly harmless, even attractive, persons; the one absorbed in

scientific investigations, the other in the manufacture of garments suitable for the wear of our hero and heroine. It will be seen that the young Eliza and Gerald were enabled to follow their natural instincts for free development with little hindrance from their parents. Nevertheless, those parents were not neglected; the dulness of their winter evenings was frequently enlivened with the sprightly talk and cheerful converse of the youthful pair. The study of Professor Conwell was their favourite resort. In his crucibles and stills they would concoct delicious toffee with which to regale their favoured parents.

One night as they entered laden with sugar, nuts, butter, and treacle, their father displayed some peevishness. "Eliza and Gerald," he pleaded, "for this one night allow me to pursue my researches in solitude." The children paused; emotions of leniency sought their breasts. "Why not indulge our father for this once?" murmured the soft-hearted Gerald. But Eliza's sterner feminine soul crushed down the tender impulse. "We wish your good only, father," she replied, and taking his well-filled crucible from the stove she gently but firmly poured its contents into the ashes, replacing them by the ingredients for the customary sweetmeat, with which in due time the fractious parent was consoled. The solace was but temporary, however. Next morning Eliza and Gerald learnt to their grief that the rejected decoction was the fruit of long investigations approaching completion, the issue of which would have brought a fortune to the unlucky children, whose father, reduced to despair by the failure of his hopes, surrendered the endeavour to discover a new element, and retired to the workhouse, leaving to our young hero and heroine the task of supporting their bereaved mother. CAMEL

## TWO NAUGHTY BOYS

It was Tommy's birthday; the day was fine and frosty, and he and Willie were excitedly expecting a beautiful slide on the frozen pond. But, after breakfast, their father (who was one of those men who anticipate their children's wishes) said: "My sons, the ice is too thin for sliding to-day; you must occupy yourself in some

other manner this afternoon, and I trust you will find some occupation which is useful and agreeable to others." "Yes, father," replied Willy and Tommy; "it is always our pleasure to obey you."

So that afternoon Tommy and Willy set out on a different road from that which led to the pond; and, making a rapid detour, reached it in time to enjoy an hour's sliding with their friends. Now, contrary to all precedent, the ice did not break, and the disobedient children were not drowned. It was their fortune to return home punctually and in safety.

It happened in the evening that their father found Tommy alone in the schoolroom, and, with all the affection of one who has enjoyed a good dinner, cried, "Well, my boy, have you had a happy birthday?" "Yes, papa," replied Tommy, "for I have been good." "Why, where did you go this afternoon?" asked his father. "Oh, father," cried he, "we plucked and took wild flowers to poor old Mrs. Simpkins; it was a joy at once to see her sad face lighten at the fragrance of the blossoms and to know that we were unselfish in our pleasures."

At that moment Willy entered the room, and, seeing his father, cried, "Thinking, papa, that our conduct would please you and benefit ourselves, Tommy and I stayed at home and endeavoured to learn the fifty-first Psalm: the effort was great but valuable."

"Ah, my sons," replied their father, "I shall now proceed to punish you; partly because it is evident that you have disobeyed my wishes, and partly because you have told me falsehood; but more especially because you have been so improvident in neglecting to invent a consistent tale."

*To Children: Lie with Caution.*

W. DOUGLAS P. HILL

## DÜRER'S DANTE

FROM A LETTER ADDRESSED TO AWAIT ARRIVAL OF S.S. —— AT YOKOHAMA

I am going to risk your doctor's anger; and I'm sure your voyage will have pulled you together enough to learn, without nerve-excitement, of the most unlooked-for and welcome godsend that ever delighted an artist's heart!—a set of Dürers, come to

light in an extraordinary manner (I send you some cuttings). They are some preparatory studies, and more or less finished pen-and-ink drawings, designed to illustrate the "Divina Commedia." Why there are only a few I will tell you later (according to my guess). No doubt a big work was intended, but Dürer got no farther than the Inferno, except for one scene from the Purgatorio, of which more presently. They belong, no doubt, to the period of the "Green Passion," the medium of which he copies in this series, only his background tint is brown—Dante's special colour. (You remember "l'aer bruno," the brown waves, and "bruna-bruna" Lethe—not a negation of colour, as Ruskin imagines, but a genuine Italian brown.) The "Tedesco lurco," or "guzzling German," has a happy colour sympathy with the Divine Poet. Heightened with white body-colour, it is most effective, and gives at once the sense of mystery and gloom which Dante's words respire. First comes a sketch of Dante weeping at the gate of Hell. He, with his guide, is just through the dreadful portal. Virgil's hand-grip is itself a masterpiece. While he looks upward and forward, Dante, like a frightened child, looks backward and down. The contrast is not too marked, but still pointed. The mingling of horror and pity is supremely done; but where in the poem pity predominates, in Dürer the horror which was "as a coronal" to Dante's brows is the mastering expression of the whole features. Here is one of those divergencies between painter and poet which have so deep an interest. The background is filled by dim forms of the ever-eddying "Lukewarms," driven on by clouds of hornets, all minutely figured—perhaps over-minutely. Next there is a fine study of Farinata, half-emerging from his fiery tomb—Farinata whose "contemptor animus" could find scorn even for the hell where he is tormented. In the same tomb rises, crouching, the shadow of Cavalcanti, puzzled and bewildered. Dante's gaze is intent upon the proud and contemptuous Ghibelline. The grouping here is admirable, with none of Dürer's overcrowding. The next work of importance (though all are of deepest interest—did I say that I went post-haste to Vienna to see them?) is a series of studies for Geryon, who seems to have given a lot of trouble! There are several studies for his tail, and the shaggy

paws give splendid scope for the minute work shown in the "Hare" (no jest intended); the "knots and circlets" on breast and flanks remind one of the rhinoceros sketch in the Museum. Perhaps the feature which seems to have given Dürer most pleasure is the sinuous curves of the monster, which indeed go curving out of the picture, and show the delightful charm of incompleteness which you get in the "Prodigal Son's" farmyard. A magnificent group is given by the scene with the "Barrator" Ciampolo, trembling, but cunning, amid the Demons. Dante stands apart from his hated escort; Virgil mournfully questions the pitch-covered thief; Graffiacane stands glowering over his "fresh-speared otter"; Ciriatto is even now using his cruel tusks; "Dragon-face" and "Hell-hawk" are striking their victim. Dürer, you will notice (have you your Dante with you?), groups together these successive actions, overriding the necessary limitations of narrative (see your "Laocoon") and gaining an effect striking enough, though I must say that here Dante is better: the torturing demons one mangling an arm, one a leg, of the "poor mouse fallen among evil cats," give an impression of cumulative horror which poetry by its very limitations avoids. A splendid nude study is Caiaphas, stretched across the road. Here Dürer has really made a proportion-study, though he strangely imbues the Hypocrite with just a touch of the chained Prometheus. So far the Inferno; but there is one more picture—on rose-tinted paper—of highest interest. Seven studies have been found, as if Dürer must needs complete the mystery number before going on to this special effort. The subject is Beatrice—Beatrice at length unveiled, turning upon her worshipper the light of her "emerald" eyes, and of her "holy and ineffable" smile. There are only the two figures; the "too rapt" look of Dante meets shamefacedly the divine glance of Beatrice, a glance filled at once with unspeakable piety, and also breathing the sense of angelic aloofness from misery and pain.

Io son fatta da Dio, sua merce, tale
Che la vostra miseria non mi tange.

One would naturally look to compare Beatrice with some of Dürer's Madonnas, but I see no similarity, and were this an

original it would be a profound success; but—and it is a big "but"—he has set himself to paint from Dante, and though my instincts are first with the artist, I must confess that Dürer has failed to present anything like one's idea—from Dante's words—of what Beatrice was.

The interest in these drawings to me is largely artistic, but also largely psychological. It was a matching of genius against genius. Dürer set himself not to illustrate Dante, but to outdo him. This last attempt seems to have been acknowledged by its author as a failure. He did no more—so far as we know—from the "Commedia." The Apocalypse, Passions, and Lives of the Virgin provided an easier, if not less inspiring, theme; and he seems to have put down his pen in the zenith of his career, in the confession that the task was beyond even his powers! *Vicisti Florentine!* we can hear him saying. For my part, I hold him in no way the lesser genius that he failed.

E. I. R.

## FRAGMENT OF AN ART CRITIC'S LETTER TO HIS FRIEND

ROME, *August* 1, 1907

MY DEAR ——,—Of course you have heard of the new Dürer drawings? A poor art student happened to see them among a heap of torn and smudged Academy studies—the refuse of the Roman art schools—on an old bookstall outside the church of San Luigi dei Francesi, and he bought them for twenty centesimi. That was three days ago. An American offered him some fabulous sum for the precious three of them yesterday, but he refused to part. They say he is waiting for a wire from Pierpont Morgan, and certainly he seems to be a young man with a keen eye to the main chance. He is charging fifty centesimi admission to his dingy studio in the Via Margutta, and he will not let you off without an inspection of his own vile daubs. If he is taken up by æsthetic duchesses and lionised, as is most probable, it will not take him six months to become a popular portrait-painter. His room was full of people yesterday morning, and the Prix de Rome

men from the Villa Medici were there *en masse*. They all think the drawings are perfectly genuine, and I am inclined to agree with them, although I have not yet been able to look at them closely with a glass.

There are two charcoal sketches and one pen drawing; all three are signed A.D., with the small D inside the A, and dated 1512, and they seem to be illustrations for Dante's "Divina Commedia." The pen-drawing represents Count Ugolino and his sons and nephews in prison. The background is washed in Indian ink, and there is a faint suggestion of barred windows. The pose of the old man stooping over the boys huddled at his feet is very natural and convincing. You know Dürer's exquisite finish and his delicate treatment of hair, and fur, and wrinkles; Ugolino wears a fur cape and a gold chain like a German burgher, and his long beard is very characteristic of the master's style. The snub-nosed, flap-eared children are unfinished, and no Italian would have chosen such models; but, then, no Italian could have made them beautiful by sheer force of technique.

The larger of the two charcoal drawings is evidently intended to illustrate the famous line:

Quel giorno piu non vi leggemmo avante.

I think the artist put it aside as a waster when it was half done, as though the figure of the unhappy Francesca is drawn carefully and in detail there is no background whatever, and the hindquarters of a stout Flemish horse with a plaited tail appear in the left-hand corner with some smudges and a meaningless scribble of Indian ink. Does not this suggest to you that Dürer made a study for one of the centaurs who would appear in an illustration for the twelfth canto of the "Inferno" and tried his pen on this sheet of paper? The lovers were seated side by side with the large book resting on their knees, but only Francesca remains, and she is unfortunately rather blurred. She is a large, coarse-looking woman with a double chin, and she wears an elaborate dress with loose hanging sleeves and a chemisette of fine-drawn muslin. Rossetti would have shuddered at her, and so would Burne-Jones, but she is admirably well drawn, and the complicated folds of her

draperies are perfect. I can fancy Ruskin going into polysyllabic raptures over her finger-nails, and D. G. R. covering her heavy, meaningless face with one slim brown hand that his eyes might not be offended by so much as a glimpse of it. I heard a young American sculptor saying, "eighteen stone if she weighs an ounce"; but no one encouraged him in his flippancy. The third drawing is a study of an angel on grey paper, shaded in charcoal and touched up with white chalk. The spread wings are worked in detail to the last feather—a miracle of finish—and the draperies are Dürer at his best. For the rest I say nothing. He could not portray a beautiful woman, much less an angel; the face is hard and heavy, with long flaccid cheeks and common ears, and the ankles and feet are rather those of a tramp, misshapen through wearing other people's old boots. I hope to go to the studio in the Via Margutta again to-morrow early, and I shall take a strong glass with me. They *may* be clever forgeries, and I am not going to rush into print on the subject until I have made a few more inquiries about their present owner; Old Masters are so often faked here—and if pictures, why not sketches? The man who keeps the bookstall outside San Luigi should be questioned, as he must have bought the drawings at some sale: there are wonderful accumulations of old books and papers in the libraries of some of these Roman palaces, and if they could be traced back even a little way their value would be enormously increased. As it is, I doubt if Mr. Morgan will take them without a pedigree of some sort, but we shall see——.

M. D. DALTON

## SOLITARY MEALS

I often wonder what my Bread must think of me; I am sometimes inclined to fancy that it despises me; but I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not the same Bread day by day, and that its amazement has no time to turn to familiarity and contempt.

I am its chief excitement; apart from me it sleeps in the cupboard, but in its waking hours my table is its Universe and I its God. There may be patient times in the morning when the

Universe is Godless; those hours of waiting it consumes in thoughtful anticipation; but at the last there comes a season when I dawn upon its world, and the Ritual begins.

It watches me while I crouch over the fire and stir the porridge: it sees me pour it out into a bowl, adorn it with salt and milk—and the porridge is no more. It gazes fascinated while I sip my scalding tea, and trembles with anxiety when I hold aloft my knife.

The Bread is one Whole no more; it is a mutilated Most and a Piece; and the Piece feels its face growing brown and warm as it stares at the fire, impaled on a cruel three-pronged fork. All hot, it is deluged with a melting mass of yellow butter.

The Bread is no more divided; it is only a mutilated Most; and soon it is put to sleep again in the cupboard, and wakes at noon to find its broken side stiff and stale. Four times a day is the Rite performed with variations; and each successive time the Bread has more to wonder at and less to wonder with.

This from the Bread's point of view; for myself, I love a Solitary Meal. I have known restless people who are doomed to eat in loneliness—they call it doom—and who solace themselves with a newspaper at breakfast and a book propped up on the jam-pot at tea. This is to neglect the essence of a meal. Ask such a one, as he leaves the table, what has been his fare, and he will gaze at you blankly and say he does not know; he has eaten and is satisfied; that is all. I can hear the Bread laughing scornfully through its indignant tears.

Give me no book, no paper; give me just my Lonely Food; and there will come dreams of fair things fashioned in the sugar, visions of pure places carven in the ham; sweet memories will ripple to greet me in the milk.

I revere Jack Horner; he knew the joy of clasping tight to his soul—no vulgar plum—but the pure delights of Solitude in Eating. "What a good boy am I!" Ah! yes, Jack, you in your corner, and I in mine, are better men that we have drawn our golden reverie from a Solitary Meal.

I fancy that in Purgatory the Souls under probation dine at a long common table; and there is ceaseless chatter of an empty

kind. And I think that the Angels sup each at his separate board, curtained from one another's curious gaze.

So I am far from agreeing with that old Persian poet who sang:

> A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
> Beside me singing in the Wilderness,—
> Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

For I can dispense with Thee and Thy song, gladly; and even wine is a superfluity. My Paradise is little beside a Loaf of Bread, so it be alone.

Bread, are you leering at me? Give me a knife that I may cleave your Crust! W. D. P. HILL

## SOLITARY MEALS

I suppose the most stupendous solitary meal on record is that legendary one of the crocodile who gave, indeed, a dinner-*party*, to which he invited many guests, but for which, with wily foresight and no little humour, he provided no "baked meats," though accounting for many funerals. For he made such a happy selection of predatory members of his visiting-list that the course of the feast—tables being found empty—ran thus: The frog became the dinner of the duck, the duck of the fox, the fox of the lynx, the lynx of the leopard, the leopard of the wolf, and the wolf of the lion, so that by the time the host, having thus served his guests to their satisfaction, was ready for his own solitary meal upon the king of beasts, that monarch had nicely packed inside him, like so many graduated Chinese-boxes, the whole of the dinner-party—himself excepted; he, being duly devoured, producing this anomaly—which has some suggestion about it of a riddle as well as a Chinese puzzle—that the crocodile dined upon his own dinner-party! The question certainly arises whether one could call such a meal solitary, accompanied as it would be by the violent protestation of victims; but most distinctly the crocodile dined alone (as I imagine all predatory creatures prefer to do), unless dining upon the living be a matter of "two is company." Three in such

case would appear to be considered bad company; one need only watch the early bird and worm threatened with a guest to breakfast to be quite sure of that. The suggestion herein involved and conclusion to be drawn is, then, that the objection to company at Meals only disappears with the predatory habit—viz. when civilisation has so far slackened the tension of competition as to differentiate between appetite and greed. Whether man and the creatures he has domesticated alone have reached this stage one dare hardly pronounce; but I suppose even ants do not sit at table, and one bee will oust another from the coveted nectar-well of a flower. Even the tamed and half-tamed creatures betray an irritable and unsociable frame of mind at meals forced upon them in common—*vide* the bickering concourse of sparrows when crumbs are spread and the confidence with which the daintily stepping and very exclusive robin will watch his opportunity to feast thereon alone. Even so the most ingenious of kittens will prefer a saucer to itself, and the cat, compact of wisdom, usually secures one. Nor does one expect the horse or ass to share manger or nosebag or the exalted dog his bone. Gregarious sheep and kine browse together in peace, it is true, under the beneficent rule of plenty, which is ever apt to quell enterprise even in quarrelling; and yet what sheep or what cow has not the effect of taking a solitary, unsociable meal in its populated pasture-land?

I suppose the departure from solitary meals begins essentially with the family-party of young requiring to be fed in the nest or lair; but that is only episodic in the life of animals tamed or untamed, and rather curiously does not appear to influence their prevalent disposition to invite no guest to dinner—even sister, aunt, or cousin.

Apparently only man has taken a hint from the family-party necessitated during immaturity, although the hint in his case is less obvious than in any other! And now what he began doubtless as a matter of convenience, and continued from prudential and economic reasons, he insists upon as a matter of course; or when he thinks about it conceives as a condition which may include two of three fine arts—*e.g.* the fine arts of cooking, of conversation, of conviviality, of hospitality. (The last should have been first, since

it probably came first in order of time, and owes its earliest and still its most beautiful practice to the earliest civilisation—of the nomad.)

Now, since these fine arts have accrued for ages to the meal sociable, the pertinent question arises whether solitary meals incur their utter absence? Alas! yes—with one exception; for only the fine art of cooking can survive the restriction of solitude, and the solitary meal would seem to suffer the degradation of being at best inartistic—unless one could construct and bring it to a climax with the consummate fine art of the crocodile.

EILIAN HUGHES

## THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

Let us begin with a fragment of dialogue from "Some Emotions and a Moral":

"The fact is, the artistic temperament ought not to marry," said Cynthia.

"Geniuses are never practical," agreed her aunt.

De Quincey somewhere remarks on the enormous amount of error enshrined in popular antitheses; he might have added that it is the most ineradicable of all types of popular error. Take this implied opposition between the "practical" and the "artistic" temperament. The fallacy *always* exists at a certain mental stratum, and will not uproot. The charge of "unpractical," when brought against you by people like Cynthia's aunt, may mean three things: (*a*) It may be the immoral person's way of describing a higher morality than his own. Any kind of decent civic government is "unpractical" from Mr. Richard Croker's standpoint; any kind of decent artistic conscience is "unpractical," to Cynthia and her aunt. (*b*) "Practical" may be the word applied to the unfortunate limitations which spring from too much doing and too little thinking. In this sense, to be "practical" is no more meritorious than to have a "bicycle back"—in fact, it may be defined as the "bicycle back" of certain types of mechanical action. (*c*) Lastly, the word "practical" may be applied to the

kind of imagination that enables us to plan things—the gift that wins Waterloo or builds the Forth Bridge.

Now, in this last sense of the word, "practical" qualities are more wanted in literature than in anything else. Let any one who doubts this read Stevenson's "Lantern-Bearers," that little miracle of accomplishment in the art of presenting a difficult thought. The amount of constructive talent and ingenious dovetailing of means to ends shown in it would probably furnish all the brains manifested on our side in the South African war, and leave a good helping over. I doubt if Napoleon had practical ability enough to write "The Ring and the Book." Mr. Gladstone certainly had not enough to write "Arms and the Man."

So much for one born of the antithesis. Now for "the artistic temperament." I fully agree with the Philistine who regards it as a nuisance. It is a form of colour-blindness to the Golden Rule, a failure to recognise certain outstanding facts of life, a pathetic conviction that our neighbour is not a poet and an artist too. The people who suffer from it are sometimes men of genius, as Thomas Carlyle and Samuel Coleridge; sometimes very conscientious workers, like George Gissing; sometimes humbugs and good-for-nothings, like James Gates Percival and Will Ladislaw. Its victims may all be known by certain unchanging articles of their creed. They all believe, like Gwendolen Harleth, in their own superior sensibility, and that it makes them unintelligible to other people; and they all flatly disbelieve Dr. Johnson's dictum that "a man is seldom so innocently employed as when he is making money."

Subjectively considered, I believe the artistic temperament to be a "blind spot," hiding from its possessor the beauty and significance of certain forms of life. Gissing was, in his narrow way, a thinker and an artist. But some strange one-sidedness blinded him to the fact that the suburban grocer's shop is just as romantic a battlefield as the ringing plains of windy Troy. Thomas Carlyle was a man of genius, who could not see at short range. For any distance short of a century the artistic temperament smoked his glass. In short, I agree with Cynthia that the artistic temperament ought not to marry. Or rather—lady novelists are too fond

of earmarking ineligibles, in defiance of notorious statistics—it ought to reform. The proper thing to demand of the artistic temperament is Clara Middleton's question: *Can it not be cured?*

I believe it can. Let us begin by opening the patient's eyes to the fact that his complaint is not unique. Every one has suffered once in his life from it. The complaint is everywhere. The timber merchant's clerk wants to go into the Church and become a gentleman. That is his form of the artistic temperament. Sterne is "*mortaliter aeger de mea uxore.*" That is Sterne's way of catching the disease. The domestic servant stays out till twelve o'clock on Sunday night—the artistic temperament again. All schoolboys suffer from it—if they are let. And there is at least one person whose artistic temperament takes the form of an invincible belief that "the gods have called him" (editors have not), and that his unique powers are completely wasted in failing to make the schoolboy a lover of the Humanities. We are all alike. We all want, like Lowell, to "wander off into infinite space and be free at one stroke from prosaic serfdom to respectability and the regular course of things." But it will not do. Some one must make boots; some one must bring round the milk; some one must teach the young idea. A saner civilisation than ours will plant an isolation hospital for confirmed victims of the artistic temperament.

RICHARD E. CROOKE

## THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

You know, directly the hall-door opens, that from the cakes up to the Conjurer and Father Christmas things will all be quite different from Everyday. This feeling begins in the nursery when you put on unaccustomed silk stockings and white shoes. The dark drive in a fly is an adventure to be proud of afterwards, though at the time suggestive of "face to the corner till you're good." Directly you get to Sybil's house, you hope you may sit next to Alice in Wonderland or a Princess at tea; they are much more likely than Conjurers and Father Christmas, anyway. You meet mother and nurse by accident.

Sybil's house before this always seemed rather daylighty and

full of ladies in bonnets. Now it is glittering with gas, and the floor is so slippery that it makes your white shoes seem very self-willed. Billy and Geoffrey, when you speak to them, don't look at all like Everyday. Perhaps the Conjurer or a Fairy Godmother has been altering them, and they aren't quite finished. How can the butler walk about so quietly? Perhaps he wears goloshes, or has furry feet like cook's cat.

The cakes are pink and sugary, but somehow tea is easier in a mug. The Conjurer won't give you the rabbit he found in Sybil's father's hat; he just throws it away, as if rabbits were quite common. After tea, you have presents off a tree, shiny, and quite too beautiful to touch. Before all the others have got their presents, your legs have grown much too short for the chair. Sybil's house is too light and glittering; you see nurse and don't mind going home to bed. In the morning you make up a lot more about the party, as if it were a fairy tale.

E. M. GOODMAN

## CONSIDERATIONS ON THE INCONVENIENCES ARISING FROM TEETH, TOGETHER WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DENTISTS

The word teeth "surprises by himself" natural teeth and false teeth, which may belong to me or to somebody else. Each class may be subdivided into "fixed" and "loose." The inconveniences of false teeth, whether loose or fixed, are too obvious to need our consideration. Their sole advantage over real teeth is that they have a market value when (and if) you have finished with them. See advertisements. Animals seldom have false teeth.

Natural teeth, which usually grow inside the mouth, are only useful for eating, smoking, fighting, and tying or untying knots. When they grow outside the mouth, as in the case of wild-boars and other rodents, they are very inconvenient for smoking or tying knots. Hence rodents are better at eating and fighting.

Your own teeth hurt you when they come, and you let the environs know it. Also they "shoot," like the Parthian, as they

"go," and let *you* know it. When they are "gone," you have to let the dentist know it, and then they are quite gone. Others' teeth also can hurt you, in a different way. If you have a serpent or a thankless child in the house, you will find that both have inconvenient teeth. Children have thrust upon them about thirty teeth—more than any other domestic animal—and these arrive one by one. Until they are fixtures there is no goodwill anywhere.

Even when natural teeth are done with, they do not cease to be inconvenient. I think it was Cadmus who tried sowing teeth in the earth; perhaps he wished to bury them; but it was no use —they sprang up and became armed men. I suppose each armed man had thirty-two of his own. Negroes, I have read, fear the wrath of Obi if they throw away an old tooth; and this leads me to the story of the Discovery of the Banjo. An old negress put her loose tooth into the shell of a tortoise, and tied a piece of skin over the front to conceal the tooth from Obi. She gave the shell to her little son as a rattle. Idly he stretched the loose end of the string over the taut skin, and twanged it. One might say the negress sowed a tooth and there sprang up nigger-minstrels. The inconvenience of that tooth is self-evident.

But the most inconvenient teeth the world has ever known were those of Eve. It is common knowledge that apples require biting, and if Eve had had no teeth, what would—well, what would Milton have found to do in his blind old age? I pause for a reply; meanwhile let us turn to the natural history of dentists.

There are four species: dentists, American syndicated dentists, dental surgeons, and odontological specialists. You can differentiate them at sight by their clothing, and afterwards by their fees. You pay dentists, as you pay photographers, for hurting your feelings. An American syndicated dentist will hurt you for twenty-four hours for 2s. 6d.; a photographer seldom charges less than 10s., but the harm he does can easily last twenty-four years —some even advertise "permanent" carbon-prints. But while you have done with the photographer at a sitting, the dentist always says "Come again."

Dentists are not gregarious, though I once dined with three of

them; they all had teeth like actresses, and they all chewed like Gladstone. Usually you only see one dentist at a time, and even then you prefer to shut your eyes as long as possible.

Like stoats, dentists have one coat for the winter and one for the summer, but they do not actually hibernate until they are quite at the top of their profession; then they winter on the Riviera. Out of professional hours they are kind to their children, and take them to the pantomime, because when they smile they become advertisements. On these occasions dentists leave their cards at the box-office, in case any member of the audience should require their services during the performances. A London dentist once made a joke. He asked, "Why did not the Ladies' Mile?" and the answer was, "Because she had a Rotten Row." He would try this on his victims, and some of them, who were accustomed to ride in Hyde Park, saw the point. He died suddenly, shortly after propounding the question to a colonel home on leave from India, who had an aching molar. The colonel spent hours in prison puzzling out the correct answer.

Few dentists have made their mark in the history of the world, but in Shakespeare's play "As You Never Can Like It," there is one called by that common Shakespearian name Valentine. Another character in this play says truly, "Dentist is an ugly word," and calls Valentine an "ivory-snatcher" and a "gum-architect." These are typical examples of Elizabethan humour now happily extinct.

Apart from this instance, however, dentists are seldom heard of in English literature, until this essay came to be written.

F. SIDGWICK

## AN OCTOBER HOLIDAY

VAL DI TREBBIA, PRESSO BETTOLA, PARMA
(And 6000 ft. above the sea)

DEAR FEATHERSTON,—I hear that your month's holiday is fixed for October. Have no hesitation, but come straight here. If you have never seen the Apennines in October, you have never

seen them at all. No difficulty about lodgings, even in this "lonely hamlet, which, girt with beech and pine, like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest of purple Apennine," for the peasants will do anything for a change. We are variety incarnate, and they love us. There is nothing to eat, but you won't mind that. Bring a gun of sorts, and you shall have hares and partridges when you can hit them, and dine on the best minestra and gorgeous fruit when you can't. But the thing you are really coming to see is the forests in autumn: the green pine forests and rusty-red oak ditto, and to see from the mountain head that mighty Euroclydon go tearing down the great red pass, driving the leaves in storms before it. Come—it is vintage time, and your help will be gratefully accepted in every vineyard; and draughts of new wine are not to be despised. And the pine forests—they also are connected with eating, for the pine forest is the home of mushrooms. You shall have a large basket and work for your living. You shall start early, when the air is like soda-water, and scramble up the stony mountain path, where the sun scorches like summer, though the dew is heavy on the grass; and where the grasshoppers whir up underfoot, with wings like butterflies, dazzling red and blue; along the precipice, where you look down on the backs of the birds that skim across the abyss—and, unless you break your neck previously, we enter the scented shade of that beloved forest.

The mushrooms spawn in ones and twos, but such mushrooms! All over with Claudius Cæsar if he saw them. Little golden fans pushing through the turf, red oranges with white caps, deformed cutlets, and little balls. We will submit the spoil to the inspection of old Manenti to-night, lest sudden death lurk in the basket, but that possible neighbourhood adds to the savour of those weird and exquisite fungi.

We must lunch on bread, cheese, and salame, but sorrel is about us in plenty, and wild strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries the size of thimbles.

There are no snow-caps at this time—from the summit you look down upon a petrified green sea of mountains, but at the end of the month they will be white.

The Angelus will call us down, the Angelus from villages in unsuspected folds of the mountains. One bell is cracked, and cluck instead of ringing—it is a trifle. Oh, the gentians, dark-blue and half-full of tears! The sheets of autumn crocuses! And see there, as we come into the warm air of the torrent-bed, where all day the sun has heated the broad waste of boulders—see, there they are, countless specks of green light, dancing, lapsing, and shimmering under the willows, the last fireflies of the year.

Roast kid is waiting, and Cecilia smiling with hands on hips, ready to make an entrée of our mushrooms. Oh, consider, you can get here for less than a £5 note, and live for less than two lire a day! Delay not. There are solitary wolves to be pursued, and Genoa within a day's walk over the mountains.—Thine,

E. M. PARKINSON

## GUIDE TO UNDERGROUND TRAVELLING

So my guide, who have found me wandering in the Bosco di S. Giovanni, led me by devious paths unto a place where was a deep ravine, and he made as though he would descend thither. Then I said, "O sea of all wisdom, what is this place, and whither are we bound?" "Know, beloved one," he replied, "that there are four great Ways; by three Ways go the blessed, some unto the Crystal Sea by the Way of the East, some unto the mountains by the North, and some, by the Way of the West, unto the Riviera Beata. There be also some that go by the South, but they must first come unto the Angel that stands at the entrance to that Way. But we are bound unto another journey, for thou must needs see them that suffer in the midst of the earth, and therefore we must go by this Way, which is called the Great Central."

Then the dear Master brought me unto a deep chasm, the mouth wherefore was barred with a gate of iron. Here we stood, and he cried aloud upon Otis. Thereupon the gate leaped asunder, and he that was called Otis ran upon us, crying for an obol. But the Master exclaimed, "Peace, dog, for now we have our season." Then, seeing him disconsolate, he added, "Be content, wretch, and repine not, for so it is Written in the Regulations."

Then he that was called Otis (and likewise Elevator) smote the wall with a wand of iron, and we fell softly through the chasm. And the wall thereof was ribbed, as it had been the ribs of a snake that suns itself after a full meal among the paving-stones at Tivoli, and we did glide past them like two unchewed and as yet undigested guinea-pigs. And when we had fallen about three times as far as the dome of St. Peter's rises towards the stars, Otis cried aloud, and, lo! the gates were rolled away by a hand not seen, and we sped along a narrow defile unto a cavern, wherein many awaited their Destiny. And therein was written NO EXIT. And as we gazed there came forth, with gusts of flame and much roaring, that which seemed like unto a boat, and many therein. "Enter," said the Master, "for now thou shalt see those who, while they were above, did spurn and trample on their fellows. Now they sit rigid and are spurned and trampled on." And as he spake I saw certain that smote them that lingered, and compelled them to enter the craft. And they that were within sat still, and stretched forth their legs, and could in no wise draw them in. And they that entered stumbled upon them, and there was wrath and much recrimination. For one that sat there cried, "Why wilt thou tread on my shins?" And he that trampled on him said, "If thou hadst not legs like a rickety giraffe—" And he of the shanks, "If thou hadst not hoofs like a performing hippopotamus!" And thereupon they smote one another. And I, hearing it, rubbed my hands and laughed for joy. But the Master, perceiving me thus to rejoice, waxed wroth, and, saying, "See that thou be not a toad on wheels," hauled me forth by the scruff of my neck. And certain came forth also. Then said I, "O, fount of all illumination, where are we now, and who be these?" And he answered, "This is the Stretta di Bolangero, and by this way go we unto the Inner Circle." Now in the Inner Circle there was more noise and many more spirits, that hastened to enter the boat that was there, though certain would have prevented them. And I said to the dear Poet, "Who, then, be these, and wherefore hasten they thus eagerly to their torment?" And he replied, "These be they that have earned their living by the work of their hands, therefore by their right hands do they

swing until they come unto the Capella Bianca, which is the seat of all evil, and there must they undergo a grievous transformation, for at the word of one of those thou seest there shouting and clashing the gates against their will they must all change. And that they hasten to enter the vessel, it is because a worse torment befalls them that remain. Seest thou those that walk amongst them? They are the Malebranche. And if any would shirk his torment, or join himself to a class less evil than that assigned to him (for they that have worked the hardest are tormented most in the Third, which is the lowest Class), they seize him, and smite and rend him, and with ignominy drive him to his own place. But he who has entered the vessel is safe from the Malebranche, for not even they can abide the savour that is within." And while he spake I had been listening also, and knew the names of the Malebranche—how that two that had a venerable mien were called "Abraham" and "Dr. Swete," and another that was hot in his rage was called "Zingibero," which is "Ginger." Now I could not believe that "Abraham" and "Dr. Swete" were of evil disposition, so benevolent were their countenances, till that I heard Abraham cry aloud, "First Class only; plenty of room behind." Then, indeed, I knew that he was of the Evil One, for he spake not the truth. And even so I saw a spirit that had escaped into the vessel of the First Class, and he made a nose, and cried, "Come inside, Ginger, for there be many of us here." But Zingibero smote him, and came not in; and another clashed the gates and shouted. And I beheld them, even as I have seen the carcases of sheep and oxen in the market of the Campo del (what's the Italian for Smith?), how they hang and swing close together, and are driven through the streets. Even so do these sinners hang, in smoke and a foul vapour, by their evil hands, and thus, swinging and twirling into thick darkness, they are carried away.

WILFRED HILL

## ON HINTS

"In good society, as among the angels in Heaven, is not everything said indirectly, and not as it befell?"

So the Sage of Concord, with his normal infallibility. *Literal-mindedness* is the sin against the Holy Ghost. This may seem a cruel verdict, and the recalcitrant reader may object, with a recently deceased man of letters, that a sense of humour is not one of the cardinal virtues. We think otherwise; and the easiest way to enforce our view-point is to disregard our Burke and draw up an indictment against a whole nation.

What causes (to parody a recent Frenchman's book) the inferiority of the Anglo-Saxon? What is the hidden inferiority of the great race that produced a Shakespeare and a Nelson—a race whose exploits are known to the Seven Seas, whose pigheadedness is made manifest from China to Peru? What is that peculiar British weakness which makes Renan gird at the "two thick volumes which enchanted the English reverends," which gives Heine his two immortal reasons for not living in England, which makes Emerson speak of "a Providence that does not treat with levity a pound sterling"? The answer can be put into a sentence. The true British mind has no antennæ for indirectitudes. This is the Alpha and the Omega of civilisation—to hear the *hints* of the gods.

But the Hint does not always come from the Empyrean. There is a maddening type of indirectness which does *not* prevail among the angels of Heaven. It prevails among those women who can be called angels by courtesy only. Every reader of "A Fearful Responsibility" remembers Mrs. Elmore. I am firmly convinced that that gifted lady's methods of introducing a topic ought to be a sound cause for divorce. Mr. Howells, with delicious irony, pretends that the Professor's melancholy was due to the rescue of a girl from matrimonial suicide. But the wise reader knows better. The Professor was dying of prolonged endurance of Mrs. Elmore's society.

What to do with the Mrs. Elmores? I believe that diplomatic

hinting could be trained out of people if they were caught young. At least five out of every ten people could learn *not* to acquire "that exasperating quality known as tact." The thing is well enough in Mr. Meredith's novels; in real life it does nothing but shorten the temper. I have said that women are the chief sinners; and perhaps feminine education ought to include the art of saying a plain thing in a plain way. Scarecrow specimens could be collected for *viva voce* correction, until an automatic habit of getting to the point was acquired. The worst of it is that small books on Getting on in the World, and kindred subjects, are distinctly given to the encouragement of "Tact." One little manual of *savoir-faire* recommends the example of the hostess who explained to the superfluous lady that they were "a gentleman short." I suppose Dr. Johnson's remark to the author of a translation, "I do not say that it might not be made a very good translation," ought to take the medal among observations of this kind.

In brief. The Hint, like the Ghost, is common to the two ends of human society. Indirectness is the supreme virtue of the saint and the incurable vice of the semi-savage. Read your Thucydides on the diplomacy that preceded the Peloponnesian War, and you are irresistibly reminded of the Bryce and Dunsey scene in "Silas Marner." Read your Euripides, and the Higher Indirectness dimples on every page. The "Alcestis" is one long wink. And this leads to one more relevant aphorism. The Hint is the supreme achievement of Literature. Can you put a wink on paper? Then you are of the world's Immortals. Shakespeare could do it. Browning could do it. Plato, Thackeray, Ibsen, Meredith—all have this in common, if they have nothing else—this knack of instantaneous freemasonry with the reader, the dodge of the atmospheric Hint. The stiletto of the scoundrel, the avowed tool of the fool, the window towards Heaven of the saint, the Giotto's circle of the man of letters—such is the Hint.

R. E. CROOKE

## ON HINTS

If it be true, as Socrates says, that "the wrong use of words begets a great evil in the soul," then with regard to this word "hint" some of us are indeed in evil case. For while—to speak for myself—when I hear it I am filled with the same mysterious thrills and the same pleasing sensation of alarm at I know not what that I feel at the words "conspiracy," "secret passage," or "subterranean"—yet I cannot find that it is of the same import to many, or indeed to any, of those around me. Can it be that I am wholly wrong and am thus harbouring an evil in my soul? For here I hold in my hand a plain and cheerful book entitled "A Hundred Hints to Housewives; or, How to Make the Home Happy," and I find within its pages neither cryptic utterances nor Sphinx-like suggestions, but straightforward paragraphs to teach me "How to boil potatoes," "How to remove ink-stains from furniture," and so forth.

And when I have hardly recovered from my surprise, I am asked, it may be, by my family to "give the cook a hint to put less salt in the soup!"

A hint! To the cook! Am I to wrap my desire in such concealing words that only a mind sensitive to the subtlety of a hint can understand? What effect could *that* have on the soup? But that is what these words express to me.

It is clear, then, that on this point I am at variance with the rest of my fellows, and, arrogant as it may seem, I prefer to hope that somehow I am right and they are wrong. So to me this word will ever bring thoughts of what is elusive and delicate, and I shall leave the grosser forms of hints to others.

A hint!—too fine it almost seems to be for translation into words—a flutter of the eyelid—a lurking and evasive smile or frown—and the hint is given. This is the work of an artist and not to be lightly undertaken by the most of us. Yet to achieve such a masterpiece, this were to have not lived in vain.

But a horrid fear seizes me at times, and I ask myself, "Doe the rare soul exist that could take so fine and dimly breathed a

hint?" I fear, indeed, that this work of exquisite rarity would but make one more noble failure.

And, indeed, there are moments when I wonder if it be not all waste labour to fashion hints at all (even of the commoner sort that all men will allow to be hints), and worse waste to give them to any man! For he who can take a hint, wrought by one of average skill and subtlety, he, it seems to me, must stand in no need of any such help; for he must surely have a mind acute and sympathetic enough to perceive his friend's desire or policy without an aid of this sort. And, again, to throw away the delicate mechanism of a hint on any one of denser wit is to try to goad a hippopotamus with a hair.

So in this matter of hints it seems I have no practical advice to give. It is quickening, no doubt, to the intellect to strive to weave this almost impalpable fabric; yet it is hard to see how it can be used in the brisk and matter-of-fact encounters and passages of our life. And it may be that, for all useful and marketable purposes, it is best for the most of us to keep to such simple thoughts as my "Housewives' Hints" supply.

And only in some dim corner of my heart will I cherish the hope that somewhere my ideal hint exists.

M. V. HILL

# VERSE, 1904

## WORDS FOR A SONG

### Brownie Song

WITH threads of finest gossamer
To string his fairy lyre,
The brownie, chanting low of her
Will lead you—ay, speed you
To the Land of Heart's Desire.

Through rosy mists of reverie
Soft from the elfin choir,
Float silver notes of harmony,
Enthral you, and call you
To the Land of Heart's Desire.

We'll follow, then, on eager feet
Gay host that cannot tire;
To that far country, primrose-sweet,
Oh, sing us! oh, wing us
To the Land of Heart's Desire!

"AVIS"

### Noon of the Spring

Little Brown Bee on the wing, when will you tire?
"Not at the Noon of the Spring flushed with rose fire!
Look at the harvest of flowers waiting my kiss,
Who would be counting the hours feasting like this?"

Little Grey Bird full in tune, when will you nest?
"Not whilst the knowledge of June giveth me rest!
Look at the sun-dowered dale waiting my note,
Who of his carols would fail, glad at the throat?"

Little Still Butterfly white, when will you pause?
"Not till the fall of the night giveth me cause!
Let me be gone on the wing, loving my way,
Lo! it is Noon of the Spring, but for To-day!"

FLORENCE GERTRUDE ATTENBOROUGH

## A SESTINA OF MEMORIES

When you were nine, and I was six years old,
Do you remember how we wandered forth,
Two small explorers, through the summer fields,
With apple turnovers provisioned well,
And trampled down the farmer's mowing grass,
In haste to pluck the little red-stemmed rose?

And how the farmer in his fury rose
With hot red face, as ogres wore of old,
And eyeing angrily his battered grass,
With wingèd words he drove the culprits forth,
And swore a whipping would be theirs as well
The next time they profaned his sacred fields?

Regretfully we left those sunny fields
(For there alone it grew, our longed-for rose),
And sate us down beside a little well
That bubbled up 'midst stonework grey and old,
And watched the slow soft runlets spouting forth,
To lose themselves amidst the spongy grass.

Long time we lay upon the kindly grass,
Until the cows from out their distant fields
In solemn, slow procession issued forth.
With stiff and lagging movements then we rose,
Our little bones aweary felt, and old
(For all the ground was damp beside the well).

Long weary weeks passed by ere we were well:
Long aching weeks; by then the farmer's grass
Had turned to hay, and our offence was old.

Again we entered those forbidden fields,
But found no more our creamy-petalled rose,
Thorns, only thorns, the straggling hedge brought forth.

Sadly we turned, and sadly trotted forth,
Our flowers were gone, and all our hopes as well;
Though some, consoling, said, "Your little rose
Will bloom again: and, not to hurt the grass,
You might go skirting round the farmer's fields—
His hand is mortal heavy, though he's old."

Still to the sunlit fields Hope speeds us forth:
Prone on the grass, we dream that all is well:
And so wax old, and never grasp our rose.

J. E. BALL

## NEW NURSERY RHYMES

### The Willing Mole

How steadily the willing mole
  Works underneath the lawn,
Raising his tiny mountain peaks
  To greet our eyes at dawn.
How modestly he shrinks from praise
  Amid the clay and earth;
Oh! modest mole, you beat the bee
  In unassuming worth.

### "Fogsome, Smutsome"

Fogsome, Smutsome! London docks
Is not the place to wear clean frocks.
Fogsome, Smutsome! In the Strand
You should hold your daddy's hand.

Fogsome, Smutsome! London town
Is where mummy buys a gown.
Fogsome, Smutsome! Toyshops too
Are there, and they are for you.

### The Swan

Harry and Katie
And Jennie and John
Went to the river to look at the swan.
Jennie and Johnnie
And Harry and Kate
Got to the river a little too late.

### The Rider

I heard a horseman
Ride over the hill.
The moon shone bright,
And the night was still.
His crest was silver,
And pale was he,
And the horse he rode
Was of Ivory.

### The Bridge of By-and-By

The World is turning upside down,
The Years have gone awry,
The Months have turned to Frying Pans
With no more fish to fry.
The Weeks have turned to Sealing Wax,
The Days to Apple Pie:
Said the Old Man to the Baby,
On the Bridge of By-and-By.
Oh the silly days and foolish
On the Bridge of By-and-By!

### Eating

Niminy, Nominy,
What shall we eat?
The Cat has the custard,
The Dog has the meat.

We could eat bread—
  But the Goat has devoured it.
We could drink milk—
  But the thunder has soured it.

We could catch fish—
  But the river is dry.
We could have plums—
  But they're all in the pie.
We could have pie—
  But it's burnt to a cinder.
We could have pears—
  But the Farmer would hinder.

Niminy, Nominy,
  What can we eat?
What but the Dewberries
  Ripe at our feet.

### The Nursery Cat

Chink-a-chink chink,
  What do you think?
The cat in the nursery has nothing to drink;
  Fiddle-de-dee,
  Don't talk to me!
I saw her go down to the kitchen to tea.

### Performing Dogs

I know a dog called Carlo,
  Who lives with Mr. Day,
But when his master says "Come here!"
  He always runs away.

I know a dog called Pompey
  Who lives with Mr. Clark,
So lazy, he must always lean
  Against the wall to bark.

I know a dog called Jacob,
The best of all the three,
Who goes on trust for bits of cake,
And he belongs to me.

### New Clothes

Apples and pears, apples and pears,
This is the overcoat Gregory wears.
Chestnuts and grapes, chestnuts and grapes,
Real grown-up pockets and three coachman's capes.

Peaches and plums, peaches and plums,
He will have gaiters when winter-time comes.
Medlars and quince, medlars and quince;
Gregory knows that he's dressed like a Prince.

### An Accident

Esmeralda and little Ann
Broke their mother's ivory fan.
Hullabaloo! Hullabaloo!
Oh! they didn't know what to do.
Esmeralda and little Ann
Thought it would be an excellent plan
To tell their mother—and so would you.
Lullabaloo! Hullabaloo!

### Tommy

Eggy-peggy, eggy-peggy,
Tommy's got a wooden leggy,
Once he was a soldier Johnny,
Now he'll have to beggy-weggy.

Henny-benny, henny-benny,
He shall have my silver penny.
I've got lots and lots of money
Poor old Tommy hasn't any.

### Tea-time Talk

Green trees, green trees,
Gladys, pass the butter, please,
Green grass, green grass,
There's no butter left to pass!

Blue sky, blue sky,
Will you kindly tell me why?
White snow, white snow,
Why, you ate it long ago!

E. C. BRERETON

### The Cat and the King

For the Coronation
Pussy came to town,
In a velvet bonnet
And a furry gown,
"Cats may look at kings," said she;
"This appears a chance for me."

Seated on a house-top
As the King passed by,
She observed him coldly
With her cool green eye.
Then she trotted off to see
If there were a mouse for tea.

### Merry Peter

Peter Pattisson popped a pin
Into the arm of his next-of-kin;
And then he laughed, and he laughed again,
For he was the merriest of men.

### Sarah

"Fie!" said Mamma, "you must not pout
And slop your milk and bread about;
Delay will only make it cold,
Sarah ate hers, as good as gold."

Sarah sat primly in her place,
A happy simper on her face.
"Indeed, mamma," she said, "I feel
So grateful for this wholesome meal.

"And if there comes a naughty wish
For some forbidden, richer dish,
I always set my mind at rest
By thinking, 'My mamma knows best.'"

Now Sarah bridled as she said it,
And clearly thought it did her credit;
But she was not so good, I fear,
As she attempted to appear.

### A Nonsense Rhyme

An elderly man in a pew
Sat still and said nothing but "Mew!"
When the Beadle said "Now!
None of that!" he said "Meow!"
Which, he fancied, was something quite new.

### The Reward of Greed

Dorothy Dunn, she purchased a bun,
Which she hid in a secret nook,
"For then it will be entirely for me,"
She said with a greedy look.
But a plump little mouse, in his snug little house,
He laughed "Ah ha! Oh ho!"
And alas and alack! when she came back
The bun-had-contrived-to-go!

### Trotting Tommy

Jingledy jing! Hear the bells ring!
Tommy is going to visit the King!
First up in London, then down at Windsor.
Tom asks the footman, "Is the King in, sir?"

Then home to supper, partridge and cake;
After his trot he will want a lot,
So I'll begin to bake.

G. M. GEORGE

## GOLF RONDEAUX

### Rondeau de Remontrance

There is no need for you to cry
That "Golf is dull"; just go and try:
Don't say you "fail to see the fun,
But play; and when you've once begun,
Then if you can its claims deny.

Start with a cleek; just keep your eye
Upon the ball, and it will fly;
At first don't have more clubs than one—
There is no need.

Only a week, and how you sigh
(Or swear) at "bunker" and "bad lie,"
Keenly discuss "the best you've done,"
And quite forget your horse and gun.
Need I repeat my eulogy?
There is no need.

ADAM FOX

### Hints to Beginners

Address the ball, and firmly stand,
With temper even, aspect bland;
Watch, with a mind inured to B.'s
Low jests about your hands or knees,
The Haskell on its mound of sand.

With all the skill at your command
Bent to the matter next at hand,
And not to framing repartees,
Address the ball!

But should its flight across the land
Be otherwise than as you planned,
  Do not ascribe it to the breeze;
  Nor yet, in language of bargees,
Which is by well-bred players banned,
    Address the ball!

GILBERT WHITEMAN

## FOUR-LINE EPIGRAMS

### Beauty

He mated man and beast; the soul alone
Could find no kindred thing to call her own,
And, seeing that she wandered thus forlorn,
He pity took—and so was Beauty born.

MARIAN EDWARDES

### Good Taste

Merit acquired in incarnations past,
And now by the unconscious self held fast;
  So the hand strikes the right chord, in the dark,
And, codeless, runs the right flag to the mast.

PHILIP CASTLE

### Bores

There are two kinds; monopolists of time
  The poorer artists are content to be;
The higher types to greater glory climb
  And are encroachers on eternity.

C. SIMPSON

### Success

The gods have one great gift at random given;
  They measure genius, wit, and wisdom out,
But, careless flung, success falls out of heaven,
  And any fool may find it in the rout.

WILLIAM GUNN

### DISCOMFORT

It's partly temper and it's partly pain,
His case is partly one of wounded pride
Whose summer suit is ruined by the rain,
Who travels homeward eight or nine a side.

"PROTAGORAS"

## APHRODITE IN THE CLOISTER

All night the hurtling storm assailed
The convent walls, and when it failed
About daybreak, the rain began.
"A dreary dawn," as she unshuttered
The rusty grille, the portress muttered;
"No day for a wayfaring man."

But who lies here upon the stones!
And is she dead? Sweet saints, she moans!
Ah, lay her by the fire, bring wine.
There, her lips tremble, her cheek flushes:
How beautiful the hair she brushes
From those grey eyes with hands so fine.

Sad-faced and travel-stained was she,
The stranger, but so fair to see:
Perfect in rest, perfect astir,
So richly rounded, yet so slender,
So vigorous and yet so tender,
It was a feast to look on her.

But when the Abbess asked her name,
Whither she journeyed, whence she came,
She answered nothing; but her face,
Mutely upturned in wistful pleading,
Her vesture torn, her feet all bleeding,
Gained her a shelter for a space.

So there she sojourned while the spring
Waxed with green bud and homeward wing,
And from a hidden girdle drew

Marvellous jewels in repayment
Of convent fare and convent raiment;
And with the spring her beauty grew,

Till, as she moved by herb and bough,
The leaves stretched out to touch her brow,
The grass was loth to loose her feet;
And round her head flew many a swallow,
And still a choir of birds would follow,
And all their song was "Sweet, sweet, sweet."

The dovecote shrined her with its doves,
The wryneck piped her through the groves,
The rose bloomed earlier that year.
And now her sad looks turned to smiling,
And, with soft outland songs beguiling
All hearts, she lured the summer near.

The sun, most royal to behold,
Melted the air to fluid gold:
The stranger, with unquiet breast
About the orchard-closes straying,
With garlands of wet leaves allaying
Her temples, seemed to take no rest.

Then, on one hot moon-flooded night,
The end came swiftly—(Ah, delight
Of antique days, where art thou now?)—
From the still garden leapt a crying
Of "Aphrodite!" and she lying
Sleepless, looked out where brow by brow

Stood one wide-mouthed, horned, shaggy-thighed,
One bright-haired with a lyre beside,
Calling to her athwart the breeze;
And she, the queen of lovelinesses,
Threw down her robe, cast loose her tresses,
And vanished, white-limbed, through the trees.

BERNARD PITT

## ROBERT BROWNING SOLILOQUISES

I scarcely know yet if I slept or woke
When, from the yellow fog that chilled to the bone,
The slush, the street-lamps blinking like bleared eyes,
I turned through a hospitably gaping door,
Found white walls, maps, gas flaring thro' the murk,
And people, young and old, ranged round on forms,
Discussing—art? theology? medicine? law?
Music?—no! Robert Browning, if you please,
What he meant, what he thought, why he wrote this,
Why, whence and wherefore used that argument,
This metaphor,—till, tail between my legs,
Wet boots and all, I shuffled out abashed.

So now I put it squarely to myself:
"These books, these writings, which the world thinks You,
What are they?"—First, I never sang, as birds
Sing, just for joy, for feel o' the warm sun,
Smell of brown earth,—nor yet, one lyric throb
Of pulsing passion, poured out half my soul
In amorous raptures,—rather, thought and thought,
And as I thought, the rough blocks ground themselves
(By some strange freak in the stuff whereof I am made)
Into the rugged seeming of a song.
Second, I never took a single thought,
Cast and recast, moulded, rubbed, scraped, and filed,
And framed the thing clear as a cameo, set
In words calm, cold as marble;—rather, say,
Half hewed my figures out of the sheer rock,
Left them in raw, half-starting into life,
Half-sheathed in virgin granite.
Third and last,
I never took my stand, like the clumsy oaf
That pulls on Punch's strings, bids Toby bark,
Sets Jack Ketch toppling—rather, let me say,
Took one tense moment in the life of a man,

Analysed, searched, dissected, tested, proved,
Just that one moment: tried, if you will, to live,
Feel, be the man I figured—show you his heart,
And all the marvellous good and bad of him,
And all the strife and struggling of his soul
In that one motion of the wheel of Time.
I grant, these bones, this flesh, this bodily self,
Are always Browning,—but I'd have men hear
Throb in my very breast, the wild heart-bounds
Of wrung Ixion,—the slow, regular, calm,
Too-learnèd beat of Cleon's pulses,—more,
I would step out of Robert Browning's clay,
Thrust an intruding nose, like a keen hound,—
Dwell in the chambers of another's mind,
Walk out again, and set down as I may
The nakedness or fulness of the land.
  Good people, of your kindness let him be
This man, this Browning!—here's your peepshow, look!

There they go, Lippo, Andrea, and the rest,
While I just stand at back and call their names!
The masque's name? "Human Nature" and no more!

CICELY FOX SMITH

## A NEW INGOLDSBY LEGEND

### The Legend of Sir Carnaby Jenks

Sir Carnaby Jenks, in the matter of rhino,
Was happy-go-lucky as any that I know.

(Thrice blest is that person who prudently suits his
Expenditure to his resources at Coutts's,
And never gets dunn'd, sued, writted, or summon'd,
But pays all his bills with a few lines to Drummond;
And if these old-fashioned establishments *you* shun,
And fancy the modern "joint-stock" institution,

It matters not where you your wealth may be hoarding,
If only your costume be fashioned according
To just the right size that your cloth is affording.
Your pardon, dear reader, while thus I disgress;
This dictum's uncommonly sound, and unless
You obey it you'll get in a deuce of a mess!)

To return to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
Who's been to the Jews, And tried every ruse,
But though he may promise, cajole, or abuse,
There's never an Israelite of them renews.
In his time, as he said, he'd got into some stews,
But never so thoroughly into the blues!

It happened just then that he'd been with some cronies
To see the performance of Miss Taglioni's
And so it befell That night in Pall Mall,
As he stood at his door with his hand on the bell,
While the clock at St. James's rang out like a knell
(It sounds rather harsh when you're not very well),
That he suddenly noticed a singular smell.
It was pungent, and strong, and distinctly sulphureous,
And though not inclined, as a rule, to be curious,
He said: "My apartments might well be Old Scratch's;
Some person's been burning these new-fangled matches."
And turned to survey His *rez-de-chaussée*,
When a touch on his arm made him look t'other way.
And there at his back Was a stranger in black,
With the air and *aplomb* of a travelling quack;
And a tremor ran down Sir Carnaby's spine,
The reason for which he could scarcely define.
"One moment, I pray," said this weird apparition,
"Myself I present as a man of condition,
With fabulous rents In the New Three per Cents;
I'm a very good friend to unfortunate gents.
My income is more than you'd easily reckon,
I've thousands of servants to come when I beckon;

The world is to me but a vast pantomime,
And I'm always assured of a deuce of a time!"
"A week with your money would right me, and I'd as
Immense a sensation create as did Midas;
Indeed," said Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
"I should very much like to step into your shoes."
"Say no more," said the Stranger, "if those are your views,
You won't find that I am the sort to refuse,
So send for the Jews And tell them the news,
Take up your acceptances, pay all your dues;
With the wealth that ensues Step into my shoes,
And farewell, Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues!"

Sir Carnaby entered his *rez-de-chaussée*
And found on the table a letter to say
That a distant relation, at Faversham Hunt,
Had broken his neck, and bequeathed him his "blunt."
Regret and relief filled Sir C., of the Blues,
As he sat in the arm-chair to pull off his shoes.

. . . . . .

But his terrible language I haste to disown,
*They wouldn't come off, nor were they his own*!
As he tried to unfasten the diamond buckles,
And only succeeded in bruising his knuckles,
He heard a succession of sinister chuckles!
While every fresh twist That he gave with his wrist
The tighter they grew, till he had to desist.

. . . . . .

The "Globe" and the "Herald," the "Times" and the "News,"
All "learned that Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
Inherited, through the regretted demise
Of a relative, sums in the Government Threes,
That enhanced his position to one of great wealth";
They "regretted to say that the state of his health
Was such, through the shock of his relative's doom,
As to keep him at present confined to his room."
But his cronies M'Fuze And Lieutenant Tregooze,
Who begged leave to doubt the last half of this news,

When they called on him couldn't think why he should choose
While *sober*, to lie abed,—wearing his shoes!
And they thought any man might his troubles surmount
Who could claim as his own such a banking account!

Confined to his elegant *rez-de-chaussée*
For seven clear days Sir Carnaby "lay
A-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge," all day
Of the sinister Stranger, until, at the end
Of the longest of weeks that he ever did spend,
His valet awoke him, to vow and declare
That the shoes he'd been wearing—the diamond pair—
Had suddenly vanished, he couldn't say where!

And he says, "May his dinner desthroy his digestion
If Sir Carnaby asked him so much as a question!"

*Moral*

A moral this legend undoubted proffers:
Don't seek to replenish impoverished coffers
By closing with Strangers' extravagant offers.

When you deal with a man of Sir Carnaby's inches,
Don't be in a hurry to laugh if he flinches—
IT'S THE WEARER ALONE THAT KNOWS WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

GILBERT WHITEMAN

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

*Tune: "Come, ye lofty"*

"Simple shepherds, I would follow
This same Lord whom ye proclaim:
By what service, by what sorrow
Did ye win to learn His name?"
"Not by fasting, not by vigil,
Not by rich oblation poured:
While we wrought our daily calling
"Fell the tidings of our Lord."

"Wanderers from the land of morning,
Searchers of the starry skies,
Say what skill of art or learning
Loosed the secret where He lies?"
"Not by rite of dark divining,
Nor in mystic vision sweet:
Still our wonted quest pursuing
We were guided to His feet."

"Ox and ass beside the manger,
Worthy by your Lord to bend,
Doubtless each to toil a stranger,
Ye the temple's need attend?"
"Nay, to yoke and goad submissive,
Aye we serve man's thankless race:
Weary with our patient labour
Looking up we saw His face."

He, who thus for our salvation
Left His wondrous throne afar,
Asks no pomp of preparation,
Bids us seek Him as we are.
Faithful to our daily duty
In the busy world abroad,
Rich and learnèd, poor and lowly,
Come we all and find our Lord.

MURIEL KENNY

## BUSHIDO: A SONG OF JAPANESE HONOUR

Since the sword spake, song is silent on the sweet-stringed samisen,
But Manchuria makes music for a myriad marching men;
Forth they fare from frowning Fuji, forth from flowery, far Fukai,
Danger-daring, death-despising, desperate to do and die.

High in heaven a host of heroes, holiest held of hand and heart,
Praised with pride and prayer perpetual, for the patriot's peerless part,
Watch and ward our worthy warriors, wafted wide by wind and wave,
Grimly glad to grasp great guerdons from the glory-granting grave.

Conquering cannons of Kuroki on some captured crag-camp's crown,
Tireless troops, that toil and triumph, tramping on from town to town,
Bring back blessings born of battle to the bravest and the best:
Rich revenge on routed Russia, rescued realms and righteous rest.

OSMAN EDWARDS

## THE SNAKE

Swift through the grass she slips, rustling and swaying;
Flashes of silver light glance from her scales;
Fiercely her steely eyes, stern-set on slaying,
Light on a shuddering shrew—his strength fails!

Slowly and steady her shining head rises,
Crowning the swelling neck, lissom and strong;
Only her sliding tongue stillness despises—
Hush! through the silence soft hisses her song!

Mazed by the spell of unceasing sensation,
Dazzled by sight, he still lists to the hiss;
Soothed by the strength of his fate's fascination,
Sudden, he's slain! He has suffered death's kiss!

"SYBIL"

## A ROUNDEL OF RAIN

With gems of rain heaven's vital forces bring
To little, cherished seeds that long have lain
Dim in their dreams a sweet awakening—
With gems of rain.

Pearls are they? Tears of childhood's passing pain
As on her mother's breast the wayward Spring
Showers sudden drops; then kissed and soothed again,

Dewily smiles, and hastens far to fling
Arch-wise her scarf across the misty plain—
Girdle of myriad hues soft quivering
With gems of rain.

## THE WEDDING

(*After Spenser*)

### Ye Bridegrome

A fearefull Knight was sitting in the traine,
Ycladd in goodly rayment, richly dight,
Withoutten spot or speck; him seemd full fayne
To hide his sad aspect from mortall sight;
Speechlesse he sate, as one in parlous plight,
And inly grond, as he the toothache had;
Ne buckd he upp, his henchman's charge despight,
But ever bore a visage solemn-sad,
For gratelie did he dread, that ever was ydrad.

### Ye Bryde

A comely Mayd was prinking att her glas,
And manie damzells hoverd at her side
With faces sore distraught. Quoth one, "Alas,
Thy robe, perdie, is fashiond worlds too wide;
Needs must that it be chaungèd." Straight she plyd
Her cunning needle ere the Mayd was ware.
Vainly the yreful Mayd their zeal doth chide;
Wotteth she wel how she oftsoones must fare
Untill Saint George his Kirk, in that hymeneal Square.

### Ye Rite

Anon in that fair Kirk they twaine doe meet,
A goodly building, bravely garnishèd:

Poor craven Knight! for hym is no retreat;
And evermore he earns the thinge were sped,
Or els that hee himselfe were safely ded,
And by these dismall rites disturbd no more.
Full gingerlie he steps, with dayntie tread,
For that the flowing garments that she wore
Did coyl about his leggs, and him encombred sore.

### Ye Recepciounе

Anon, the deed being done, sweet musick's playd
Whiles to a statelie hall they pas forthright,
Wherein are divers small confections layd
That scarce could provender one hongry wight;
Some tarry here, but more take speedie flight
(Postponing carnall thoughts till bye-and-bye),
Their sev'rall gifts if haply they may sight.
An hundred Muffs their muffineers espye,
And twice two hundred toast-racks neatly ranged lye.

### Ye Partinge

Forspent the spouses stand, a wearie while,
What time their clamorous kinsfolk them surround;
As wave succeedeth wave, so smile on smile
Obedient comes. Anon with dolorous sound
The griesly yron car comes whizzing round,
Wherein right joyously they step to shore,
As having, after storm, safe harbourage found.
(Straunge charet theirs, that streweth evermore
Such evill smells behind, and dire dismay before).

J. E. BALL

## AN UP-TO-DATE FABLE

Poor Mouse! 'twas his ambitious wife—
He loved her as he loved his life,
And she would talk and shake her head—
"We live too much apart," she said,

"We ought—you must agree with me—
To cultivate society.
We can't—you must admit we can't—
Pass over Mrs. Elephant.
She's sweet! and he—such striking features!
They're both the most delightful creatures."
"Just as you like," he smiled. She wrote.
Next week, responsive to her note,
The genial neighbours came to tea;
And all went very well till he—
Dear, blind old Mr. Elephant—
Contrived short-sightedly to plant
His foot upon his luckless host,
Who straightaway gave up the ghost.
His widow, common talk attests,
Lives now by taking Paying Guests.

MORAL: If you aspire to be
A leader in Society,
'Twill probably at first be wise
To keep to friends about your size.

"PARTURIUNT MONTES"

## THE VEGETARIAN'S SOLILOQUY

Faddist?
And you, my portly friend, that talked so glib?
Your beefsteak's too substantial for a fad;
Yours is the general usage, mine the whim.
But long prescription ne'er changed bad to good.
Besides, I too might talk of ancient use.
Had you forgot the captive Hebrew youths
Who did eschew the portion of the King
For meagre pulse, yet fairer did appear,
More fat in flesh, than they all who partook?
You, Sir, that batten on rich cates, and clog

Your brain with meat, and still together scrape
Your paltry hoard, and then call that success,
Good luck, but ware the Dog-star! Now's the time
When lean men thrive. Doubtless the greedy mole,
Shunning the light, thinks his the higher life,
And mocks the frugal, tuneful, careless lark.
"But why the rule? There lies the fad," cries one,
Forgetting that we're all the slaves of wont.
I eat no meat; he eats it every day.
Besides, I make no rule but for myself;
I do not stuff my lentils down his throat.
And then, your faddist always knows; I don't.
How do they err who think, from bondage freed
I never cast a wistful look behind
To where we left the flesh-pots—and the scourge;
Nor ever long, when evening incense sweet
From some domestic altar rising up
Invades my nostrils, once again to share
The genial unregenerate ways of men!

"BEEFEATER"

## THE VEGETARIAN'S SOLILOQUY

Others may joy, with frenzied knife and fork,
To carve the flesh from fellow-creatures' bones;
To shut the noisy blackbird in a pie;
To catch the yawning oyster by the beard;
To wrest the limpet from his native rock;
Or with forc'd fingers rude—or eke with pins—
To drive the winkle from his humble home.
But mine it is to follow in the train
Of those who guileless walk the turnip-fields
And see not further than their noses' length.
No bloody butcher wields for me his knife;
No dusky lobster blushes for my lust;
At me no dying turtle mocks. My meals
Are purely green, as those of brother Asa.

And, as I crop the yielding herbs, I dream
Of some Elysium, soon to be, where pigs
Shall revel endlessly in clover-fields,
Dogs in the manger lie, and every cat
Escape the sausage vendor and live out
His charmèd lives to the full tale of nine.
Within the waves that lave these happy shores
The silver sardine, unconfined, shall swim,
Nor dream of tins. The lobster—if he likes—
Shall lie beside the sprat, while round and round
The rapid whiting, tail in mouth, shall whirl
In ever-widening rings. O happy land!
I cull my cabbage-leaves and dream of thee,
While, all around, the onion censers fling
Their strong insistent savours to the wind—
The wind that whistles through my empty head,
In at the one—out of the other ear!

"CATERPILLAR"

## NONSENSE RHYMES

He thought he saw a bumble-bee
That sank into a doze;
He looked again and saw it was
The source of all his woes.
And oh! "Alas! that Spring," he sighed,
"Should vanish with the rose!"

MAY LORD

***

He thought he saw the vasty deep
Pinned to an ironing-board;
He looked again and found it was
Quite of its own accord.
"And do you think the pen," he said,
"Is mightier than the sword?"

"FROTH"

He thought he saw a breakfast egg
Of most uncertain date;
He looked again and saw it was
His education rate.
"They also serve," he said, and groaned,
"Who only stand and wait."

J. E. BALL

***

He thought he saw a macaroon
Expound the Rule of Three;
He looked again and found it was
To be or not to be.
"Verb. sap.," he said, and "Quantum suff."
"And also . . . Q. E. D."

K. T. B.

***

He thought he saw a motor-car
Take lemon in its tea;
He looked again and saw it was
"The gorgeous East in fee."
"A rose by any other name
Would smell as sweet," said he.

***

He thought he saw a centipede
That drove a motor-car;
He looked again and saw it was
A message from the Czar.
"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre," he said,
"Ne sais quand reviendra."

***

He thought he saw a giddy goat
Advance by three and three;
He looked again, and saw it was
A brilliant repartee.
"How doth—how surely doth," he said,
"The little busy bee."

He thought he saw a mountain's brow
Its devious way pursue.
He looked again and found it was
A link 'twixt me and you.
"To-night I'll come again," said he,
"With comrades brave and true."

* * *

He thought he saw a thunderstorm
That gazed on him and smiled.
He looked again and saw it was
A weary way beguiled.
"Meet nurse methinks thou art," he cried,
"For a poetic child."

# VERSE, 1905

## TO AN ASH-TREE AT MOONRISE

SICILIAN OCTAVE

TO thee, between the sunset and that blest,
  Thrice blest, outshining of the moon, dear tree,
With tender fronds a-flicker against the west,
  And happy thrills through every branch of thee,
And stretchings of each twig, in the pure zest
  Of that clear silver glance now dawning, be
My friendship, since thus from its evening rest
  My soul moves at my love's look, yearningly.

BERNARD PITT

## THE FORBIDDEN LAND

Rest for a little while,
  Lay down the tool,
Accept, Beloved, the pitying twilight cool—
Letting remembered peace our hearts beguile,
The solace we have gathered from the past,
When Dusk in Eden yielded us at last
  The stillness of her smile.

This is our chosen space—
  We, who have trod
Diviner paths, and tilled immortal sod,
Here work the grudging soil with downcast face
Swept with fierce winds, from naked sun athirst,
Tangled with stubborn weeds—bare, scorched, accurst—
  This is our garden place.

And here through parching days
  We smile and weep,
And tired eyes to shades and pastures deep
  Of our forbidden Paradise we raise—
Where far away, drawn from eternal hills,
Some secret source profound for ever fills
  Her gracious waterways.

But when, all undefiled,
  Some poor, sweet bloom
Rewards our toil, what lightening of the gloom!
We clasp our treasure, glad and reconciled!
Yonder no joy is lost and found again,
In Eden fields no rapture after pain,
  In Paradise, no child!

So, should some Angel say,
  "Lo, you have dreamed!
No sin you sinned, and exile only seemed.
Return! your kingdom calls for you to-day!"
Beloved, I turn to where our sorrows are;
Though every bud in Eden were a star,
  Here would my spirit stay!

O needless Sword aflame!
  Though wide the gate,
I would not leave the garden of my fate,
Nor let Perfection put my toil to shame.
O Love! O Sorrow! hold me safely here;
I choose the love by sorrow's self made clear,
  The stony ground I claim!

My wayward soul resigns
  The perfect ways—
In Death, in Pain, in dark laborious days
Some wide and starry destiny divines.
Far from the flicker of the Sword of Fire,
Beyond all sin, all parting, all desire,
  A fairer Eden shines.

So, till that place be known,
  Take solace sweet;
Here, children, there are daisies for your feet,
Through scanty leaves a wand'ring wind is thrown.
Beloved, though hearts must weep, though hands must toil,
Last night—the tempest swept the bitter soil;
  To-day—a rose is blown.

E. GRAHAM

## THE FORBIDDEN LAND

"Come away," he whispered, "Come away,
O Loved-too-late, while still the flowers are springing,
Ere yet the birds have made an end of singing,
Ere yet our lives have seen the last of May,
My dear, my dear!
In this unlighted land where spring lies dead
Why should we miss the sweetness of the year?
The gate stands wide, the shadowed path is clear
To Love's fair country where we dare not tread."

"Night and day," she answered, "Night and day
I hear the elfin voices calling, calling;
By sunrise, and by noon, and at dew-falling
I hear the birds about that shadowed way
Far louder than the voice that bids me stay.
O pity me, for every breeze that blows
Is faint with the intolerable sweet
Of violets that never kissed my feet
Or passion's heart in some ungathered rose.
O pity me!" she wept. And hand in hand
They twain passed up to the Forbidden Land.

O once, and once alone, and nevermore
Shines any sun as by those singing streams
And silent meres with lilies clustered o'er;
And meadows veiled in flowers as in a mist
New painted with the subtle hues of dreams:
The forest flashed all day with iris wings,

And flitting wraiths of rose and amethyst
Mad with the music of a thousand springs.
At sunrise, and at noon, until dew-falling
They heard the elfin voices calling, calling,
Down-dying with the dying of the day.
Then "Come away," he whispered, "Come away,
O Loved-too-late, the gold is all turned grey,
And gone the glamour of the sun's enthralling."
On the lone summit of the songless hill
About them blew a bitter wind and chill.
So down they hurried to the wicket-gate,
Where the last voice cried mockingly "Too late!"
And o'er the locked bars leaning, hand-in-hand
They gazed sad-eyed on the Forbidden Land.

E. M. WALKER

## THE FORBIDDEN LAND

Are we sorry or glad, dear heart, that our travelling draws to a close?
With Friendship and Fortune to bear us, has all of our voyage been sad?
Look, where the sun goes down in a glory of gold and rose,
And think of the days gone by, and say—are we sorry or glad?

For we twain weighed anchor together, and sailed from the port of Youth;
We have found the country of Mirth, we have crossed the desert of Pain;
And side by side we have fared through the garden of Knowledge and Truth,
And touched at the Isles of Life, and trod them together, we twain.

And of all the lands we have sought, all over our homely world,
At one little isle alone we dared not touch or stay;
For we sighted the Passionate Isle, and I bade the sails be furled,
But you laid your hand on the helm, and pointed our course away.

Yet I went to the stern and gazed, and over our whitening wake
I saw the cool wave lipping the beach of the Passionate Isle,
And I heard the cataract fall, and the brown bird sing in the brake,
And I longed to enter the woods, and rest in the shade awhile.

For methought if we walked together, dear heart, in the quiet woods,
With the mystic twilight round us, the silver moon above,
We should find the spirit of peace that over the island broods,
And hear in the fragrant night the unknown whisper of Love.

But you shook your head and smiled, and a warm wind filled the sail
And carried us on and away beneath the starry night;
The moon rode over the billows, and evening dropped her veil,
And over our whitening wake the island sank from sight.

But Sorrow went down with the dark, and Despair with the stars was set,
And Hope sprang up from the sea in a glory of gold and rose;
We forgot the Passionate Isle, remembering to forget—
Are we sorry or glad, dear heart, that our voyage is come to a close?

"EGBERT BELLEVILLE"

## THE FORBIDDEN LAND

Here, on the cliff's sheer-jutting farthest spur,
Among the heather's bells at ease I lie,
And seaward dream into the purple blur
Of sun-scorched air, where meet the sea and sky.
And as I dream, fade cliff and sky and sea,
Nay, I myself, while 'mid the swooning haze
Two forms uprise; the one I know for thee,
The other, him who lieth here agaze.
What though a ban hath sundered each from each,
And left me yearning for my equal mate,
The sorry mark of those who cant and preach,
The sport of fortune and the toy of fate?

This clay I spurn, and far in fancy's realms
I shout defiance, safe from all alarms,
While all my soul a brimming bliss o'erwhelms,
As to thy heart-beats pulse my enfolding arms.

. . . . . .

The vision passes; faint to me above
Is borne the plash of wavelets on the strand.
But dreaming have I communed with my love,
And scathless trodden the forbidden land.

H. S. M.

## TWO VILLANELLES OF PACKING

I

Out across the Moorland tracking—
Through the heather, 'neath the pine—
What have I to do with Packing?

When, my simple meal attacking,
From the spring I draw my wine—
Out across the Moorland tracking—

You your clothes in heaps are stacking:
On my back I carry mine!
What have I to do with Packing?

Cease your cupboard shelves ransacking,
Worship now at Nature's shrine—
Out across the Moorland tracking.

Why should you your brain be racking—
Why should you these joys decline?
What have I to do with Packing?

Little's needed, nothing's lacking
In this life so free, so fine—
What have I to do with Packing,
Out across the Moorland tracking?

M. A. BIRD

II

Much and long as I have tried,
  Tried to get the creature in,
Still my toothbrush is outside.

Boots and waistcoats calm abide,
  But that brush is bound to win,
Much and long as I have tried.

Broad my bag's mouth grows, and wide;
  Pale my face becomes, and thin;
Still my toothbrush is outside.

No! I can't its bristles hide
  In its tomb-shaped case of tin,
Much and long as I have tried.

Though for hours I've thought that I'd
  Catch the four-fifteen for Lynn,
Still my toothbrush is outside.

By four-thirty I'll have died
  Uttering scarlet words of sin.
Much and long as I have tried,
Still my toothbrush is outside.

IDA WILD

## A SONG OF REVOLUTION

There's smoke on the horizon, so they say—say they,
The rulers in the palace are asleep or at their play;
One bade them 'ware the fire, but they laughed, laughed they,
"'Tis a mist will soon disperse when we turn that way."

"Do ye see the smoke-wreaths curling, are ye blind, deaf, dumb?"
"Hsh—we see the smoke-wreaths curling, and we come, come, come."

There's fire on the border, and they've slain brave hearts and true;
They're laughing at the weeping, for 'twas what they meant to do.
"We'll teach them how to make a fire, we'll teach them how to rue!"
But the fire burns more fiercely for those gallant hearts and true.

"Do ye hear the fire burning? are ye blind, deaf, dumb?"
"Yea! we hear the fire burning, and we come, come, come."

There's a blaze o'er all the country, and they cry, cry they,
"We'll quench the fire with water, for the fuel's still to pay."
But tears are dry with weeping and a chance has passed away:
There's an end to bondage sometime, and the end may come to-day.

"Do ye greet the fire burning? are ye blind, deaf, dumb?"
"Damn! We greet the fire burning, and we come, come, come!"

There's a fiery flame in every heart and fiery work to do,
Not for rulers now, but leaders, yea, for men and women too!
They've stifled us, they've trampled, we will live our lives anew,
"With Freedom and with Liberty to show us what to do—Aye!
To show us what to do!"

"Have ye felt the fire burning? were ye blind, deaf, dumb?"
"*No!* we felt the fire burning, and have come, come, come!"

K. T.

## A SONG OF REVOLUTION

Thou who hast suffered dumbly
With sword and scourge oppressed,
How long wilt thou thus humbly
Obey a Czar's behest?

Red flame of wrong burns in thee,
Red blood has stained the snow;
Rise up—let Freedom win thee
To answer blow for blow!

The priests of Christ unfailing
  Tell how He suffered loss,
And in His name are nailing
  The people to the cross.

  Red flame, &c.

Earth has no salve to give thee,
  Thy wounds are of the soul;
Thy Czars forsooth forgive thee
  For asking to be whole!

  Red flame of wrong burns in thee,
    Red blood has stained the snow;
  Rise up—let Freedom win thee
    To answer blow for blow!

WM. BOWRY

## LOVE'S HAZARD

For many years along your way,
  With nothing to divide,
From night to night, from day to day,
  So closely by your side,

I walked with you, and all along,
  From every plant and tree,
You plucked some little flower of song
  And gave them all to me.

And vervain sweet I gathered you,
  Lest love should go astray;
Then, as the fairies softly drew
  Through golden nets the day,

We spoke together, you and I,
  Of brave and secret things;
We built love's fortress to the sky,
  And gave his warriors wings. . . .

O lost adventures, loved too well—
O petals doomed to shame!
O echoing, empty citadel
That proudly bears your name!

WILFRID L. RANDELL

## AMORIS FLOSCULI

For many years along your way,
With nothing to divide,
From night to night, from day to day,
So closely by your side,

I walked with you, and all along,
From every plant and tree,
You plucked some little flower of song
And gave them all to me.

And 'twixt the leaves of Memory's book,
Wherein I fondly keep
Note of your voice, your touch, your look,
All of your flowerets sleep,

Till, like the Paestan rose of old,
As Roman poets sing,
Your little flowers shall each unfold
In second blossoming—

Yet fairer, tenderer every one
Than in the earthly years,
Because my love has been their sun,
Their rain, my daily tears.

WM. BOWRY

## LURES

Voices, voices, voices within and without,
And most of them cry "Give in!"
But a few of them cry "Hold out!"
So we hold, hold, hold, hold,
Till the brazen world shall be turned to gold,
And the angels come with a shout!

"KIT"

## SONG OF PROSPER THE KING

Sweet, like the smell of the wine in a fishing city,
—(A small stone city, set round a blue-washed bay)—
Keen, like the breath of the sea over wide peat-bog land,
Young, like the odorous blowing of winds in May,
Brave, like the birth of a poet's most high desiring,
My lady Yvaine, sang Prosper, did pass this way.

E. ROSE MACAULAY

## "SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT"

Ah, Love, if youth but knew
The limitless fair kingdom it might sway:
The perilous cloud-peak and the sea-beach lone,
The dim-lit forest and the meadow way.
What worth has knowledge, dear, for me and you?
Ah, Love, had youth but known.

B. A. B.

## LE JARDIN DE PEUR

C'est la Peur qui nous donne à chacun le courage,
Et nous vaut d'affronter les incessants combats;
C'est elle qui fomente et nous souffle ici-bas
La haine vengeresse en réponse à l'outrage.

C'est l'ange protecteur du marin dans l'orage
Ou quand vient à sonner l'heure du branle-bas;
C'est la déesse auguste entraînant sur ses pas
L'héroïsme vainqueur dans un sanglant mirage.

C'est l'aiguillon du lâche et le frein du vaillant;
Et c'est la conseillère au sein flétri, tremblant,
Comme l'inspiratrice inlassable et féconde.

Maîtresse universelle aux yeux hagards et fous,
Dont le bras nous étreint et pourtant nous seconde,
Tous nous te connaissons et tu nous connais tous,

O Peur, dont le jardin, le domaine, est le monde!

ADRIEN GEOFFROY

## JANUS—A RIDDLE OF TIME

At the gate of the year
  I gaze each way;
To-morrow lies here,
  There yesterday.
These come, those fly:
And I at the gate—what am I?

GUY KENDALL

## THREE EPIGRAMS

Here lieth one who took the gauge of life,
  Whatever that school or this other saith,
Who won the radiance of a star to wife
  And has obtained the dignities of death.

***

The Sculptor has fair marble at his feet,
  The Painter has the miracles of Tyre,
The Poet has the soiled words of the street,
  And robes them with imperishable fire.

***

I sought for Loveliness when I was young,
  Singing I followed her from place to place,
But lately have the shades of sorrow clung
  About me, and I shall behold her face.

HENRY BERNARD

## CITY RAIN

Rain on the roof-tops—yes, I hear—rain, rain.
And tell me, will you ever cease again?
  Your voice is of the woodland, silver-clear;
And tell me, will you wash the city's stain
Out of my heart for ever, rain—rain?

G. M. FAULDING

## SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

### The Song of the Tanner

(*After Rudyard Kipling*)

*When the rye runs over the pocket,*
*As the oont of a hazar-kel,*
*Give ear, my people, and listen*
*To the story the people tell:*
*The Song of Sixpence the Tanner*
*A song that ye know full well.*

Nine are the Laws of the Hedgerow
That Mavis, the Song Thrush, wrote;
For blackbirds baked in a pie-crust
This is the law they quote:
That the blackbird nearest the egg-cup
Is the one that must give the note.

The soul of the King was hungered,
And out he spake in his wrath:
"Ye have searched to the East for blackbirds,
Go, search ye again to the North.
Go, search till ye find two dozen."
. . . And the Word of the King went forth.

Twenty and four were the blackbirds—
Somebody cut the crust;
And out of the thick'ning gravy
Each little beak was thrust.
Twenty and four were the voices . . .
*And the soul of the King was dust!*

A. A. MILNE

## SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

(*Chaucerian*)

Lordinges, I wol you singen of a grotë,
And of a pouche of reye also by rotë,
And eek of tweyë doseyn birdës blakë,
That weren in a pastee wel y-bakë:

So sonë thilkë pastee corven was,
Tho foulës al gan singen in that cas:
Me thinketh this so delicat it is;
A! kingës mowen ete of it, ywis!

The kingë to his countour-hous is goon,
To rekene of his penyes everichoon;
With-in hir propre bour the quenë setë,
Of breed with hony spraddë for to etë;
And in the gardin was the lavender[1] fresshë;
Ther-in she hangeth clothës new y-wesshë,
Til sodeynly doun fleigh a papejay,
And plukked of hir nosë, weylaway!

F. SIDGWICK

## SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

(*Long After Byron*)

I want no hero—quite a common want—
But "Sing a Song of Sixpence," not a new one,
And "pocketful of rye," but really can't
Try to persuade you that the tale's a true one.
In nursery rhymes our childhood use to vaunt
That, ere his Sacred Majesty could chew one,
Twenty-four blackbirds all began to sing,
Tho' baked in dainty dish to please the King.

Further, that chronicle, time-honoured, told
How in his counting-house the King was lurking,
Counting his treasure—coppers, silver, gold—
His Queen the while—alas! there is no burking
The bald, plain truth—within the pantry roll'd
New bread in honey, oft her elbow jerking
Up to her mouth, and often, on the sly,
Sucking her fingers when no maid was by.

And now the climax, how we longed to cry!
One maid was in the garden, and her duty
Was to hang out the royal wash to dry:
Shirts, nightgowns, stockings, some few things of beauty,

[1] *Lavender* is dissyllabic = "laundress."

And many into which we will not pry.
Her lips no doubt looked luscious, ripe, and fruity.
And as she patiently hung out the clothes,
A wanton blackbird snapt away her nose.

H. B. H.

## PARSON'S NAG

(*Somerset*)

O Parson's Nag! O Parson's Nag!
Whut makes 'ee graw zo fat?
Whoy? feeding in the Parson's stall;
'Tis main good feeding that!
Zo well as he loves sarmon time,
He loveth dinner bell!
But he al'ays zees my manger vull
Afore he dines himzell!

O Parson's Nag! O Parson's Nag!
Whut makes 'ee go zo slow?
Whoy! him as carries Parson Biggs
Mun vair and softly go.
For if I tries a trot, thee zees,
Vair overhead he goes!
And who be I, 'ould loike to know,
To vlutten Parson's nose?

O Parson's Nag! O Parson's Nag!
Whut makes 'ee get zo gray?
Whoy! zame as grizzles Parson's hair:
The fret of every day!
The horse or man as does his work,
My measter oft has said,
W'old Time will lay a zilver crown
Of honour on his head.

E. S. TYLEE

## WINDS OF ALL THE WEST

"What in all the wurld are ye sayin' in yere whispers,
Moidherin' my Colleen, ye winds from over there?
Whisht, be quite an' aisy! Is there anny sinse in whisp'rin'?
Who gev ye the right to go curlin' up her hair?

"Arrah, thin, be aff! She can't listen to me spakin' . . .
Faix! 'tis quite a power I come this night to say!
Go an' toss the reeds beyant, rustlin' there an' laughin'. . . .
Och! they keeps on whisp'rin' jes' the same ould way!"

"Whisha, Shawn, be aisy! 'Tis the winds I do be heedin'.
Sure, ov all the stories 'tis theirs is always best.
Long as winds is blowin' I'd scruple to be listenin'
To anny other thing than winds from all the west!

"I've no time fur coortin' whin thim same waves is whisp'rin',
Beck'nin' up the white waves all along the shore. . . .
Sorra thing but listens—ev'n the tallest tree-tops
Turn to hear such stories they niver heard afore!

"All the little grass-stems, fillin' up the medda,
Ev'ry blade o' bent, the sand-hills all along,
Turns the way the wind blows. . . . Turn an' listen too, Shawn!
Mortial man can't make the like o' their sweet song."

"Is it listen—me? Long as you are wid me,
You are all I hear, avick, an' you are all I see!
Break my heart you will if you never look atowards me,
Core ov all my heart, acushla, gramachree!

"Och! what can I do agin the winds o' heaven!
Hadn't ye the waves there racin' fast and white?
Wasn't all the wide say enough fur ye to play wid,
But ye must come moidherin' my Colleen-Oge to-night?

"Quick, go on to England! 'Tis there they're coinin' money.
Turn the way ye come: go back t' Americay!
Only hungry hills is here, only heth an' bogland . . .
Steppin'-stones the moon'll make across the deep green say.

"Couldn't clouds contint ye, flying fast as swallows?
If ye'd only stop wance, blowin' from the west!—
Nary time she'll listen, long as winds is playin',
Whisp'rin' to Ould Ireland from Islands o' the Blest!"

M. A. BALLIOL

## THREE POEMS IN SIX LINES

I

One lived on happy dreams and was content,
The other fought and wrestled, sweating sore.
Each dutiful to Nature's kindly bent,
Each drawing nurture from her varied store;
This fiercely earnest, that serenely cool,
Each thinks the other more than half a fool.

E. D. STONE

II

VESTA—A RIDDLE OF THE CITY

I lit the hearths which heavenward breathe at morn,
Though these at midnight shall be quenched and cold.
Ephemeral fire is theirs, each day new-born,
Yet I was never new, nor shall be old.
All are of me: all me their parent call,
Myself not any one, nor each, nor all!

GUY KENDALL

III

Two chambers hath the heart
Wherein apart
Dwell Joy and Pain.
O Joy, thy song restrain
Lest thou shouldst keep
Pain from her sleep.

WM. BOWEY

## THE WICKED GIFT

The bride she sat in the sunlight sheen
  Kaimin' her yellow hair:
It glimmered gowd on her kirtle green,
  I wat that she was fair.
She knotted it under the silken snood
  That she shall need nae mair.

Then by there cam' a gangrel wife,
  Of wrinkled eld was she—
"And will ye buy brooch or siller knife,
  My winsome lady free?
There's muckle luck wi' a' I sell,
  And there's mair wi' a' I gie!"

She has chosen gems, she has chosen lace,
  And paid wi' the heavy gold.
"Now, blessings be on your bonnie face,
  And guid wi' what I hae sold!
But here's a ring for your lily hand
  Worth a' the rest, thrice-told!"

The red stone sparkled, the red stone darkled,
  And leapt and glowed like fire
On her lily hand the golden band,
  Was to wonder at and admire,
The wife was gane: and she rose alane
  To seek her grey-haired sire.

She rose up lightly, she went sae brightly,
  A maiden fair and free,
But ere she came to her father's side,
  Sae pale and wan was she.
She strove to tell—but there she fell
  A corpse at her father's knee!!

Ride home! ride home! thou bold bridegroom!
Ride home full heavily!
No lovely fere in her blushing bloom,
Shall plight her troth to-day.
They shroud her limbs for the lonely tomb,
And the cold halls of the clay!

Heavily, heavily o'er the moor,
Rides home the mourning groom—
When he was aware of a woman there
Beside a bush of broom.
"Is it thou, my foe, hath wrought this woe
And a harmless maiden's doom?"

"I gave the fairest of all the land
A fine ring bought full dear!
I took that ring from my daughter's hand,
As she lay on her bier—
Full fit it was that thy gift, good lord,
Should deck thy lady clear!!!"

AGNES S. FALCONER

## THE LAST HOPE

("*Ballade,*" *on the Chaucerian Model*)

A ladye sat aneath a tree,
A wilwe tree soe grene and gay,
Ful oft she sighed right pitously
And weping seyde: Ah wel-a-day,
My love fro me is hente away:
I slept, and dremed to him I flew,
As dreming still of me he lay.
*Onlie our dremes are trew.*

Briddes that maken melodie,
Be silent now, I do you pray:
You hertes bold in woodland free,
No more to you your does shal stray.

O wilwe tree with levës grey
Grant me a while to wepe with you,
Til slepe ageyn my wound allay.
*Onlie our dremes are trew.*

But, cruel Slepe, thou mockest me,
Sin with him I may never stay,
O Slepe, I will han non of thee;
To gentil Deth I wend my way,
For onlie he can sorwes slay.
Our dayes are yvel, many or few,
Ne linger I ne wolde ne may.
*Onlie our dremes are trew.*

Dere Deth, who takest tendirly,
Lyk litel babes forspent with play,
Us men, who come ful redily,
Thy face shal never me affray;
Who dost upon our wrecched clay
Unending dremes like roses strew.
They swetest slepe who slepe alway.
*Onlie our dremes are trew.*

R. SIDGWICK

## DIE LEUTE

Es tuschelt die Klatschsucht, es raunet der Neid,
Es lästern die giftigen Zungen;
Sie treiben ihr Werk in der Dunkelheit,
Sie rasten nicht, bis es gelungen.
Und fragt ihr, was all das bedeute:
"So sagen die Leute."

Der Jüngling, er strebt nach dem goldenen Preis,
Er macht seine Nächte zu Tagen,
Und endlich belohnt sich der eiserne Fleiss,
Die Brüder sind alle geschlagen.
Warum wohl der Sieg ihn so freute?
"Da staunen die Leute!"

Es lockt des Versuchers schmeichelndes Wort,
Wie klingen so süss seine Töne;
"Zum Stelldichein komm am verschwiegenen Ort!"
Doch standhaft versagt sich die Schöne.
Was war es, wovor sie sich scheute?
"Es sehen's die Leute!"

Und wollt ihr sie schaun, die gefürchtete Macht,
Der zahllose Seelen sich neigen,
So wandelt zum einsamen Friedhofe sacht,
Wo die Gräber trauern und—schweigen.
Hierher trägt der Tod seine Beute—
"Da liegen die Leute."

MARIE SERVIÈRE

## BALLADE OF DEATHLESS DREAM

Morning, and hearts like flame!
Sunrise on moor and dale!
Failure a far-off name!
Bugles, and gleaming mail!
Life—just a winging sail
Under God's cloudless blue!
Ah, the wild night of gale!
Only our dreams are true!

Dreams thro' all storms the same,
Dreams that no use can stale,
Dreams that nor age, nor shame,
Neither death's darts assail.
How did our toil avail?
Where the high hopes we knew?
Friends—yea, our own selves fail,
Only our dreams are true.

Fortune's a wanton dame,
  Love's but a jester frail:
Empty earth's loud acclaim—
  So goes the world-old tale.
  Shadows that weep and wail
Wander the world's pomp through:
  Under the sacred veil
Only our dreams are true.

ENVOY

Prince, how earth's splendours pale!
  Laurels are twined with rue.
Far glows the mystic Grail!
  Always our dreams are true!

C. FOX SMITH

## DIE LEUTE

Mir waer's schon recht. Aueh dir, und ihm, und Allen,
Und dennoch geht es nicht. Wie soll ich's deuten,
Dass jedem Einzelnen es wuerd gefallen,
Nur nicht dem anonymen Volk, den "Leuten"?

Gern legt' ich ab—doch mindestens den Kragen—
Im heissen Sommer; huellte mein Gesicht
Bei Wind in Schleier, einen Muff wuerd' tragen
Wenn's kalt ist. Doch die "Leute" leiden's nicht!

Und wenn mit meinem Lieb nach laeng'rem Zwiste
Auf freier Strass' ich endlich werd' versoehnt:—
Wie gern umfing ich sie, wie gerne kuesste
Ich sie. Doch von den "Leuten" wird's verpoehnt!

Wenn's nur 'ne Einzahl gaeb—mir wuerd' nicht bangen
Ein Ende macht' ich bald der Tyrannei;
Waer's auch ein Heer von hundert-koepf'gen Schlangen,
Ich schluege jeder jedes Haupt entzwei.

Die "Leute!"—Stimmen sind's ja nur die fluestern,
Und selbst-ernannte Loeser nicht'ger Fragen;
Schwatzhafte Unheilstifter, stets im Duestern;
Nicht weiss man wer sie sind, nur was sie sagen!

Und wenn's dereinst ein End' nimmt mit der Erden,
Folgte man meinem Rat, wuerd' es befohlen:
"Ein jedes Menschenkind soll selig werden,
Jedoch die 'Leute'—soll der Teufel holen!"

JOHN CORNELIUS

## "THE DULLEST BOOK"

(*After Tennyson's "You ask me why, tho' ill at ease"*)

You ask me why, tho' ill at ease,
  I read this volume I despise,
  Whose letters swim before my eyes
And whose dull sentences displease?

It is the book that masters praise,
  And paint in dull scholastic tints;
  The book (though girt with jollier prints)
A boy must read in holidays.

A book a schoolboy can't endure;
  A book of men who gained renown.
  I grind the pages slowly down
And long for lighter literature.

Where boys were seldom tête-à-tête
  In brutal, low, offensive strife,
  But showed their birth to nobler life
By scratching writings on a slate.

Should banded masters use the cane
  And on this theme—their fav'rite—dote
  That *we* may turn out "men of note"
And in the "School Prospectus" reign?

Oh, seat me in a cosy nook,
  Oh, put a box of chocolates nigh,
  And I will read with ecstasy
A brighter, less "improving" book.

W. B. FISH (*Aged* 15)

## A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS

It was about the deep of night,
  And still was earth and sky,
When 'neath the moonlight dazzling bright,
  Three ghosts came riding by.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
  Lie kingdoms for them all:
I wot their steeds trod wearily—
  The journey was not small.

By rock and desert, sand and stream,
  They footsore late did go:
Now like a sweet and blessèd dream
  Their path was deep with snow.

Shining like hoar-frost, rode they on,
  Three ghosts in earth's array:
It was about the hour when wan
  Night turns at hint of day.

Oh, but their hearts with woe distraught
  Hailed not the wane of night,
Only for Jesu still they sought
  To wash them clean and white.

For bloody was each hand, and dark
With death each orbless eye;—
It was three Traitors mute and stark
Came riding silent by.

Silver their raiment and their spurs,
And silver-shod their feet,
And silver-pale each face that stares
Into the moonlight sweet.

And he upon the left that rode
Was Pilate, Prince of Rome,
Whose journey once lay far abroad,
And now was nearing home.

And he upon the right that rode
Herod of Salem sate,
Whose mantle dipped in children's blood
Shone clear as Heaven's gate.

And he these twain betwixt that rode
Was clad as white as wool,
Dyed in the Mercy of his God
White was he crown to sole.

Throned mid a myriad Saints in bliss
Rise shall the Babe of Heaven
To shine on these three ghosts, I wis,
Smit thro' with sorrows seven.

Babe of the Blessèd Trinity
Shall smile their steeds to see:
Herod and Pilate riding by,
And Judas one of three.

WALTER DE LA MARE

## BALLADE OF THE SUPERIOR PERSON

He glances not to left, nor yet to right,
  But gazes sternly very straight ahead;
And if one points him out a cart in sight
  (Being oneself replete with nervous dread)
  He flinches not, nor pales, nor flushes red,
Nor tighter clutches at the steering bar;
  He smiles a little scornful smile instead—
*He's used, Sir, to a very different car.*

Lying upon his back, he says one might
  Well use a sparking-plug more lately bred;
His eye gleams up with a contemptuous light—
  That make of carburettor's long been dead!
  He asks, with pity, what o'clock you said
You wanted to reach home? . . . Well, as things are,
  You'll not do that; the creature must be led—
*He's used, Sir, to a very different car.*

You wish him at the inn a shy good-night
  When he emerges from the motor-shed;
You hope he's comfortable—Yes, Sir, quite,
  But, may he say, a touch dispirited;
  He's just been putting the machine to bed,
And may he ask, Sir, if you're going far
  To-morrow . . . but at that point you have fled—
*He's used, Sir, to a very different car.*

ENVOY

Prince, how this gentleman does proudly tread!
  As crushed worms we, and he a most high Czar;
Of self-respect he strips us, shred by shred—
  *He's used, Sir, to a very different car.*

E. R. MACAULAY

# VERSE, 1906

## SOUR GRAPES

*(A Teuton to a Kelt)*

FRESH as the years when Earth was new,
  Yet sad and strange as moonlit seas,
Thou, changeful, dost with fire pursue
  All things in turn, that chance to please.

Poets and heroes and wild kings
  Gave thee thy nature full of charm,
The soul of thee, that dreams and sings,
  A potent anger, swift to arm.

My golden idols are the food
  For thy keen laughter—yea, thou hast
Gleams of a spiritual mood,
  And thoughts that wander in the Vast!

Fickle and voyaging as the wind,
  Of tears and mirth and vision blent,
Then need'st the slower Teuton mind
  To hold thee to a firm intent!

But, Dreamer! thou of dreamers born,
  Thou art not worth my heart's regret,
For thou hast laughed my love to scorn;
  Thou art a futile thing—and yet!

ALICE EDWARDES

## SOUR GRAPES

Fame! I ask it not, my brother!
'Tis a hollow bubble blown,
Wherein one fool sees another—
His own self distended shown.

Though I can outsing the Syrens,
Though my wit is razor-keen;
Puff your pornographic Byrons,
Give me solitude serene.

Emeralds in the sunlight basking
See my poems, each a gem!
Fame! it is not worth the asking
While I feast my eyes on them.

Let the rhymers print in papers
Crudities the crowd applaud,
Coppers may reward their capers,
I am not by envy gnawed.

Let their photos deck the windows,
Let their "fame" affront the skies,
Gaudy-grand as gods of Hindoos
Me they will not vulgarise!

In log-rolling rough-and-tumble
I, too sensitive to mix,
Wait the wreath that crowns the humble
On the other side of Styx.

"POETA IGNOTUS"

## BALTHAZAR'S FEAST

(*Completion of Two Verses by M. E. Coleridge*)

*We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise,*
*And the door stood open at our feast,*
*When there passed us a woman with the West in her eyes,*
*And a man with his back to the East.*

Behind lay the dawn with its mystery and balm,
And the springs and the watershed,
But before us was the sea with its buoyancy and calm
Where the beacons were burning red.

"Where the dead men lie, 'tis for you to say good-bye"
(The door is open for the feast),
And the Shepherds have gone past, and the Kings are dead at last,
And darkness has covered the East.

"By the ships, by the ocean, a new morning will arise,
For the town where the lights burn red."
And we followed the woman with the West in her eyes,
And we left our unburied dead.

And the clouds closed again round the starlit mountain fane
(The door is open for the feast),
And beneath upon the plain lay the bodies of the slain
In the dusk of the ancient East.

A golden day rose high in a majesty of sky,
And we drank of the laughter of life,
And the children passed us by with their song and minstrelsy,
And men with their dreams and strife.

We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise,
But the dead lay thick behind,
And, like a bird that cries o'er the moorland as it flies,
Came the burden and the sough of the wind.

One by one as they heard it would the men and women rise
(The door stood open for each guest),
But our eyes as they passed us could not fathom their eyes
Nor see if they turned to the West.

And the wind blew again from the distant starlit plain
As we sat midst the broken meats,
And the prophecies were past, and the seers dead at last,
And around us empty seats.

*Now let me lie where the dead dog lies,*
*Ere I sit me down again at a feast*
*Where there passes a woman with the West in her eyes,*
*And a man with his back to the East.*

A. F. T.

## A BALLAD OF LONDON TOWN

"Mother, what is yon cloud I see,
That hangs so dark and low?"
"That is the sign of Wilderness,
My boy, where you must go;
(God grant the years be slow!)"

Five years and five years,
Till he was nigh a man,
He played about his father's fields
And thro' the woods he ran.

His father took his hand one day
And said, "My lad, now go
And take your part in yonder town
Where the cloud hangs dark and low."
When the lad reached London Town
The lights were all aglow.

"This is not Wilderness," he said,
"And no dark cloud I see;
Sure this is fairyland and bright
With stir and gaiety."

He saw the towers and palaces,
In gold and marble white;
The great ships passing up and down;
And many a wondrous sight.

He heard the songs and dances,
He took his part with glee;
"'Twas yonder was the Wilderness,
And this is Life!" said he.

He saw the chariots rolling—
  With lords and ladies grand;
And maidens in their fine array
  Go by on either hand.

Oh, welcome was each morning,
  And welcome was each night,
And welcome all the livelong day
  When everything was bright.

But, few years, and few years—
  The glow began to fade,
The music turned to jangling;
  He went, as half afraid,
The cloud his mother used to see
  Had gathered overhead.

And grim the streets were grown;
  The lights burn dim and cold,
And lichens on the marble crept,
  And mildew on the gold.

How harsh the noises were!
  And thicker still and dank
The cloud seemed close above him
  Until his spirit sank.

He thought upon the pleasant fields
  Where he had used to roam,
The meadows and the woodlands
  Around the house at home.

And still the cloud fell lower—
  Till he arose one day
And said, "I'll to my father's house
  Where I was used to play."

Alas, for him, that it should be!
—Alas, for me, to say—
So thick the cloud that compassed him
—He never found the way.

J. H. HUNT

## A BALLAD OF LONDON TOWN

Sing I of London Town,
Country folk, lass and clown,
Giles, Patty, sit ye down,
List to my lay.
I'll tell you why I love
London all else above,
E'en though in Westbourne-grove
I'm doomed to stay.

Be it the winter-time,
Snow on the trees or rime
Then there's the pantomime
At Drury Lane.
Thither in motor-'bus
Ride we with little fuss,
Yes, it just does for us,
Me and my Jane.

Be it a rainy spring,
Country louts shivering,
Birds all too wet to sing,
Mist, fog, and haze:
We do not mind a bit,
We can just laugh and sit
There in the good old pit
At matinées.

And when in blazing heat
Haymakers toil and sweat,
We take a summer treat
In Richmond Park;

Ice-cream is cheaply bought,
Easily swimming's taught,
Boating with joy is fraught;
  Ain't it a lark?

While under heavy sheaves
Poor Hodge, he groans and heaves,
Trudging 'mid fallen leaves
  Dirty and brown,
I go and gaily watch
Socker or Rugby match;
Country? It ain't a patch
  On London Town.

Give me the sparkling Strand,
Looking by night so grand,
Give me a Sousa's band,
  In shine or rain;
Lunch at the A. B. C.
Steamboats and L. C. C.
Country folk envy me,
  Me and my Jane.

You grope in some dark lane,
Trusting to Charles' Wain,
Gas makes our way quite plain
  In darkest night.
Slow you in wagons creep,
Drivers always asleep,
Enough to make one weep,
  Us trams delight.

Then, oh! how much I'd hate
Hearing the news so late,
Drearily to await
  My "Daily Mail"!

There, morning, noon, and night,
Pale green and pink and white
Papers are all in sight—
  They never fail.

Friends, come and have your fling,
Catch sight of everything:
You'll see perhaps the King,
  Joe and C. B.,
G. B. S., G. K. C.,
Gen'ral Booth, Beerbohm Tree,
And, yes, you're sure to see
  My Jane and me.

Come, then, from hill and dale,
Come, leave the grassy vale;
Speed o'er the iron rail
  In London train.
If I've said what's not true,
Shame's to me, not to you;
Come for a day and view
  Me and my Jane.

"KOKNEE"

## NIGHT

Hast ease for me,
Mother of sleep and dream! Children of thine
  From idle hours, from pain,
  From toil of eager hand and brain,
Turn to thee now and crave the Lethe-wine.

To me the toil
Filling the day was welcome; sweeter yet
  The talk of friends, the smile
  Of sunny looks. Yet now beguile
Weary unrest of heart: let me forget.

Thy temple shrine—
Where shall I find it? Is it round me now?
This dusky-shining veil
That shuts me in with barrier frail—
Is it the raven tresses of thy brow?

Ah, draw thine arm
Closer about me—closer yet: the prize
Of uttermost content
Is thine to give, if thou consent
Once to reveal the secret of thine eyes.

Love-light is there,
Deeper than aught of love we think to know;
And wisdom's silent way,
Unknown to toilers of the day—
Treasures of life thou dost alone bestow.

Teach me to love;
Teach me a wiser way than I have known:
So, when the dawn at length
Recalls me, I shall know my strength
Equal to all my days, content alone.

## STORM-SUNSET ON A WESTERN COAST

[*N.B.—The claim of this stanza to originality depends on the regular cæsura in the 4th foot of line* 3, *accompanied by a break in the sense; and on the regular "weak ending" to line* 4: *both being features absent from the stanza of "Tears, Idle Tears," which falls regularly into* 4 *lines* + 1 *line.*]

One golden bar along the clouded west;
Thereunder, cold grey levels of the sea
Ribbed with its pale reflection; and a thread
Of vivid gold, where the last wave-retreating
Has burnished all the borders of the sand.

Is this the goal whereto the stately dawn
Was destined, she that flecked with rosy cloud
The brown heads of the mountains? and the noon
That o'er a pale sea, paler than the turquoise,
Trailed her blue mantle, edged with russet mists?

The rankèd peaks, that through the day's decline,
Like purple-vested monarchs languorously
Leaned back against the heaven, now amid
The blended gloom of cloud and sea and valley
Baffle the eyes and sink into the night.

There is no stirring breeze enough to swing
The bramble's long lean arms one inch aside
From their true pole of being; right and left
Spreads such a strand that each spent ripple's heart-break
Thereon should sound but as a tear that fell:

Yet one long moan possesses all the dark—
The eldest child of Nature murmuring
Against a changeful mother: Hush! the Sea
Dreams of to-day's irrevocable beauty,
Dreams of to-morrow dim with pitiless rain.

E. A. BURROUGHS

## AN EASTER SONG

Deep in my heart I made
A tomb, and there my dear dead Christ I laid.
Forlorn despair
Swathed Him in linen fine with spices rare,
While that unsleeping watcher, Doubt,
Rolled a great stone secure and set a guard without.

Why faint, my soul? Why fear?
Dare through the dimness of the morn to peer
And empty find
That tomb where Doubt his vigil hath resigned,
While Hope and Love in white array
Point to the folded bands, the great stone rolled away.

GUY KENDALL

## AN EASTER SONG

"Joy!" shout the Seraphim; "Joy!" reply the Cherubim,
Circling with triumphant hymn the great white throne;
"Burst are all the prison-bars, love resumes his crown of stars,
Pain no more his visage mars, night has flown!"

"Joy!" shout the martyr throng; "sing aloud a glad new song
Love as death and hell is strong, fierce as flame";
"Joy!" reply the captives freed; "this our God is God indeed,
Pity bared His breast to bleed for man's shame."

Rise, O saints whose blood has run, freely in the fight you won,
Round your re-ascended Sun circling soar!
Warrior-like your ranks unclose, till ye shape the Mystic Rose,
Whose dilated beauty glows, evermore!

C. FIELD

## DAS MÄRCHEN

Weisst Du es noch—vor vielen hundert Jahren
Warst Du der König, ich die Königin.
Ein schmaler, goldner Reif in meinen Haaren,
Um meine Schultern schwerer Hermelin.

Weisst Du, wie wir durch schwarze Wälder ritten—
Nachts wenn der Mond durch wirre Zweige schien.
Und seine wunderlichen Strahlen glitten
Bleich über Deiner Rüstung Silber hin.

Wir ritten bis an unsers Reiches Grenzen,
Und nahte sich der Morgen, lag die Welt
So jung vor uns, in goldnen Rosenkränzen
Von wolkenloser Sonne Licht erhellt.

Die Welt ward alt—und hinter starken Toren
Verborgen schlummert die Vergangenheit,
Dort liegt das Königreich das wir verloren
Und unsrer Liebe bunte Märchenzeit.

Nun ziehn wir müde durch den Staub der Strassen,
Und manchmal nur erwacht in unsrem Sinn
Ein Schimmer jener Zeit die wir vergassen:
Du warst der König, ich die Königin.

CAREN LESSING

## DAS MÄRCHEN

Vom Mond geküsst singt ihre süssen Lieder
Die Silberquelle durch die hehre Nacht,
Vom ewig jungen Leben, das der Lenz gebracht,
Im duft'gen Tale hallt es heimlich wieder.

Und an der Quelle stillem ems'gem Weben
Da hält ein Felsblock aus der Urzeit Wacht.
Auf seiner Moosbank in der Ehrfurcht Macht
Thront eine Frau von lichtem Schein umgeben.

Zu ihren Füssen, andachtsvoll gekauert,
Schmiegt traumversunken sich ein lauschend Kind,
Sein Auge hängt an ihrem Mund, dem lind
Der Sang entströmt, der es durchschauert.

Der Sang von alten, von uralten Sagen,
Die ewig jung die Frau dem Kinde singt,
Der durch die Mondnacht zauberhaft erklingt,
Bald freudvoll bald in stillen Wehmuts Klagen.

Kennst du die Frau aus deiner Kindheit Tagen?
Es ist das Märchen, das auch dir gesungen
Die alten Weisen, die nie ausgeklungen!

AUGUST PALM

## RONDEAUX TO THE OLD AND NEW YEAR

I

When you are old, I may regret your going
With the dead years, in silence, dark and cold,
Beyond the sound of Time's swift river flowing,
When you are old.

You may have gifts undreamt of for bestowing,
Hidden beneath your mantle's glittering fold,
Quick-springing seeds of Fame and Fortune's sowing.

Yet still is Trust a slow plant at the growing,
Yet still what glitters is not always gold.
I yet may learn to love you—there's no knowing—
When you are old!

J. A. MACNAIR

II

A fiddler comes—twelve tunes his all
To keep us dancing at life's ball;
To one sure beat he plays them through;
Every dancer will find them new;
Some—failing to keep step—will fall.

"Play faster, sir; we do but crawl!"
"Nay, slower!" others then will bawl—
But not to heed that noisy crew
The fiddler comes!

Unmoved he plays, then leaves the hall,
And hears nor plaudits nor recall.
His tunes once done—they are but few—
He plays no more. New Year, 'tis you
Who to the chief musician's stall
A fiddler comes!

MARGARET ROBERTS

III

The old sea-ways send up their tide;
The battered ships to harbour ride.
In the deep seas beyond the bar,
Where the great winds and waters are,
The drifting ships have dropped their pride.

When for the morning seas they plied,
Who but young Hope should be their guide,
To steer them through the rocks that scar
The old sea-ways?

Into the port they reel and slide,
So for a little space abide,
Waiting the gleam of the Dawn-Star
To seek new waters, strange and far.
But no more shall their keels divide
The old sea-ways.

E. R.

## AT MIDNIGHT

A footfall in the dripping avenue,
Light garments brushed the threshold, and I knew
*You* climbed my stair and, in the vaulted gloom,
Paused at the closèd doorway of my room.

On that one moment hung our coming years.
Did you remember blame and scorn and tears?
Or in the stillness, did you half divine
The breathless silence of your lips on mine?
Eternal Moment! As its sand grains fell,
Time was no more—but only Heaven and Hell.

Was it forgiveness? Was it yea or nay?
You turned and slowly—slowly passed away.

Faint footfalls far and farther! And again
The steady hush—hush—of the Autumn rain.

ALICE EDWARDES

## AN HOUR-GLASS

There are no nights, no nights like the deep nights of Spring!
See how God drops at last, like some rich violet,
Gathered at dawn from cloud-banks of the skies,
The shattered purple of this fading day,
Fringed by all tender stars that bring
The sleep of every flow'ring thing—
Of all that blooms, and dies,
And we forget
With May!
On roses curled
In buds and dreams
On garden walls
The darkness falls
Soft, from the under-wing
Of Spring . . .
And in a world
Of stars and streams
The nightingales
Watch, till night fails,
Forlorn in lonely vales
And sing . . .
Dawn . . . dawn!
And winds astir
Among a million flowers
Come breathing, sighing, murmuring,
Till all the green woods rock, and fling
Up to the sun, from golden clouds withdrawn,
Wet boughs of willow, beech, and brave dark fir!
O Dawn, that turns the Glass to number newborn hours,
There are no days, no days like the blue days of Spring!

## SEVEN ENCORE RECITATIONS

### I

### The Parable of the Butterfly

Hidden beneath the petals of a rose
He lay;
But when the flower her tired leaves must close
He flew away.

The parable is this: the rose was Youth,
And he, they say,
Was Love—I know not if they speak the truth—
They may.

STELLA CALLAGHAN

### II

### The House of Peter Pan

Who built that house for Peter Pan?
That like a little ship of light
Upon a whispering sea of summer leaves
Is anchored in the forest-night?
Who built that house for Peter Pan?

That house among the nightingales,
With golden windows all athrill
To midnight melody in tree-tops there
Where woods below are dense and still—
Who built it? Not the nightingales?

The architect was Joy, I think,
Who built a house so near the sky
That even nightingales forget their grief
And leave out of their song the sigh;
The architect was Joy, I think.

EILIAN HUGHES

III

A story would you have? Well, let us try:
"Once on a time there lived—" (*you* can supply
The leading characters to suit your taste)—
"And he and she" (with no unseemly haste,
But after some preparatory prose)
"Met; and there followed—" what you'd all suppose.
"And then" (to complicate the interest)
"There came Another on the scenes, in quest
Of—" N or M, you know. (Now plan a lot
Of incidents developing the plot).
"And after many brilliant conversations,
Hairbreadth escapes and telling situations"
(Fill in the details of their long distress)
"She found herself the happy bride of—" Guess!
*I* don't intend to straighten out the mess.

E. M. WHITE

IV

AFTERMATH

The people crowded from far and wide,
With tribute of blossoms, to lay at each side
Of the new-made grave—when the rich man died.

And it chanced beside him a poor man slept,
With never a flow'r—but a dog had crept
To his feet, and a women knelt there, and wept.

At midnight an Angel passed by who said:
"I am gathering gems for the Crowns of the Dead.
. . . Earth's tears in Heaven are jewels instead."

And oh! what wonders of shining store
From the poor, plain grave her white hands bore;
Then she came to the other and stooped once more.

And 'midst the rich blossoms which formed the pall
The Angel plucked—what she first let fall—
One pearl of pity! and that was all.

MARGERY FELLOWS

V

THE PRODIGAL RETURNS

'Ullo, Faver, 'ullo, Muvver,
Stow that gab, don't pull sich fices,
Iv'ry dy, some one or uvver
'As ter git put thro' 'is pices.

'Otstuff gittin' lagged fer nuffin'
When yer've 'ardly touched the swag,
Korl thet Inglish Jestice? Stuffin'!
Two munse 'ard aint much ter brag.

Fer my feather-bed I'm achin'.
Ready for some grub? *Not 'arf!*
Liver—s'welp me bob! *wiv* bakin,
Sing, what ho! the fatted calf!

HILDA NEWMAN

VI

[To be rendered with slight exaggeration of each conventional inflection familiar to the hearers.]

The Boy still stands on the burning deck, and the *Hesperus* sails the sea;
Three Fishers go forth and the cattle come home across the Sands of Dee;
The Light Brigade goes onward still, and the Lady of Shalott sighs;
The Good News gallops from Ghent to Aix and the Ratisbon hero dies.

Lorraine still rides Vindictive, and the Sleeping Beauty's kissed;
No curfew rings and still one comes with gyves upon his wrist;
And still we hear the Bells—Sweet Bells—and the Pied Piper play;
And the Little Revenge still holds her own and I'm to be Queen o' the May.

And still we go to Carcassonne and still he is tired to-night;
And Room is made for the Leper and Excalibur gleameth bright;
The Old Sedan Chair is waiting, and Sussex is by the Sea;
And if you are not contented, how critical you must be!

S. CUNNINGTON.

VII

When I was young and spring was there,
And you among the violets came,
I thought that spring was everywhere,
That you were sweet beyond compare,
That pain had vanished into air,
That singing birds would always pair,
And I be brave and you be fair,
That I could fight and kill despair:—
And now I think the same.

## FOUR-LINE PARODIES

Grape-Nuts will not a dinner make,
Nor Shredded Wheat a feast;
Men innocent of lunch must take
A mutton chop at least.

* * *

Tinkle, tinkle, telephone!
How I wonder why I own
Such a thing as you at all,
Like an ear-ache in the hall!

### To an Earwig which the Poet met in a Strawberry

Wee sleekit, creepin', crawlin' beastie,
I've met thee at an evil feastie;
To spare thee now is not the leastie
In my intent!

### Lines written in a Commonplace Book of "Original" Designs

Be sane, young man; because you are not clever
Stick to the rules, not break them all day long;
You're not a genius, 'tis no use whatever—
These things are wrong.

Welcome? No, North-easter; don't ask that from me;
I keep odes for zephyrs—only oaths for thee;
Go and have your frolic over land and tide,
But, while you're about it, I'll remain inside.

J. A. HUNT

***

I hate the dreadful hollow beyond the seventh hole;
All day in the sand below the niblicks hurtle and flash;
The tortured air is hot with the breathings of some lost soul;
And the breezes there, whenever they blow from it, whisper—
"Dash!"

E. M. GRIFFITHS

***

Then out spake Birrell-Bannerman, a Minister of State,
"To every boy in England school cometh sure as Fate;
And what can boy do better than discriminate the odds
'Twixt the wishes of his father and the Cowper-Temple gods?"

"BABINGTON"

***

I caught an "Arrow" passing the Square,
It seemed to go—well, anywhere;
But, though swiftly it flew, the smell
Somehow followed it fairly well!

W. HODGSON BURNET

## EIGHT LINES OF DESCRIPTIVE VERSE

### The Cloud

Into the sky I saw a cloudlet stray,
A little flake scarce patent to the view,
A pausing whiteness islanded in blue,
All airy as the Cytherean spray—

It seemed to wait a moment on its way,
  And whiter still, and still more brilliant grew,
  Then faded into Nothing whence it drew,
And Life once more was lit by common day.

### Desolation

An ashen sea whose white waves gleam
  Like flaws upon a dingy glass;
A bitter wind with raucous scream,
  And shuddering leagues of rusty grass:
No other sound, no other sight,
  But ever wild and wearily
My own voice praying day and night
  For Death who will not come to me.

### Her Garden

'Tis three feet long and one foot wide,
  Outlined with oyster-shells;
A pennyworth of London Pride
  In seed remotely dwells
Beneath its strangely brick-like soil
  Wherefrom a table-spoon,
Rusted and bent with rain and toil,
  Looks wistful on the moon.

### Night

Night—like some woman when her beauty pales,
  Tired with long dancing to the magic bars
Of music sweeter than all nightingales
  Breaking their hearts for love beneath the stars;
And wearied, too, at last of her own charms—
  Binds up her cloudy hair some careless way,
Slides all her opals down her shining arms,
  And o'er her head draws the blue hood of day.

### The First Frost

Would I had gather'd thee, rose! Yesterday fair on thy tree—
Crimson the afternoon's close vied in her glory with thee!
Light, such as summer not knowing, left thee alone to behold—
Thou wert all blushing and glowing mid autumn's kingdom of gold.

White-hooded stole out the night—first of her sisterhood chill—
Stepp'd, in the moon's silver light, over the ridge of the hill.
Then to the valley—mist steaming—secretly came for a kiss,
Found thee in loveliness dreaming, kissed thee—and left thee like this!

### THE COUNTERFEIT

Gorse in the hollows, gorse aslant the leas
A flaming glory, gold against the green,
And blackthorn blossom striking silver sheen
Amid the purple of the budding trees,
A field of daisies rippling in the breeze,
Fair silver feathers showing gold between,
And at thy feet the golden celandine.
O Man, what riches hast thou like to these?

For here's the very currency of Spring,
The first exchange she draws upon the sod
Honoured in golden coinage of the King,
And met in silver from the mint of God.
O Son of Man, confess thy self-deceit,
Here's the true coin, and thine's the counterfeit.

WM. BOWRY

### THE COUNTERFEIT

One stood within the covert of the wood—
Love, whose fair face shone whiter than the dead
Red garlanded like flame, his wrapping red—
Holding the cup of Love's red wine, he stood;

Deep was the silence of that solitude
  And glorious the draught. While yet unshed
  The white lake lilies drooped each scented head
In dreaming dalliance of sweet maidenhood.

I cast the wine-cup wide upon the wold,
  Crying in scornful splendour of my pride,
  "Now am I lord of Life"—but that hope died.
I saw no rose-red Love, but worn and old
With empty cup that mocked the sunset-gold
  The dark-browed Death looked on me, steadfast-eyed.

ETHEL TALBOT

## THE COUNTERFEIT

Within our cushioned pews we squat to prayer:
  —They knelt upon the flagstones hard and cold,
  The simple, sturdy worshippers of old—
So tender are we grown, we cannot bear
Hard chunks of doctrine for our Sabbath fare.
  The dose must be diluted, gently doled
  To these enfeebled weaklings of the fold,
That so they may absorb it unaware.

We deck ourselves in fair and dainty trim
  To serve our God the better, and thereby
Deter the meanly clad from serving Him;
  For how shall such poor weeds presume to sit
Beside the flowers, that lift their heads so high?
  —Is this true worship, or its counterfeit?

"GRASSHOPPER"

## THE COUNTERFEIT

Fancy encroaches when remembrance ebbs
  From your dear self rose-misted with romance,
And through the long years I have woven webs
  Of elfin beauty round your countenance.

But when I chanced upon you yester eve
I knew some disenchantment, some dismay,
For that you were not like the dream I weave
To cheer my heart while you are far away.
Ah! Life is ruinous of the crumbling hopes
That were so incommunicably sweet,
And when the dreamer climbs the airy slopes
He finds the clouded hill-top counterfeit:
Yet since my heart is mirrored in your eyes
I do not heed the image in the skies.

CHRISTOPHER STONE

## THE COUNTERFEIT

Not to your eyes would I be counterfeit—
As against others in mine own defence
Building a bulwark of high consequence,
Words and soft airs that draw men while they cheat.

Worse than I am and better by deceit
I seem: this young, alluring innocence,
This shallow waywardness is all pretence,
And guards the soul of me in sure retreat.

That soul is yours. Go, search in every part
The close-barred house; here are the keys for you;
Go with this lighted torch and wander through;
Unveil the treasures of my secret heart.
Hold me then fast or leave me; though we part,
To your clear eyes alone would I be true.

G. M. FAULDING

## DEFINITIONS

### The Fool

This man hath compassed all his heart's desire,
Pulled down his barns that he might build them higher,
Gained all men covet—riches, honour, rule:
And lo! Heaven's final verdict is: Thou fool!

## SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET

When I consider how the mountains keep
  Their fiery secrets under purest snow,
And with what false similitude of sleep
  In earth's deep womb their clinkered ashes glow;
When on the peaceful face of dawn I muse
  In that still hour which scarce outlasts the moon,
And think how all her sweet distillèd dews
  Will nowise quench the parchèd thirst of noon—
Then do I understand why love is like
  A snowy furnace and a sleep of fire,
And how beneath its morning calm we strike
  The hot beginnings of a world's desire,
And I perceive that love doth play a part
In the still vexèd frontiers of my heart.

WM. BOWRY

## SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET

When I consider, in the noon of night,
  The stars that fret the lattice of high heaven,
Or watch in the Occident the laggard light
  Creep o'er the shoulder of the world at even,
With insufficiency my heart is stilled,
  That I, so dull a wight and impotent,
Should, like a braggart, walk the green earth, filled
  With fear, that makes faint war upon content.
But when, Prometheus-like, I grasp heaven's fire,
  Immure the impetuous flood at my command,
And charter winds and waves to my desire,
  Lord of the universe, erect I stand.
Thus Nature in one substance still presents
Strong feebleness and frail omnipotence.

JOHN KYLE

## SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET

When I consider Life, the sum of it
I do perceive inscribed in plainest fashion
Upon men's faces, who thereon have writ
Unhappiness, despair, and wounded passion.
Nay, those of gentlest heart, the young and fair,
Do sign their brows with grief, and discontent
Sits sour on lovely lips, whose chiefest care
Seemeth to shape themselves for sad lament,
Until I too grow vexed, and could complain
To mine own heart, "This life's a sorry thing!"
But that I think of thee, and swift again
Have joy and taste th' eternal sweets of Spring!
For thou, dear love, art queen o'er Life's mischance,
Yet for thy crown hast all sad circumstance.

MURIEL F. WATSON

## DEFINITIONS

### A Saint

He does not scorn the world God made,
  Only—his wants are few.
Purging his soul, he strives to reach
  The angels' point of view.

K. A. R.

### A Fool

He has looked on the heavens and felt no fear;
He has walked the earth and found no peer;
His sight is darkened, his brow is brass,
He sees but himself in the world's wide glass.

G. H. [illegible]

## THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

INTERLUDE AFTER SHAKESPEARE

*Enter two Serving-men, meeting*

1*st Serving-man.* How now, good Andrew? Sooth, an' you are merry!

2*nd Serving-man.* I thought I should ha' died o' choked-up laughing.
Why, you must know, the Queen hath took a whimsy
To make herself a dish o' marchpane cates.
Some bully-rook hath made away wi' them.

1*st Serving-man.* I warrant ye that's Peter.

2*nd Serving-man.* By r' lakin,
I ne'er heard yet such garboils as they made.
The Queen sat turning up her pretty eyes
Like a duck i' a thunderstorm; and so the King
Angerly scratch'd his poll, and looked bemused.
Then burst the rabble in, that had the man—
And, as I live, he laid about him so
The King took heart, and gave 'en such a buffet
As stretched 'en flat; and he began to howl,
Forsooth, and beg for mercy; and i' fecks
With the red flustered King, this glozing rogue,
And all the ladies mammering wi' fright—
I laugh'd so sore that I was fain for mirth
To get me hence, and ease my sides in peace.

*Alarums. Excursions.*

1*st Serving-man.* They've not left chasing 'en. Aroint thee! On! [*Exeunt*

ETHEL TALBOT

## THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

(*After Milton*)

**Not otherwise the fabled Knave of old,**
Bent to unhoard the cates of th' amorous Queen,
In at the window clomb, or o'er the tiles,
And (heavy peculation!) stole the tarts,

Confection choice, with which her skill was wont
To recreate her sated lord, and tempt
Nice appetite anew; not otherwise
The baffled King inflicted penance meet
Of restitution, chastisement, remorse;
Full restitution, chastisement condign,
Remorse unqualified.

K. K.

## THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

(*After Browning*)

Do you see this pack o' cards I toss i' the air?
(Fifty and two, Jacynth her mark on each—
Grease o' the dishes, polish o' the stove. . . .
Patience hath reached the kitchen, maids have thumbs,
And thumbs have thumbo'graphs.) I catch and twirl
My Lady o' the Sorrows, Queen of Hearts.
(The prettiest trick, i' faith!) List! there's a tale
Who will may hear. (Were I Methuselah
I'd make the actors speak, a book apiece.)
The Queen of Hearts made tarts (thus runs—I read
—The ancient chronicle)—"Not," sighed the King,
"Like mother made"—i' the mid o' the month o' June.
Then, for the reek o' the cookery rose i' the nose
O' the Knave, how Knave of Hearts with tarts departs.
Next for a touch o' the law, the voice o' the court—
Rex et Justitia—writ of delivery: how
Back tastes rod-thwack; how Knave returns the tarts.
("Jam satis—jam enough—I'll steal no more.")
Thus far the chronicler; the moral mine
"Honesty" . . . Bah! Go, search the copy-books!

HENRY E. WILKES

## THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

STOLEN SWEETS—THE KNAVE'S TRAGEDY

(*After Mr. Stephen Phillips*)

In the long sultry day of blue and gold,
The Queen of Hearts in flour thought, and lard;

Jam, too, was in her musings—thence sprang tarts,
And from them—mischief. Oh, ingratitude!
The full-fed Knave of Hearts came creeping by
And took them for the sweetness that they held,
And the warm scent of the enclosing paste.

"The joy of eating, I have heard men say,
Is doubted when men hunger"—thus the King,
Agog for tarts, unto the tartless Queen.
Then, weeping, she—"I will not baulk thy rage,
No! Let thy fury spend itself upon
The thievish Knave, until he yields his prey."

The famished King strode forth—
Soon with wild cries
And bitter lamentation of sore bones,
The Knave limped back, laden with tarts, and vowed
To purge him henceforth of dishonesty.

C. M. VERSCHOYLE

## DEFINITIONS

### A Genius

A man who dares, with empty pack,
The ways none other man has trod,
And from his lonely quest brings back
New coins from the Mint of God.

### An Anarchist

The Ego and the Cosmos form a problem
Which, in and out of season, he will strive
To settle, by demolishing the latter
In order that the former may survive.

GILBERT WHITEMAN

### A Fool

A fool life's golden chance may see,
Although he's never known to make it—
He'll boast of it to you and me,
But totally omit to take it.

## CHANT ROYAL OF AUGUST

Purple with heather the great down rolls wide:
Rolls dim with haze and bloom to the highway
Drawn brown across the shimmering hillside,
Rolls down and breaks precipitous to the bay;
And all above the champaign the tense air
Burnt into worship, smitten into prayer,
Urges its viewless wings in eager throes,
Quivers in a tumultuous repose,
And leaps beneath the fiery-footed tread
Of that strong sun that ever stronger glows
While royal August lives in lordlihed.

The noon is hushed. No, there a moor-bird cried;
Far in the glen I hear a lone hart bray;
And the bee hums across the summertide,
As the grand rhythm of this imperial day
Poises upon the heights and pauses there:
And all the earth and all the sea lie bare
To the sheer sun and catch the gold he sows
On cliff and city, gulf and orchard-close,
Magnificently scattered and dispread,
As that great almoner his alms bestows
While royal August lives in lordlihed.

Ah, do I dream? I heard a pebble slide
Down the sere channel where the brook in May
Spilt its fresh silver with a spendthrift pride,
And now is beggared beyond hope of pay.
Ah, do I dream, or does that perilous stair
Sound to the feet of travellers that fare
Up through the oak-shocks in their yellow rows,
Up where the old folk at their doorways doze
And the gray steeple guards the quiet dead,
Up where the highest garden-blossom grows,
While royal August lives in lordlihed?

Oh, who are these in garments richly dyed,
Glorious in their fantastical array,
Orange and red and purple streaked and pied?
Are they some wandering masquers gone astray,
Drawn like bright senseless moths by the keen glare
To this burnt height where gorse and heather flare?
These bearing sickles in brown hands and those
Planting a banner as the pageant slows,
A banner blazoned AUGUST in gold thread,
When in deep song the jolly burden goes—
"While royal August lives in lordlihed."

Then as the song swells, with a princely stride
Comes their bluff lord with plumed crest a-sway,
And right and left he glances, jovial-eyed,
Serene, imperious, debonair and gay,
Tall, ruddy, swart, with dusky-golden hair.
And out and up the sky his trumpets blare,
And full the jewelled oriflamme outflows,
When he, the scorner of the frosts and snows,
Smiles as he sees how men, well warmed and fed
Under his reign of gold, forsake their woes
While royal August lives in lordlihed.

L'ENVOI

Emperor! who shall chant thy feeble foes?
For thee the flower of verse more brightly blows;
To thee be praises ever sung and said;
And noblest numbers may we still compose
While royal August lives in lordlihed.

H. L. D.

## CHANT ROYAL OF AUGUST

Queen, thou art found in toiling—where the wheat
  Grows ruddy-ripe and golden in the ear,
Where scarlet poppies fall and faint with heat,
  Where no late lark is left to call or hear.

He sang, and sings not; for the golden haze
Of languorous August folds him in amaze
  Fain to surcease of song; and he must bend
  To the Noon-Queen's high hesting; he must lend
His myriad music to the murmurous bee.
  Sole singer he who doth all songs transcend
The cool white wind of healing from the sea.

Like a drift-snow in summer, wide wings beat.
  Whiter than cups of lilies, near and near
Come the strong ships of August, winging fleet—
  The wandering birds that all the North holds dear.
O stormy sharp sea-wind that smites and slays,
Blow soft and sighing on their white arrays
  That they come safe before thee to the end,
  Through perilous places where no songs ascend.
And shake from out the flowing hair of thee,
  O golden Queen, so thou thy hosts defend
The cool white wind of healing from the sea.

In the deep woodland thou hast place and seat.
  Soft eyes like flowers, sweet and shy with fear,
Come laughing round thee; and thou dost entreat
  The wild-eyed water-kelpie from the mere.
Till all thy court of dryads and of fays
Cry fond farewell upon the summer days
  That fade like flowers whom no bees attend,
  Full days, and nights of beauty; hither wend
The weary loves that wander ceaselessly,
  Having dead hearts for comfort, and their friend
The cool white wind of healing from the sea.

Thy two fair hands are filled with largesse meet,
  With purple grapes, and radiant apples clear;
With golden glowing sunflowers, good to greet
  As thou art, fair and changing: for the tear

Wars with thy lovely laughter as it plays
From thy deep eyes, and bright brows crowned with bays
To thy most radiant mouth ; wherein they blend
In storm or sunshine as thy heart forefend.
And in thy light hair lying royally
Waits, till on field or flower thou shall it spend
The cool white wind of healing from the sea.

Thou standest in the orchards with quick feet
When mellow apples from old boughs and sere
Hang tremulous ; that ripen ere the peat
A flying flame of purple on the year—
Grows grey for burning in the heather ways
When children watch for windfalls and estrays.
When the great winds are gathering to rend
In hideous wrath and ruin none shall mend.
But yet Queen August is not bond, but free—
And blowing yet, though hitherward tempests trend
The cool white wind of healing from the sea.

L'ENVOI

Queen August, we in street and city penned
Where dreamless nights and dolorous days offend
In summer's aftermath, cry wearily
Be pitiful to hear us, and to send
The cool white wind of healing from the sea.

ETHEL TALBOT

## THE VIOLIN

"Is it not strange," I said with Benedick,
"That this taut gut and fiddle-bow should hale
Men's souls from out their bodies—as out of jail
Kings have been rescued by a harper's trick?"
And as I spake, behold the air was thick
With opulent music falling like a veil,
Heavy with perfumes I must needs inhale,
And lifeless lie—yet sentient as the quick.

Then was it as if life had re-begun—
  My soul went forth like vapour from my throat—
Flaming with sunlight, airily afloat
  'Twixt sea and sky and vastness, and as one
That lightly speeds toward some pole remote
  Where sea and sky are drawn into the sun.

## THE VIOLIN

The Violin, all good musicians say,
While yet in babyhood you must begin;
And so, beneath my little rounded chin,
'Twas promptly tucked, and I began to play
  The Violin.

No ear had I, nor skill; but Discipline
  Recked not of that; and so I sawed away,
And rent the air with Purgatorial din;
Pondering the while, profoundly, day by day,
  Of dark recesses, secret nooks, wherein
I might (with Providential aid) mislay
  The Violin.

J. K. BALL

## THE VIOLIN

O long-drawn sigh!
Born in the looking back
Of Orpheus on the vacant track,
How dost thou swell, how ghost-like dost thou die!

O sparkling wave!
Art thou not from the beach
Whose sand is gold from reach to reach,
Where Tritons sport, and sea-nymphs haunt the cave?

O solemn tone!
Dissolving earthly bars,
Leading the soul triumphant to the stars,
Where crowned it sits and speaks with thee alone!

O vast accord
O grief! O sea! O sky!
What thing is man, whose harmony
Thus seeks thee out, and makes itself thy lord?

G. M. FAULDING

## THE VIOLIN

A senseless stock was I but late;
Helpless, and blind, and dumb, I lay—
Void, pulseless, and inanimate—
Who am my maker's lord to-day!

This much I owe him—till he came
I knew not God, nor Love, nor Sin:
He laid his finger on my frame,
And, at that touch, my soul came in.

(What Destiny my soul awoke?
Out of what Evil came this Good?
That day an ancient law Man broke
And made God's image from the wood.)

I am his lord. By me alone
His highest thoughts in speech are drest.
His every secret is my own,
Who lie submissive on his breast!

From me his sin he cannot hide;
I know his secret prayers and tears:
I fling the spirit's doorways wide,
And lo! his inmost Self appears.

. . . . . .

Now, of the secrets hid in Fate,
But one thing would I ask of God:
What is our end—who came so late,
I from the wood, he from the sod?

"PERSIS"

## THE FLIRT'S VILLANELLE

Bind me with a cobweb spell
That a smile shall mend or make;
Love me little, praise me well.

Love's red roses drooped and fell;
Hold me now, for dead Love's sake;
Bind me—with a cobweb spell.

I will hear the tales you tell—
Nay, beware, for Joy's the stake,
Love me little, praise me well.

Sing me rondeau, villanellè,
Nor the sonnet's grandeur wake,
Bind me with a cobweb spell.

Say my ear's a pearly shell,
Say your heart is mine to take—
Love me little, praise me well.

Let no silver marriage-bell
Ring our joyous hearts to break:
Bind me with a cobweb spell—
Love me little, praise me well.

ETHEL TALBOT

## DEFINITIONS

### The Saint and the Anarchist compared

The saint sees wickedness abound;
Few but himself seem safe and sound;
O'er others' fates he sadly sighs,
And patiently expects the skies.

The Anarchist, with bomb in hand,
Is altruistically bland:
Let others skiey mansions find,
But he will try to stay behind.

## THE MODERN MYSTIC

Days dawn and sink; moons wax to wane again,
And year fades into year, and all is past.
Time wanders on; before him is a veil,
And at his back the traversed landscape smiles,
Like the imagined painting of a dream—
A land of tender shades—untouched by sorrow!
Where all is finished, and yet nothing dies,
And the broad sum of nights and days, that were,
Melts in a golden twilight of the gods!
Ah me! The weary age! The petty toil!
The ordered traffic, tracked about the land,
To gild men's gluttony! The pallid spirits,
That seek God's jewels in the closured years,
In faintness from a present apathy!
Ay, I am faint. Faith withers in a gloom,
Where neither whisper grows, nor ghosts are pale,
And temples falter down before the stars.
Give me the vision! Lift me from the dust!
Great Lord, have I not watched, apart from men,
For glimpses of Thy splendour? Pity me,
Starved by this desert of the multitudes,
Of wrangling creeds, and bloody, smoking wars,
And the cold march of knowledge. . . . I blaspheme!
Is not Thy voice still sweet beside the waters?
Still dost Thou ride the uncaged tempest. Still
There come rare moments in the range of time,
When men are sleeping, and the winds are low,
And all the silent wonders of the world—
The stars, the seas, the forests, and the moon—
Weave nameless mysteries, 'til this firm earth
Is but a cloud, beaten by angels' wings.
And though the spell be broken, and the dawn
Light on the spires, and flood along the vales,
That woke to see a thousand yesterdays,
I know, I have not dreamed. . . . I am a fool.

God hath His meanings in His silences,
As in His thunders. Haply, I have tarried
O'er-long in quiet valleys, courting visions,
While heaven hath waited in the market-place,
With that lost music, trembling into measures,
To thread each stray and passionate discord up
Into a clear melody. . . The unknown city
Waits. If it mock, why, I am blessèd still.
The love that scourged the saints shall be my peace.
Behold, oh God, I come. . . . How the world roars.

E. HUGH HERBERT

## FOUR SONGS

I

Just to be still a little space,
  A little while hold back
The feet from pressing on the race
  Along the heavy track;

Just to be holy for an hour,
  Just to behold the blue;
To reach the beauty of a dower,
  And to the dream be true;

Just to believe the ages press
  Toward beauty, though so marr'd;
Just to believe in holiness,
  Just for a day—how hard!

EDGAR VINE HALL

II

As love grows stronger and more deep,
  More seldom do I see your face;
Yea, even in the land of sleep,
  More rarely doth your form have place.

As love grows greater and more true,
  More perfect in its every part,
As oftener I think of you,
  More seldom heart beats nigh to heart.

How strange if at the intensest hour
Of love's inevitable sway,
When most I feel its splendid power,
You should be then most far away!

EDGAR VINE HALL

III

Beyond the borderland of sleep
She flies to me, she flies to me;
And what the lips imprisoned keep
Is murmured of her eyes to me.

They fade—alas! the dream is done—
The dream which had no guile for me;
And now the moon and stars and sun
Are shadows of her smile for me.

HENRY BERNARD

IV

Not for a scanty, cautious love, spread o'er
Long, weary years,
I'd pray, but that ere dying I might know,
If mortal may,
The bliss of love unstinted, even though
But for a day.
And pain, despair, and hate should go before,
And after—tears.

DAVID HEWES.

## THE BROKEN LYRE

How brave a thing it was to be
A poet, when the world was young
And every good spontaneously
Trembled or rippled into song!

Alas! the world is old—or I.
These twenty years no line I've writ
That bared my heart; but satire sly,
Irony, parasitic wit.

I've learned to write with alien pen;
The mask a part of me is grown;
You bid me be myself again
When all my self with youth is flown.

If, irony discouraging,
A heartfelt lyric you require,
This only song is left to sing—
The Lyric of the Broken Lyre.

"PHILOPSEUDES"

## CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

The bells ring wild and clashing in the steeple,
We drowse them sweet no more;
No more ye hear the light-foot Little People
Come tripping at your door.

No more ye hear the siren-voices crying
Sweet-lipped along the sand;
In shadows of the darkling rocks low-lying
And luring to the land.

Your children set their stranger-songs above us,
Forgotten utterly;
We may not stay where there are none to love us,
We fly far oversea.

Your fathers loved our fairy-bells, set ringing
At nights about your door;
But ye shall hear the Little People singing
No more—O never more.

ETHEL TALBOT

## WASTED DAYS

O gleaming day, which might be mine,
If flesh could set its prisoner free,
Whose beams for all creation shine,
But not for me; ah! not for me.

The vapours of the morn arise
  Distilled from thy ambrosial breath;
Art thou so like to that which dies
  That in their cooling comes thy death?

Ah no! Methinks with that which yearns
  The yearned for hath a something kin,
And one same fire eternal burns
  In that without and this within.

Maybe the soul when disentwined
  From this dull sense of loss and strife
Those dear lost suns shall joy to find
  Still gleaming in the larger life.

GUY KENDALL

## HEART OF THE POPPY

Red poppy, that art flower of shame,
Whoso shall know thy passion's breath
To the dark heart of thee drink deep,
Maketh his soul a burning flame.

When the noon-wind with his hot breath
Sears the still meadow like a flame,
Thou hast the secret of the Sleep,
The strange sweet sleep that giveth death.

The shades of those untimely dead,
Sweet lovers that have died for scorn,
Cry out upon thee, night and day,
That flamest of their hearts' blood red.

The soul of thee is dark of scorn,
Of their young hearts thy robe is red;
No murmurous bees about thee stray,
By noon or night thou art forlorn.

ETHEL TALBOT

## A SONG

When Love came first, the door was wide;
I took him in and bade him rest,
I laid his head upon my breast,
Forgot the world, and truth, and pride.
Ah! foolish trust, bemocked, beguiled!
He kissed—then stabbed me as I slept,
And waking, though my lips still smiled,
My heart wept, my heart wept!

When Love came next, I turned away,
I would not hearken to his call,
I locked my senses from his thrall,
My eager spirit from his sway.
Yet silently, unseen, unheard,
Some hidden hope to being sprang,
And deep within me, like a bird,
My heart sang, my heart sang!

HELEN B. WILLIAMS

## RONDEAUS REDOUBLÉS

### After Long Sickness

Little white thoughts, and innocent memories,
Now the long darkness lifts from off my brain,
Come winging back across the troubled seas
Like homing doves that flutter and complain.

Half-fearfully finding themselves again
At home, and strange where once they moved at ease;
Weeping the difficult ways that once were plain;
Little white thoughts, and innocent memories.

So much is changed. The well-remembered trees
No longer shade the windings of the lane:
Familiar landmarks show by slow degrees,
Now the long darkness lifts from off my brain.

Yet, every moment, is my heart more fain
To sing the old contented harmonies;
While happy minds, fragrant of sun and rain,
Come winging back across the troubled seas.

I seem to kneel, a child, at kindly knees:
Kind faces smile; kind hands put off my pain;
While yet my thoughts fear their old place to seize,
Like homing doves that flutter and complain.

. . . . . .

The glad reality grows, sweet and sane,
Out of the mist of doubts and fantasies;
And all my sad, sick fancies weary and wane,
As you gain strength and grow to certainties,
Little White Thoughts!

## IF THAT BE LOVE

If that be love which alters with the moon,
From all its shallow waterways I flee,
As divers leave the profitless lagoon
To seek for pearls in some profounder sea.

If that be love which scorns the leafless tree
When chill December reigns in place of June,
I here renounce it—'tis not love for me,
If that be love which alters with the moon.

If that be love—to spend the pride of noon
On shallow streams in fond frivolity
That flags and fails through all the afternoon,
From all its shallow waterways I flee.

If that be love which always is to be—
The quest of youth and slippered pantaloon,
Its mocking shoals I quit undoubtingly,
As divers leave the profitless lagoon.

If that be love which bids me read its rune
In liquid looks or surface sympathy,
With blind intent I pass its proffered boon
To seek for pearls in some profounder sea.

But if love is the queen of constancy,
Whose throne from out the eternal rock is hewn,
Then am I of her service—bond or free;
Then am I love's long lover—late and soon—
If that be love!

WM. BOWRY

## LITTLE WILLIE RHYMES

William Tell, the second one,
Missed the apple, shot his son.
"Bring the twins!" he cried, repeating,
"Art is long, but life is fleeting."

HENRY E. WILKES

Willie, with a frightful curse,
Flung the coffee-mill at nurse,
As it caught her on the nose,
Father said, "How straight he throws."

"EROS"

Mary, in a fit of blues,
Put the baby up the flues.
Mother said, "Oh, what a bore!
Now the kitchen fire won't draw."

"CORALLINA"

Tommy, in his football jersey,
Fell into the river Mersey.
"Ring us up from Birkenhead,
If you get there," father said.

"FIFTH VILLAIN"

## ALLITERATIVE VERSE ON "OCTOBER"

Shade your eyes to see the skirts of Summer, for she's leaving us;
  Wave good-bye to Summer (the sands begin to sink).
Now the woof is wearing of the web that she's been weaving us;
  Scattered are the petals of the poppy and the pink.
Bowing in the Autumn breeze, each brown and blue chrysanthemum
  Nods good-bye to Summer (the wine is on the lees);
And feebly, with a faint farewell, the tardy bees their anthem hum,
  And poise with laggard pinions o'er the pink and purple peas.
Low on every laurel bush the little birds that linger
  Are singing their doxology (the silver cord is slack);
While Summer o'er her shoulder calls, and waves a rosy finger,
  "O biting breeze and bitter, occupy till I come back!"

JOHN KYLE

Strong the prince's hands are, yet wondrous in tenderness;
  Strong to drag their souls from the trees,
To boom among the pines and make their waters musical,
  As the humming moan of windy seas;
Strong to stir to harshness the sibilant hoarse whispering
  Wherewith the raucous oaks complain,
To set the light-foot aspens dancing and chattering,
  And pattering, like glancing rain.
Tender his hands are: they take from his crucible
  The year's tears and hopes turned to gold;
Gently he drops them, the grave old memories,
  And Earth shall them for always hold.

E. R. MACAULAY

This is St. Martin's month, when moons and medlars are mellow;
  Mushrooms abound in the meads, succulent morsels for men:
Lo! where the lingering leaves of the linden are changing to yellow,
  Late in the long lush reeds loiters a querulous wren.

Now at the far faint sound of the firing the form of the pheasant
  Shows o'er the fir-tree's top, foolishly flying for life:
Now in pursuit of the fox, dear foe to the peer and the peasant,
  Fast thro' the fallow fields follows the world and his wife.
Soon, as the sun sinks low, will the land lie solemn and sober,
  Silent and still to the ear, silver and grey to the sight;
Grey is the land; but the glorious skies that glow in October
  Gladden the painter's soul, gravel the gentry who write.

"EVOCATUS"

OCTOBER

Opals for October—
Never for November
Or December or September
Or any other month except October—
Opals for October!
You were born (and I) in October,
Wet and windy, weird and wild October,
Sere and sad and sober;
You were born (and I) in October—
Ah, how many years ago!
Opals, fading faintly, for October;
Fading from October to October.

"PLEURA"

OCTOBER

I dye the forest's sombre hue
  To gorgeous reds and yellows;
And nectar in their veins I brew
  That pear and apple mellows.

I spread a carpet underneath
  The canopy of beeches;
I twine a clambering crimson wreath
  That round the cottage reaches.

The promise made when April wept,
  That glorious June repeated,
Have I, their elder sister, kept,
  And faithfully completed.

"ACORN"

### OCTOBER

Father of fogs, beneath whose tread
  The winding mid-wood walks have laid
A carpet, where the leafy dead
  Lie strown along the soaking glade,

October, whom thine own grand gloom
  Pavilions with a pomp as proud
As any April can assume,
  Mantled with mist, and clad with cloud,

To thy sad state and calm command
  Hermes the harbinger, the lithe,
Yields homage with uplifted hand,
  Around whose rod the serpents writhe.

E. J. THOMPSON

## DEFINITIONS

### A GENIUS

Beings who walk the earth at times crowned with an inward glory,
And give the world their walk's results in science, art, and story;
Who do and say supremely well what other men can't utter,
Like other men are hard to suit in wives and bread and butter.

* * *

Inspired, he rushes to the fray,
  To fight a losing fight—and win it;
While men of sense look on and say,
  "We'll patent this—there's money in it."

## THREE VILLANELLES OF VANITIES

I

Time fingers at her rosary—
  At corals, necklaced on a string,
The proud parade of vanity.

Her prayers are carved in ebony,
  And gilded like a dragon's wing.
Time fingers at her rosary.

She intertwines them cunningly,
  The coralled toy and holy thing,
The proud parade of vanity.

Ah, vain it is that falteringly
  *We* tell our beads, the censer swing.
Time fingers at her rosary.

Toys, jewels, prayers, all will flee,
  And Hope?—the fading flowers we bring
The proud parade of vanity.

Life, Love, and Hate cease utterly;
  Most vain is Death, the pallid King.
Time fingers at her rosary,
The proud parade of vanity.

II

If the sure end of all is vanity
  And sore vexation, and if rest be sweet,
Ye gods and little fish, what fools we be!

What fools—to toil day-long unceasingly,
  Straining in vain to make two short ends meet;
If the sure end of all is vanity.

To radiate culture, lest the rest should see
  This—which we publish with each printed sheet
(Ye gods and little fish!)—what fools we be!

Why must the simple life be thrust on me?
  Lentils and proteids, wherefore should I eat,
If the sure end of all is—vanity?

Yea, cranks, and Christian Science, £ s. d.,
  Bridge and the like, these lead our questing feet:
Ye gods and little fish, what fools we be!

While wisdom, friendship, love abide, these three,
  Which found, could aught else found prove more complete
If the sure end of all is vanity?

. . . . . .

Ye gods and little fish, what fools we be!

FFRIDA WOLFE

III

When a man is really vain
  So, at least, it seems to me—
He's amusing in the main.

Though to others he is plain,
  To himself he'll never be,
When a man is really vain.

Castles that exist in Spain
  Are his only property.
He's amusing in the main.

Out of what he calls his "brain"
  He'll evoke a pedigree,
When a man is really vain.

Let him talk of Lady Jane,
  And "my friend the Duke of D——'
He's amusing—in the main.

Though contempt one can't restrain
For his vanity *per se*,
When a man is *really* vain
He's amusing—in the main!

W. HODGSON BURNET

## LAWN-TENNIS

(*After Kipling*)

By sharp-cut chalk lines, sheer and clean
About the tight-drawn net,
Clear-marked upon the level green
Our boundaries are set.
With arms of gut and willow-wood
And shot of rubber trim
We stand in pride and hardihood
To lift the tennis hymn:

"Gods of the green and level sward
Whereon the net is strung,
Grant us this day the game to play
That never poet sung."

Not ours the futile pitter-pat
Born in a party's flux
Between the maid in picture-hat
—The curate in his ducks:
The Balham garden, cool, inert,
Claims its own denizen,
But clear the court of fool and flirt
That men may strive with men.

Not ours the pomp and circumstance
Of cricket's dull parade,
The slow-piled score, the long advance,
The issue still delayed:

But every second fraught with fate
May watch our battle sway,
And one short hour shall arbitrate
The fortune of the day.

In the long swoop of curling serves
That trick the watchful eye,
In the swift cut that dips and swerves
As evening swallows fly:
In the slow lob that tempts the foe
And calls on him to kill,
The hunter's craft and wile we show,
The warrior's dauntless will.

By subtle trick and deft finesse
The rallies shift and sway,
And inch by inch we strive to clinch
In the fierce volley-play:
Till, when the fated hour arrives
The smash comes hard and true,
Or far-compelling forehand drives
Streak, like the lightning, through.

By the cool head and wary hand
That waits the final blow,
By the strong heart that can withstand
The fierceness of the foe,
By the lit soul and kindled rage
And lust for close-set war,
We show our nation's heritage,
Whom no mean mother bore.

Then, ere the hours of age draw on,
While yet the world is young,
Stand up in might to fight the fight
That never poet sung.

"NUGENT BELLEVILLE"

## SICILIAN OCTAVES

### Praz

Old Winter sent his herald in the night
And from the laden pine-boughs, gem on gem,
With myriad fires from the cold, glittering white
Slip jewels that shall stud no diadem
But lose themselves adown the shafts of light;
And pleasant is the plashing sound of them.
And far below the blue lake-waters shine
And the still Rhone goes creeping serpentine.

### Dulce Domum

When the long labour of the day is o'er,
Where shall the measure of my peace abide?
Not in the laden meadow's richest store,
Nor in the green-laid forest's stately pride;
Nor in the wide-flung plain, the rock-bound shore,
The gentle stream, the full and sweeping tide.
Nay, dreaming heart, but higher—heavenward more—
In the far stillness of the mountain side.

### Adieu to Summer

The wheat is garnered and the grape is pressed,
And life draws inward like a snail to shell,
The frost is here, as weatherwise have guessed
Or some late swallow lingered to foretell.
Adieu, sweet summer; not for me the quest
That takes you to the fields of asphodel.
Here I must stay, and deem myself most blest
Again to bid you welcome and farewell.

### Anacreon in Samos

He sang the deep cup rich with purple wine,
  He sang of love that lightly comes and goes,
He sang the grasshopper, the tender vine,
  The bee, the early swallow, and the rose,
He sang of loosened curls, of eyes that shine,
  And all the beauties that a lover knows.
O dear old singer in that isle of thine,
  Was life so full of joys, so free from woes?

"Elpenor"

### Inviolate

Fear not, my friend, for yet inviolate
  Your shrine remains, wherein for one heart-beat
You brought me softly, through a long-closed gate,
  And by a silent, all un-trodden street,
Ah! think not that a step unconsecrate
  Has marred the whiteness of that place so sweet,
I knew it holy ground, and whispered "Wait!"
  Then, stooping, took the shoes from off my feet.

Margery Fellows

## RONDEAU OF ALL FOOLS' DAY—April 19

(*Originally Celebrated April* 1)

April, the first of all the months to fling
Sweet flowery offerings at the feet of Spring,
  Growing impatient once upon a day
  That Proserpine *her* gifts should so delay.
Appealed to Pluto for a reckoning.

"See how she comes," he said, "a phantom thing—
A shivering ghost, a vain imagining
  Who, if I grasp, cries as she slips away:
    'April the First!'"

So Pluto, being in a mood to bring
Poor Motley's feast to times more favouring,
  Decreed that all his Knights should come to-day
  (With Dames for dalliance in the primrose way)
And reinstate him Lord of Fools, and King
    April the First!

WM. BOWRY

## HALF-KNOWLEDGE

*Since this*, I said, *the Sages ask,*
*To know myself shall be my task.*
With weight and measure, rule and line,
I went about this house of mine.
No hidden cranny unexplored,
No piece of useless lumber stored,
Forgotten long on dusty shelf,
  But came into the light of day,
  Till I could fold my arms and say—
*My task is done, I know myself.*

And then you came: than bolt and bar
Your *Sesame!* was stronger far;
'Twas sullen winter, yet, meseemed,
Through every window sunshine streamed.
You laid your hand against the wall,
Another door! A pillared hall!
And through the pillars I could see
  Fair rooms and large on either side,
  Wherein a king might walk with pride,
My own, yet all unknown to me.

Grown wiser now, I will not say
I know, even yet, this house of clay,
For, dearest, oft I seem to hear
Another footstep drawing near;

And if this visitant should be
The Lord who holds the land in fee,
May I dare to hope and trust
  That He who built the house may show
  Still other rooms than those I know,
Before it falls into the dust?

B. PEN

## HALF-KNOWLEDGE

A thought came to you—half, maybe, in scorn
    And half in vague regret—
Once, as we went knee-deep i' the purple heather;
    How strange and how forlorn
That we, who so long time have lived together,
Thro' shadow-days, and laughter, and the grip
Of work and poverty—that we should yet
    (Whom very love might surely teach)
Have but obscure half-knowledge each of each
    For all our comradeship.

This, in such halting speech as friends may bring
    For friends to understand,
Your dear voice uttered. Then, as I remember,
    You walked on wondering—
Fanning perchance to flame some hidden ember
Of new-found, glowing thought, while angel-wise
The sunset clouds foregathered, and the land
Was bathed in light and majesty.
Then, turning from it all, you smiled at me,
    But with such wistful eyes.

How were we wrapped about in solitude
    Tho' heart to heart was near!
You knew not of the things whereon I pondered,
    Nor how, by dreams pursued,
Lone, in the wake of lone desire I wandered;

Nor how (not in mere sadness, but in awe,
In ghostly triumph) I could baffle fear.
I knew not of the eager stress
Wherewith you struggled, haply, nor might guess
The glory that you saw.

For, if we will, we see the outward things,
Know strangely of a man
If he be sad, or wise, or grave, or tender;
The simple happenings
That bring him joy, and the wide, sunny splendour
Of honest acts—these know we, and the laugh
That is as light as foam; and if we can
The dark waves' depth in part we know
And love the salt and silver spray they throw—
But this is only half.

There is a chamber in the soul of all—
Profound, where twilight is,
And round it spreads the silent void of being.
And to this vasty hall
If clear-eyed trust of friends shall come, unseeing
It smiles and wanders back; and visions pass
Veiled, thro' that cavernous haunt of mysteries;
Only man's brooding self, 'twould seem,
May catch at whiles some solitary gleam
Darkly, as in a glass.

G. M. FAULDING

## PANTOUM

### *"Of the Fog"*

An exile from old London town,
I sigh in these November days;
I sadly wander up and down
My sunlit and prosaic ways.

I sigh in these November days:
  Oh! could I leave, but for a spell,
My sunlit and prosaic ways,
  And smell the scents I love so well.

Oh! could I leave, but for a spell,
  The country's cloying tame delights,
And smell the scents I love so well,
  And see the gleaming London lights.

The country's cloying tame delights;
  What are they? Oh, I long to go
And see the gleaming London lights;
  The throngs that eddy to and fro.

What are they? Oh, I long to go
  To seek adventure 'mid the press
—The throngs that eddy to and fro—
  To leave this savage wilderness.

To seek adventure 'mid the press,
  Half hid in London's mystic pall;
To leave this savage wilderness;
  Could I but answer London's call!

Half hid in London's mystic pall;
  Half hid in fog, could I be lost;
Could I but answer London's call,
  I would not stay to count the cost.

Half hid in fog, could I be lost;
  Could I but see the link-boy's flare;
I would not stay to count the cost,
  For wild romance is hidden there.

Could I but see the link-boy's flare,
  I'd almost hug the gay young dog;
For wild romance is hidden there,
  In London when she's veiled in fog.

I'd almost hug the gay young dog.
  With him for wise and knowing guide,
In London when she's veiled in fog,
  I'd look for thrills along Cheapside.

With him for wise and knowing guide,
  A flaming torch within his hand,
I'd look for thrills along Cheapside,
  For mysteries about the Strand.

A flaming torch within his hand,
  We'd prick and pry, like knights of old,
For mysteries about the Strand,
  The Strand once paved, they say, with gold.

We'd prick and pry, like knights of old?
  Alas! But dreams! And not for me
The Strand, once paved, they say, with gold;
  I've done with London's mystery.

Alas! But dreams! And not for me.
  I sadly wander up and down.
I've done with London's mystery;
  An exile from old London town.

F. G. LAYTON

## MACARONIC VERSES

(*From the Bankolidaid, Lib. I.*)

Charmer virumque I sing, Jack plumigeramque Arabellam.
Costermonger erat Jack Jones, asinumque agitabat;
In Covent Garden holus, sprouts vendidit asparagumque.
Vendidit in Circo to the toffs Arabella the donah,
Qua Piccadilly propinquat to Shaftesbury Avenue, flores.

Jam Whitmonday adest; ex Newington Causeway the costers
Erumpunt multi celebrare their annual beano;
Quisque suum billycock habuere, et donah ferentes,
Impositique rotis, popularia carmina singing,
Happy with ale omnes—exceptis excipiendis.
Gloomily drives Jack Jones, inconsolabilis heros;
No companion habet, solus sine virgine coster.
Per Boro', per Fleet Street, per Strand, sic itur ad "Empire";
Illinc Coventry Street peragunt in a merry procession,
Qua Piccadilly propinquat to Shaftesbury Avenue tandem
Gloomily Jack vehitur. Sed amet qui never amavit!

En! subito fugiunt dark thoughts; Arabella videtur.
Quum subit illius pulcherrima bloomin' imago,
Corde juvat Jack Jones; exclamat loudly "What oh, there!"
Maiden ait "Deus, ecce deus!" floresque relinquit.
Post asinum sedet illa; petunt Welsh Harp prope Hendon.

O fons Brent Reservoir! recubans sub tegmine brolli,
Brachia complexus (yum yum!) Jack kissed Arabella;
"Garn" ait illa rubens, et "Garn" reboatur ab Echo;
Propositique tenax Jack "Swelp me lummy, I loves yer."
Hinc illae lacrimae; "Jest one!" et "Saucy, give over."

Tempora jam mutantur, et hats; caligine cinctus
Oscula Jones iterat, mokoque immittit habenas.
Concertina manu sixteen discrimina vocum
Obloquitur; cantant (ne saevi, magne policeman)
Noctem in Old Kent Road. Sic transit gloria Monday.

F. SIDGWICK

NOTES.—Reminiscences of Virgil in lines 1, 8, 9, 13, 20, 22, 28, 29, 30; of Horace, lines 21, 22, 25; of Ovid, line 18; of Terence, line 26; and of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, line 16.

Line 1: *plumigeram*, bedecked with feathers. Line 25: *Propositi tenax*, imperturbably proposing.

CARMEN GRYLLICUM[1]—A.U.C. DXXXVII

Romani superbi olim to Carthage miserunt praeconem
Carefully instructum to deliver sequentem sermonem:
"Nos Romani volumus to challenge the Poenos at cricket;
Libenter igitur choose at Carthage vel Romae the wicket."
Statim respondent Poeni, "Accipimus vestrum challengem;
Sunt vobis nunc cineres, sed cito we hope to avenge 'em."
"Sit certamen apud vos, pix nostra is covered with water,
Ibimus vere to you—the journey through Spain is the shorter."
Greatly gaudent Romani, et commencebant sine mora
Bonum undecim to choose, and added thereunto a scorer.
Tandem dies aderat, Romani were all in a flutter,
Totum coelum fulgebat, for days there had not been a gutta
Imbris, Zephyrus flavabat, promittunt omnia portam[2]
Ingentem, praecipue since Romani had just won the sortem;
Nonnulli dicebant that Caesar had tossed with a nummus
Capita duo ferens, sed hoc est faciliter summus
Libel that ever was heard, nam Caesar et uxor Caesaris
Supra suspicion[3] erant, and famous for all that quite fair is.
The Romans elected to bat et Balbus primum cepit ictum,
Simul inivit Nero portans battum ut gladium strictum.
Adortum aperuit Hanno qui tertiâ pilâ abscidit
Baculum Neronis medium—he suffered for playing outside it
Jungit Balbum Cicero, well known as a lapidis murus;[4]
Hodie nevertheless nunquam videbatur securus.
Septem vigintavit[5] tantum, misjudged and was puncto arreptus;
Proximus mox sequitur, magna arte Hannonis deceptus.
Clades trudebatur clade till maxima pars Romanorum
Exierant, and the rest were dismayed at the prospect before 'em.
Nihilominus Caesar bene lusit with care and precision;
"Crus ante"[6] dabatur tandem, arbitri a most doubtful decision.
Omnes Romani tandem were out for a hundred and twenty,

[1] Gryllus = a cricket. [2] Gate = money taken for admission.
[3] Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, chap. x. [4] Stonewaller.
[5] Scored. Viginti = 20 = score. [6] L.b.w.: *sc.* "baculum."

Pauper viginti [1] quidem, tho' the bowlers Romani thought plenty.
Nesciebant vero quantum Poeni had improved since the last time
Manus conjunxerant in hoc incertissimo pastime.
Every bowler was tried—celeres, tardi, et adunci; [2]
Puniebantur omnes and the score mounted up like a monkey.
Ad vesperem tandem Hannibal shouted loudly "Jam satis,
Ineundum [3] claudo—nobis non refert what the gate is;
Claudimus nunc primum, as last match clausistis secundum;"
(Etiquette wasn't so strict when none scored his runs till he'd
runned 'em;)
"Romani ad malum duocenti," so shouted the scorer.
Fabius cepit primus, and opened his score with a fourer.
Successit scabies; [4] the next three men made anates. [5]
Vociferant Poeni—implorant Romani Penates.
Marcus amittit nervum and spoons up a catch to the bowler;
Tum discedit Galba cruentus et linquens a molar.
Stationem brevem [6] the cauda was making till Flaccus
Was cleverly caught in the slips et mansit invictus brave Gracchus.
Maesti Romani ululant et exeunt omnes moerentes;
Domum rediverunt Poeni, elati cineresque ferentes.

V. W. DOWELL

[1] A poor score. [2] "Curly" bowers.
[3] I close the innings: "ineundum" gerund of "ineo."
[4] "Rot" set in. [5] "Ducks." [6] "A short stand."

# VERSE, 1907

## RHYMED LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

FLOWER of the Pear:
Here is a posy for my Lady fair.
Flower of the Pink:
She is the Mirror Venus used, I think,
Flower of the Sun:
My Heart take courage till my Lady's won.
Flower of the Dwale:
Her voice enthrals the raptur'd nightingale.
Flower of the Ling:
And here's my posy, tied with silver string.
Flower of the Rose:
That's Constancy, as every lover knows.
Flower of the Fern:
Tells that she's ever first where'er she turn.
Flower of the Broom:
Means that in her the rarest graces bloom:
Flower of the May:
Love and Eternity were born one day.
Flower of the Rice:
My Lady's charms are Pearls beyond all price.
Flower of the Mace:
Tells of the sweetness of my Lady's face.
Flower of the Gorse:
Means Kisses are in season now, of course.
Flower of the Rue:
Whispers that sweetest eyes are Blue, Blue, Blue.
Flower of the Lime:
The boat of Love floats down the stream of Time.

Flower of the Mint:
Her Dimple is a Venus' Finger-print.
Flower of the Rush:
Nay, speak not; you might make my Lady blush.
Flower of the Yew:
Methinks that Love's like Flowers bedeck'd with dew.
Flower of the Bay:
That means a Crown: and she's my Queen alway.

HAROLD A. BARNES

## RHYMED LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

Orchids when flaunted on a silk lapelle
Bid you behold a scintillating swell.

Dead violets, worn by workmen, may or not
Tell of a "mute and uncomplaining lot."

Snowdrops to affluent aunts (who can't see far)
Show what a blameless sort of youth you are.

Hydrangea hanging on your sister's hat
Speaks of the hours it took to purchase that.

A box of lilies from a country friend
Offers a visit for the next week-end.

Unto your neighbours to present sweet peas
Means to imply they can't grow ones like these.

A bunch of daffodils brought fresh from town
Informs your wife you're going to golf with Brown.

Proffered judiciously, a spray of mint
Will give a lamb-like girl a piquant hint.

Ivy unto the minx of witching charms
Breathes the desire of your prehensile arms.

Malmaison bouquets rigged with maiden-hair
Reveal what heaps of cash you've got to spare.

(But hawked "narcisse" to her you mean to "axe"
Announces you're exempt from income-tax.)

Forget-me-nots will very often speak
Things you are sorry for the following week.

While roses are the "token flowers that tell"
What Ananias never did so well.

Lastly, for those who nurse the eternal flame
All flowers (when out of season) will proclaim
Love—and the market value of the same.

A. C. MACKENZIE

## RHYMED LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

I give you, "None-so-pretty," my "Lad's-love," fresh and true.
Must my requital ever be but "Bitter-sweet" and "Rue"?
I send you just a country bunch, so sweet to sight and smell.
There, though I dare not write it, my message you may spell.

It begs you to come home, love, from the city's seething hive
Where "Adder's-tongue" and "Nightshade" are all the flowers that thrive.
Where "Pick-pockets" run rampant, and where they whisper "Hush!"
"Love-in-a-mist" misleads one to the "Devil-in-a-bush!"

What boots your "Prince's Feather," whilst "Love-lies-bleeding" there?
And never a spray of "Heart's-ease" lights up your bed of care?
Where True Love scarcely troubles to shoot forth his "Cupid's Darts,"
For well he knows they're blunted on your cruel "Frozen Hearts."

Bring home your "Maiden Blushes," but leave your "London Pride,"
The modest flower is famed most of all the country-side.
Is not the humble "Traveller's Joy," the "Blessed Virgin's Bower?"
Is not the frail wood-sorrel the "Allelujah Flower"?

What though no "Crown Imperial" may deck your comely head,
The "Bridal Wreath" I'm rearing beseems you in its stead.
Though all my "Ready Money's" "Moon Shillings" round and white,
With "Thyme," and "Thrift," and "Honesty," we soon will set that right.

There's "Kiss-me-at-the-garden-gate" to greet you as you come,
And o'er the doorway, bright as gold, there blossoms "Welcome Home!"
With many a clump of Rosemary the border's set for you
To tell my mistress when she weds she shall be "Master too."

When blooms the "Farewell Summer" in the waning of the year,
We'll turn us to our fireside all bright with "Winter cheer."
A glance out to the moorland will lighten winter's gloom,
For "Kissing's out of season when the gorse is out of bloom."

R. B.

## THE APPLE TREE

What have you said where the light wind stirs,
  Apple tree laden with snow of bloom?
Through the shaken silver and green of fires
  What are you saying in wizard gloom?
I will not hear that her brow was white,
  And her cheek rose-hued—that she dawned on me
As you dawn in the woodland upon my sight;
  For my heart is broken, O Druid tree.

I heard the yellow Flag by the pool
  Say, "Thus she carried her golden head";
But the Nenuphar moaned in the waters cool,
  "I cradled your loved one cold and dead."
The Meadow-sweet breathed from the moon-pale grass
  "A dream, a perfume, a foam was she;"
But the Thyme on her grave was a sigh, alas!
  From the gate of Tears and of Memory.

The Hellebore, with pale-emerald bells,
  The Nightshade flame in a purple round,
Whose poison lurks in their crystal cells,
  Spake, "We are as Death in a love-wreath bound."

The Sunflower drooped in an autumn mist
  With heavy fringes of burning gold,
The Aster carved in pure amethyst,
  The Rose dispetalled on moss and mould;
These seemed as ore of a delvèd mine
  And rainbow jewels that had no worth;
They could not buy me a thing divine,
  One Hour with Her on the old brown Earth.

But the Spring is here and the wild birds brood,
  O gnarlèd Apple-tree, what have you said—
That in olden days from the apple wood
  Crosses were made for the lowly dead,
Death-coffers too from your sturdy bark?
  Ah! one word yet—that your blossoms gleam
(White coronals sprung from the cold and dark,
  A foam from the Sea by the Shores of Dream)
To whisper, where in Despair I grope,
  Of the fairest Promise in all the world;
Yea, speak to me of the World's Great Hope,
  O drift of petals and buds unfurled.

ALICE EDWARDES

## THE THRESHOLD

"My door stands wide." "If every secret place
  Be open thus, lead thou me to mine own!"
"Nay, love, I come not with thee. Pass alone
Under the lintel, that no fleeting grace
Of mine, nor any fear upon my face,
  Nor brave words uttered in too piteous tone
  Hinder thy search." Is't then so strange, unknown,
Thy house where fancies flit in shadowy chase?"

"Ev'n to myself unknown. Thou, my soul's lord,
For Love's dear sake, and Truth's, entering, shalt see
The dark, veiled thoughts, and the dim treasure hoard."
"I saw long since. Love lent his master-key,
Led me through echoing archways unexplored
To where thy white soul dwelt mysteriously."

G. M. FAULDING

## PEACE AND THE BUILDER

"If I should build a house of ivory,
Carved all of cedar wood, smelling of myrrh,
Wouldst thou come in to dwell, oh wanderer?"
"Nay; the long winds swing singing from the sea;
And the night holds no house for thee and me.
Out of the wreck of the wind-riven years,
The shattered ways, the old dust dark with tears,
I come; night holds no house for me and thee."
"If I should gather from the shattered ways
The bitter dust, the broken stones of hope
(They shine like fallen stars in the moon's blaze),
And build my house of these on the dim slope,
Wouldst come, pale wanderer? The gate stands wide."
"I come; the winds sleep on the hill's long side."

E. R. MACAULAY

## VOICES HEARD IN THE FOG

TELLUS (*loquitur*):

Why fall no more thy vivifying rays,
Bright-haired Apollo, on this hapless breast,
Where, the long summer, 'twas thy joy to rest,
Forgetful of thy steeds' impatient neighs?
Now rolling mists my pleasant fields bedim,
My towns are wrapped in pestilential haze;
Hasten thy laggard chariot-lamps to trim,
And let me see once more their cheerful blaze.

PHŒBUS (*respondet*):

Tellus! prolific one, the fault my own is;
I would not stint your comfort an iota,
But—truth to say—I've sold my classic ponies,
And bought an Airship, "Martian," worked by motor;
Just now its out of gear, and being mended,
You must have fogs until the job is ended!

M. J. T.

## RHYMES WITHOUT REASON

### SONNET

THE hour is past: Night with her shroud of stars,
And ways ungarlanded of mortal hand,
Thronging in silence to the moon's command
Awaits her secret messenger from Mars.
Why do I linger? Lo, the ethereal cars,
The divine presences that never stand
Flame-robed for passage to the Evening Land,
Gleam through dim ruins of terrestrial bars.
So mused Aconstantreda. Blind with tears
The night-wind echoed, radiantly bright:
Then, raising eyes that strove 'twixt hopes and fears,
Looked up to where, clear beyond earthly sight,
'Mid flooding splendours of the gathering light
Night loomed upon the margin of the spheres.

"BRAESIDE"

### SONNET

To feel the fern-seed in the hair; to feel,
Freed from its boot, the chilblain pant and throb,
To watch the kettle scheming on the hob
Fond futile dreams to start a driving-wheel,
To spy a stranger at the evening meal,
While oysters moan and sardines softly sob;
With Bacon-Shakespeare-Rutland to hobnob
And carve the capers with Carnegie's steel.

My lot forbids—the Banns? Aye, there's the rub,
For with the rubber what wild dreams arise
Of Leopold—knave, king, and spade, and club,
Hearts are not in it. Seven is my size:
Seven stars, Seven Sisters! Heptarchy! The chub
Is a coarse fish but eatable in pies.

"EVACAROD"

## THE SONG OF THE BALLOONATIC

SCENE.—Boxing-night in London Street

See 'im in 'is night-gown dancin' down the street!
Ten to one in shillin's if they ever meet!
Thinks 'isself a motor! (That is why 'e skids!)
Ain't 'e just a nightmare, fit to scare the kids?

. . . . . .

All right, Mr. Bobby! we're agoin' 'ome,
Back to dear old daddy, never more to roam!
'Ave you seen a turnip turnin' in the sky
All among the starlets? Crikey! Nor ain't I!

Now, then! 'Oo're yer 'ittin'? Ain't we got the right?
(Shove 'im in 'is talk-trap if 'e wants to fight!)
Loose the 'angin' anchor! Off we go! 'Ooray!
That's about the ticket! That's the time o' day!

Well, good-bye, old pally! we ain't time to stop!
Steer 'er by the starboard; mind that chimbley top!
See the clouds a-scuddin' on the bloomin' blast?
Seems to me, my sonny, we're agoin' fast!

All the way to Richmond! Change at Shepherd's Bush!
(When she starts to wobble you get out and push!)
'And me out the vinegar; oil 'er sparkin' plug!
"We're above speed limit?" Shut yer ugly mug!

'Oo's agoin' to stop us? 'Oo'll lay 'ands on us?
Think we're just a Daimler or a blasted bus?
'Itch a ruddy comet to a shootin' star,
Add a bit of cordite; that is what we are!

Flyin' o'er the Channel! 'Ow I love the sea!
What! you'd 'ave a tunnel? Don't you talk to me!
Never swallowed med'cine, never took no pill;
All I ask's a crossin' that ull make me ill!

Cheer, my shipwrecked brothers! What ho! There's a sail!
(Shan't we get a fortune from the *Daily Mail?*)
Now uncork the sardines, lay 'em on their side;
*They* ain't got no 'eads on, *they* ain't got no pride!

"England, O my England!" (give 'er one cheer more!)
See the niggers standin' on 'er sad seashore!
"'Ome of all the peoples!"—Ain't no 'ome for me!
I'm a bloomin' outcast of soc-i-et-ee!

I ain't got no wices—never 'ad no wits!
What's that? "Work!" Now don't yer frighten me to fits!
Stow it, can't yer, kiddin'? Where's yer livin' wage?
Where's yer little pension in yer 'oary age?

. . . . . .

See that cloud a-comin? Wallop! in we go!
Ain't it nice and coolin'? Golly! Why, it's snow! . . .
"What am I a-doin'?" Well, I ask *you* that!
Where's my umberella, where's my hopera 'at?

Ho, yus! "So yer know me? Think yer've seed my face?"
Seems to me you coppers 'aven't learnt yer place!
Can't old Father Chrismas waller in the snow
But yer come and kick 'im? All right! There, I'll go!

"DUR MYNYDD"

### A Ballad of Antique Songs

Dark days, and a vesture of sorrow:
  Blown seas, and a garment of grief,
To be tossed in the tide of to-morrow,
  As the lily is rent from the leaf.
On the cliff by the edge of the coppice,
  Where the wet winds wander and weep,
Lo, Isidor's pasture of poppies—
    The Garden of Sleep.

Who shall smell the sweet smoke of our censers—
  Soft spices and savours of hard?
Who shall save from the thirst that torments us
  When the Gates of Enchantment are barred?
Till the day-time be turned to the night-time,
  Till nights in the summer increase,
To fulfil our Desire of the right time
    We must Ask the Police.

I am come to the end of my tether—
  Spent leavings of foam and of brine:
Grown sick of the seas and the weather,
  And waters unmingled with wine.
So, comrades, come round to my revels—
  We will paint the town crimson to-night;
I've some really good wh - - ky (ye div - ls!)—
    And *I* am all right.

"BRAESIDE"

### The Cenotaph

The Cenotaph from out his vault
  Strode with his curfew and his banner,
Saw the Venetian blind, bade "Halt!"
  And whisper'd in Socratic manner:

"The scaly Plagal cadence drove
A coach and four-in-hand of nightmares
In high condition, for they throve
On cheese-straws and electric-light shares;

"He clasp'd the absent hand of Bliss,
And, tho' he drew the Choral number,
That sanctified Periphrasis
Castled his king and pawn'd his lumber.

"Ecstatic cosmic consciousness
Abounding in the moony dimple,
How great the glory! Were it less
If Commonsense were subtly simple?

"Old Ocean dying in his bed,
Wiping his eye with his first barrel,
Kiss'd the sweet Accolade who fled
From Suffragettes in loud apparel.

"Voluptuous exactitude,
Emancipating ev'ry voter:
But so it is, tho' it be rude,
And doubly rude to them that motor.

"As one that taketh forty winks
And sippeth sermons in a journal,
So at the bedside of the Lynx
His Uncle's language was infernal.

"Strange, is it not, that Something now
Insistent in the Dome of Sorrow
Catches the Hare that drives the plough,
And overcooks it on the morrow:

"And stranger still *It* did not try,
Speaking of Counterpoint, to mention
That 'Trusts' keep best hung high and dry
Like Haman, nicer for suspension?

"The diplomatic Platitude
  Holding the Thesis by the handle,
Toeing the heel of gratitude,
  Poulticed the Patience of the Scandal.

"Call not the Destiny of Life
  'Negation of Primordial Duty':
Carve but the Abstract with a knife
  And Concrete is the Soul of Beauty."

The eloquent Venetian Blind
  Drew himself up at this last notion:
He left the Vote of Thanks behind
  But carried off the Previous Motion.

HAROLD A. BARNES

## "GRANTED"

He wandered through the luscious hill,
  And past the radiant melody;
And his the morning, his the skill,
  And his the carpet of the sky;
Yet when he met entrancing guile
It seemed to him not worth the while.

She came from homes of yesterday,
  So pale, so pink, so inly grand,
That every hillock on the way
  Fell upward like enchanted land;
And when they met they knew that strife
Was but the threnody of life.

Oh, let no man suppose that he
  Can stem Time's exquisite redress,
Or shun the gorgeous Past to be,
  Or quit the Future looming less;
All Nature bids us hasten slow,
Or pain of echoing long and low.

Therefore these two with flowery fame
  Held out a haply feverish eye,
Wherein there lingered mystic flame
  Which hinted love and rage gone by:
And finally on violent lawn
They hailed the unregenerate dawn.

'Twas thus they met; the hour was nought,
  And all the setting moons were new,
While from the neighbouring sun was brought
  One darkling drop of solid dew;
They would have smiled, but none was near
To mark the evaporating tear.

'Twas thus they parted; Earth's dull shriek
  Rang through each never-ending heart;
Only the poet dares to speak
  Of those who meet and those who part;
But why they parted, why they met,
No man can guess it or forget.

"MOELWYN"

## EMPHATICS

Ho! Miss Perkins, ring the clarion,
  Call the lodgers home to tea.
Hark, the telephone is ringing,
  Bow the head and bend the knee.

Lemonade and soda water,
  Gramophones all painted new
In the rocking-chair are waiting
  For their turn at Irish stew.

On the wings of evening wafting,
  Cupboards play at hide and seek,
Wardrobes in their narrow setting
  Hide a turnip and a leek.

Pins and needles clutch a thimble,
  In a basin stamps are wet;
From a musty brown potato
  Voices tell us not to fret.

On a low and drooping willow
  Water cans all bathed in dew
Sing in weak and trembling accents
  Metaphors to me and you.

Soap and suds all wildly clamouring
  Wash the flannel on its nose,
While the elephant and weasel
  Give the shoelift half a rose.

Paperweights complain and whimper
  To a top-hat standing by;
And a bluebottle of learning
  Shows a tadpole how to fly.

Motor-cars with perforation
  Chase a mangle round a bed,
One small hen encased in marble
  Wraps a doyley round her head.

Ha! Miss Perkins, stay thy clanging,
  On the stair the lodgers kneel,
While in dainty linen jerseys
  Calves' heads dine on tripe and heel.

"ELECTROPLATE"

## CYMON AND IPHIGENIA

*A Picture from Boccaccio ("Decameron," Day V., Novel I.)*

Never in story did Endymion
  Pillow on softer moss his trancèd head
Nightly to catch the fleeting benison
  Of his divine enchantress: cooler bed

And fragranter, by silver dewdrops fed,
He knew not then, than now Iphigenie
Presses with delicate form, to slumber wed,
Embowerèd from the noon's high brilliancy:
While by her grassy couch melodiously
Flashes a spring of crystal forth to flow
Down banks of verdure to the distant sea.
Sleep ever thus, fair maid! 'Twere better so
Than stir Galeso's[1] heart to life and love,
Watcher more moveless than the shadowing grove.

Blest Cymon! For a moment blest as none,
Propt on thy shepherd-crook in strange amaze,
Square-shouldered, strong, bareheaded to the sun,
Who never till this hour has loved to gaze
On beauty—now thy sluggard wit obeys
The unwonted passion that thine heart reveals,
And marvels at the old insensate days—
Heal'd as the sorrower whom a kindness heals.
He sees the filmy mantle that conceals
And not conceals the glory of her frame;
The silken quilt that exquisitely steals
From breast to foot: and, as he sees, the flame
Burns warmer in his rude uncivil breast,
"What beauteous thing is this that takes its rest?"

A dart of sweetness from her waking eyes,
A tender mouth that bids the watcher go,
Half-veiled admiring and a coy surprise—
These are the instruments that fashion woe!
Yet knows she not and Cymon doth not know
That bitterness is in the ruddiest fruit:
Slowly she rises, and with step as slow
Cymon—whom mocking Cyprus surnamed Brute—
Cymon will not begone, but strives to suit
His stride to hers: and so in silent wise—

[1] Cymon's real name.

Ah! there are times when Love is blind and mute—
He leads her home. His eyes are on her eyes.
So runs the tale: pity, who list to me,
The love of Cymon and Iphigenie.

DOUGLAS P. HILL

## SONG

Love hath me in a tower
Set in the sea,
He calls my prison his bower,
Ah me! Ah me!

He holds me in safe keeping,
My gaoler he,
And smiles to see me weeping,
Ah me! Ah me!

Nor can the ships beneath us
My signals see,
A rose-mist doth enwreath us,
Ah me! Ah me!

"The wide world holds us only,"
He whispers me,
"Yet who, with Love, is lonely?"
Ah me! Ah me!

HILDA NEWMAN

## THE STREET-SINGER'S SONG [1]

There's small profit in pedlin', and nuthink in flowers
(Kin' Friends, please assist us to make both ends meet),
We've dodged the perlice, and 'ave tramped it fer hours—
No, it ain't werry pleasant ter sing in the street!

'Ere's Maggie and Bobby we borrered, both 'owling,
An' Liza 'as got sich a cold on 'er chest,
We can't mike ourselves 'eard wiv these road-'ogs a-growling,
An' 'ud gladly give you an' our voices a rest.

[1] We believe this supplies a long-felt want.

As I was riding through the
Within the dripping hawt
But could not call my thoug
Long, long ag

As I was riding through the
I saw the roses by the gat
There it was she answered me
Long, long ago

As I was riding by the churc
"Surely," I said, "the strif
I could not find her grave to b
Still, from the c

LOVE

In and out of the gar
(Hear the waves, tl
The lovers walked in
(Love, let me

"Why do you press t

"There are havens eastward and havens west
(Hear the waves, the tide is full),
"But havens none for my heart to rest"
(Love, let me go!).

LUCY LYTTELTON

## SONG OF THE MAD LOVER

A hundred times I kissed the lips
Of my young love and true;
Now over her mouth the slow tide slips,
And where went down a hundred ships
Went down my kisses too.

A hundred times I called her back
With a cry full long and sore,
But the mad sea mist is on her track,
And lost is she if she dare the wrack
And win her to the shore.

So am I mocked of the joy of her,
And sport of the sea's disdain,
For nevermore shall her spirit stir,
And never up from the wild water
Comes my young love again.

ETHEL TINDAL ATKINSON

## THE PANACEA

When pain and care oppress my soul
My physic is the sparkling bowl:
Gaily I pour the tonic down,
For Sorrow's heavy, and will drown.

But when my heart from care is free,
In this same course no harm I see:
One difference I gladly note,
That Joy is light, and so will float.

"DEIRA"

## SON O' THE WINDS

When the storm-voice calls from the deep,
  When my windows with spray are wet,
Seaward gaze I unto the west,
  The wild west whither your sails were set.
Sunset furnaces, burning low,
  Flamed farewell in the passionate sky;
The red tide drew you, Son o' the Winds,
  And not my heart when we said good-bye.

I watch the wheeling wings of the gulls;
  So the wings of your desire
One day out of the west shall turn,
  Beating back to a shoreward fire.
Have no fear that I will weep,
  Cling to your neck, and bid you stay;
I would not hold you, Son o' the Winds,
  One moment when your heart said Nay.

E. M. WALKER

## TWENTY NURSERY RHYMES

I

Weaver, will you weave for me
  Whiskers for my face?
Father's gone a-soldiering—
  I must take his place.
Mother's in the happy land,
  Brother's on the sea;
No one left to fend for us,
  Only little me.

J. H. GORING

II

THE GRATEFUL HEN

Nibble and Nobble and Nancy Lee
Wanted an egg for their Sunday tea;
Squeezed the hen, but the hen was dry;
Took her and shook her and made her cry;
Stroked her and coaxed her and made her a speech,
And the grateful hen laid an egg for each.

J. H. GORING

III

Apple-tree, Cherry-tree, Pear-tree, Plum,
Tell me when will my sweetheart come.
Come with a carriage and horses to carry me;
Come with the ring in his pocket to marry me;
Come with the key of a cottage to house me in;
Come with a bonnie silk gownie to spouse me in;
Come with a pension or come with a penny,
He shall be welcome, more welcome than any.
Apple-tree, Cherry-tree, Pear-tree, Plum,
Tell him to pack up his heart, and come.

J. H. GORING

IV

There was an old lady who lived in a hut,
And she had an old goat that was nearly all butt;
The capers it cut in that poor little hut
Were such as to make the old lady say "Tut!"
So she put it outside, and the windows she shut,
And the poor goat was starved, that is, nearly—all but!

W. HODGSON BURNET

V

O come with me and see!
My mother keeps a bee!
She can't contrive to get a hive
Or she might keep two, or three!

G. M. GEORGE

VI

CHITTER-CHATTER

Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter,
Like a little jay,
Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter,
Chattered night and day.
Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter,
When she was quite young,
Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter,
Wore away her tongue.

Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter,
Now she's growing old,
Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter,
—So the story's told—
Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter,
(Isn't it absurd?),
Chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter,
Cannot say a word.

C. E. S.

VII

Tommy was naughty on Sunday;
Tommy on Monday was worse,
Tuesday he said, "I will NOT go to bed";
Wednesday he quarrelled with Nurse.
Thursday, when Mother went off to the Stores
Naughty-Boy Pills to obtain,
Tommy turned wise, and by way of surprise
Never was naughty again.
Friday and Saturday—every day since—
Tommy has been good as gold:
Nurse took the pills to protect her from chills,
Being a martyr to cold.

"ANOGEON"

VIII

A Wonder World

I wonder if the Milky Way
  Is ever skimmed for cream;
I wonder if a Nightmare
  Has ever met a Dream.

I wonder why the Rainbow
  Hasn't got an arrow;
I wonder why a Broad Bean
  Is really very narrow.

I wonder why a weathercock
  Should sit upon a steeple;
I wonder what a puzzle is,
  And why it puzzles people.

MARGARET EVANS

IX

Up the road to Babylon,
  Down the road to Rome,
The King has gone a-riding out
  All the way from home.

There were all the folks singing,
And the church-bells ringing,
When the King rode out to Babylon,
Down the road to Rome.

Down the road from Babylon,
  Up the road from Rome,
The King came slowly back
  All the way back home.

There were all the folk weeping,
And the church-bells sleeping,
When the King rode back from Babylon,
When the King came home.

RUPERT BROOKE

[illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. Libywine Moose
Lived in a [illegible] in the side of a house.
They lived upon apples and biscuits and fat,
And what they had over they gave to the Cat.

R. H.

X

Sing a song of sugar-sticks, brandy-balls and toffee;
Four-and-twenty serving-maids filling cups with coffee.
Coffee in the coffee-cups, fingers in the jam.
Lawk-a-mussy, Nursey dear, what a pig I am.

Sing a song of punishments, bed and bread and water;
Mussy's in old Nursey's room, drinking up her porter.
Porter for the mussy-cat. Nursey doesn't see.
What will happen when she does? Lawk-a-mussy-me.

F. G. LAYTON

XI

When King Bloodyfoot yawned, and his mouth opened wide
He never could shut it again though he tried.
His sons took his chin and his daughters his nose,
But even then often his mouth wouldn't close;
They weren't very pleased when their help was required,
So he had to be careful about getting tired.

But, oh, when he *sneezed* it was very much worse,
His sons and his daughters would send for a nurse;
He would twist and would turn, almost double would bend,
And his *sneezes*—you'd think that they never could end,
While his sons and his daughters would fidget and scold,
So he had to be careful about catching cold.

HILDA NEWMAN

XIII

Moon, Mother Moon, there's a star in the water,
Oh! did you [illegible] fall?
Pick it up, pick [illegible] pretty wee daughter,
'Twill make [illegible]

Earth, Mother Earth, there's a tree in the water,
Oh! how can it grow upside down?
Go and see, go and see, my pretty wee daughter,
Why it stands on its head like a clown.

Look, Mother, look, there's a path on the water,
Oh! does it lead up to the sky?
Run along, run along, my pretty wee daughter,
For how can you tell till you try?

No, Mother, no, it's so wet in the water,
Oh! surely you must understand?
Very true, very true, my pretty wee daughter,
It's wiser to stay on the land.

G. R.

XIV

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Soon is the Summer done,
Your Silver-bells and Cockle-shells
Have all forgot the sun.
Your pretty maids with hanging heads
Are kneeling in a row,
A Silver bell has rung their knell,
Their laps are filled with snow.

MARGARET EVANS

XV

THE ORANGE CAT

The orange cat from Fairyland, from Fairyland, from Fairyland,
All the way from Fairyland
Once brought a box for me.

A black bean, a blue bag, a white stone from Fairyland,
A remnant of a rainbow, and the twinkle of a star
Were in the box from Fairyland, from Fairyland, from Fairyland,
"To show you," said the orange cat, "how nice we think you are."

Wasps were in the blue bag, the blue bag from Fairyland,
The twinkle wouldn't twinkle, and the remnant turned to rain,
So, with the bean, the black bean, to Fairyland, to Fairyland
—Paid and packed most carefully—I sent them back again.

But I still have the white stone from Fairyland, from Fairyland,
Hidden in my pocket, for it isn't much to see;
Still it marks the day an orange cat from Fairyland, from Fairyland,
All the way from Fairyland, once brought a box for me.

FFRIDA WOLFE

XVI

A CHILD'S NIGHT-THOUGHT

I woke before the night had gone,
And in the great black sky,
Silver and round and all alone,
The Moon was riding high.

I wondered why she grew so fast,
For—just the other night—
I woke and watched her sailing past,
A little slip of white!

Nurse said she was a baby-moon
Such a short time ago!
Then how has she grown up so soon,
That's what I'd like to know?

Man in the Moon—is it green cheese
She eats to make her grow?
Oh, tell me truly, if you please,
I should *so* like to know.

L. NICHOLSON

XVII

THE BLACKTHORN RHYME

Oh, my Lady Blackthorn's a-flirting with the Spring!
Sing hey-ho and sing heigho, there'll be no luck in May!
I've heard th' Cuckoo cuckoo, but I've heard th' Robin sing—
Apple Blossom won't be set till past Saint Dunstan's Day.

Get your basket, Margaret, and get your basket, Mary,
There won't be any roses till Cuckoo's out of tune;
I'll sail out to Spanish seas and buy a gold canary,
So we'll be all a-smiling before the end of June!

EMILY M. RUTHERFORD

XVIII

RHYME OF THE MEADOW

The daisy is a lady, a lady, a lady,
The daisy is a lady, and wears a ruby crown.
The clover is her grannie, her grannie, her grannie,
The clover is her grannie, all in a purple gown.

The buttercup's her lover, her lover, her lover,
The buttercup's her lover, in armour all of gold;
And he will slay the thistle, the thistle, the thistle,
And he will slay the thistle, for all his prickles bold.

The ladysmocks are bridesmaids, are bridesmaids, are bridesmaids,
The ladysmocks are bridesmaids, in kirtles silver white.
The mullens tall are tapers, are tapers, are tapers,
The mullens tall are tapers, to give the ladies light.

The orchis is the jester, the jester, the jester,
The orchis is the jester, to make the ladies gay.
The hyacinths are church bells, are church bells, are church bells,
The hyacinths are church bells, to ring the wedding day.

D. T.

XIX

THE CHINA CAT

I have a golden pussy cat, her eyes are very green,
She sits upon the mantel-shelf and always may be seen.
She never moves her folded tail, nor ever shuts an eye,
While I eat up my soup so quick and every one is by.

I may not touch my pussy cat, for she is my best toy,
She only may be looked at now—I'm such a little boy.
But when I'm gone to bed at last I just lie there and wait
Until there isn't any light and it is very late.

And then from off the mantel-shelf my pussy comes to me,
Her tail is all unfolded and she walks purringly;
She patters all across the floor, she jumps upon my bed,
She rubs herself against my face, her tail waves on my head

And then I go to sleep at once, for she lies down to stay
Until the whole of night has gone and she must creep away
And when I eat my porridge, then I look at her and think-
*I* know she can unfold her tail and walk and purr and blink

"BIDDY"

XX

Tommy came to London on a motor-'bus,
He stuck in Oxford-circus
Just the same as us.

Tommy came to London; he went to see the Zoo;
He rode upon the elephant
Just the same as you.

Peter Pan amazed him when he saw him fly;
He tried to imitate him—
So did you and I.

Tommy travelled home again tired as could be;
He wants to go another day,
The same as you and me.

"MORRISON"

## CHILDE ROLAND: PART II.

The next was nought. They say when Death draws near
  The Past stands all reveal'd in sudden light,
  Even as longest vision of the night
(The Dream of Love and Hope, or Dread or Fear)
Fills but a moment's space. *I* could but hear
  The echo of that blast from ev'ry height.

And then I knew the blind, brown wall—my hand
  Press'd to it without grasp, and (strange) but all
  My force of thought seem'd hammer'd to that wall:
Tho' hideous forms of Death around might stand,
I only wonder'd *Who* had made and plann'd
  A thing so horribly symmetrical.

How wrought he without ledge or crevice? So
  Some slimy worm up-crawling from the ground
  Might leave its track all circled round and round,
Finding no hold at last would drop below—
Down—down! And so my sliding hand would go—
  It slipp'd to ev'ry echo of that sound.

Long, long ago it seem'd I, moving free,
  Came to that dreadful spot and heard that bell
  Tolling a clanging, ghastly, fun'ral knell.
That round brown turret wall now seem'd to be
A thing which had for years been part of me—
  As a doom'd soul may feel a part of Hell.

I dare not turn my head, that dauntless breath
  With which I blew the blast had pass'd away,
  As all the Past had pass'd—and Yesterday,
Whose only Morrow was the Dawn of Death.
Darkness was all around and space beneath,
  Yet horror nor yet fear held greatest sway.

But blank intense desire to feel some creek
Or crevice—not my barter'd life to save—
(Better the end than dangle o'er that grave)
But in that damn'd Rotundity some leak
To find. That horrible design some break
(If wrought by God-made man) must surely have.

EMILY M. RUTHERFORI

[*Part II. of "Childe Roland" is occupied with the con and ends with the following verses.*]

. . . . . .

Foiled! And the hills, as of the oft-acted scene
Full weary, to their age-long feud repair,
With sadly chanted requiems through the air
Repeated: nothing is but what hath been
And shall be—such at least it seems to mean,
Bidding the world go on and me despair.

Despair of what? What hoped for? Just a long
Life-time in searching for the Unknown spent,
Just a short death-time left me to repent;
—So many dumb years, then the last swan-song,
And that gnarled cripple's pointing now proved wrong
Malice and mockery his sole intent?

Despair? When that dark champion in my shield
Had left his sting? Once entered no regress,
The foeman's death, the loss of life no less
To his assailant—may no more be healed,
One-weaponed as the bee no second wield,
And wrongs himself his own right to redress.

But while the venom works its will, what waste,
Methinks, against the unlovely swarming hive
To hurl such wealth of war, whence none alive
Returns: on either side now champions haste
To take the field, none nearer comes to taste
The cell-hid honey, howsoe'er they strive.

Yet some day there's an end to the tale. (Why else
  Come one by one the champions? Were their store
  So inexhaustible, some dozen or score
How well spared!) No: such parsimony tells
That never lance on shield loud clangs but knells
  Toward that dark tower's downfall one stroke more.

So passes all our knighthood. The tower still
  Stands: never one in the combat vaunts to claim
  Full victory—stands but yet stands not the same
(For one day see the last mailed champion fill
Yon narrow port), since not alone for ill
  Unlanced Childe Rolande to the dark tower came.

GUY KENDALL

## SIX SONGS OF AUTOLYCUS

I

When hedgerow oaks are tipped with red,
  With hey! the hollyhock tops the wall,
When seven rings the sun to bed
  And yellow leaves do singly fall;

When eve with fog doth cloke the sedge,
  With hey! for the round moon ripe and gold;
On those must sleep beside the hedge
  The autumn dewdrops trickle cold.

When parson prays to spare the rain,
  With hey! for harvest and fellowship;
And reapers drink beside the wain,
  'Tis hard, but I may get a sip.

LUCY LYTTELTON

II

My lord rides forth with hawk and hound,
My lady rides in purple stuff,
While knave and fool who jaunt around
Make idle chatter, as the chough
That heeds no sour "Enough, enough!"
Hey! let who will a courtier be,
The merry wise life o' the road for me!

Who rides on horseback cannot spy
The timid violet under the thorn;
Who wears fine clothes can never cry
Such wares of snowy fleece new-shorn
As I, that was not daintily born!
Hey! let who will a lordling be,
The merry rogue's life o' the road for me!

My learned doctor takes the road
In scarlet hood and tippet grey,
His lean shanks smarting with the goad,
For he must home ere envious day
Hath reft his rheumy sight away!
Hey! let who will a scholar be,
The merry free life o' the road for me!

MICHAEL HESKI

III

. . . *of unconsidered trifles.*

For 'tis shrewd necessity
Of heavenly kinship with a star,
That we are all compelled to be
The fools or villains that we are.

For every fox will have his goose,
Whate'er the poulter's pang-a,
And lover's knot is lover's noose,
So let the world go hang-a!

. . . *with die and drab.* . . .

WM. BOWI

IV

PERDITA. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.
AUTOLYCUS (*sings*). I was walking in the wood,
Welladay!
And I thought the day was good,
All the way.
With the kisses of the wind,
Came a longing on my mind,
That my fortune I should find,
If I may.

We shall never sport again,
Welladay!
While there's kindness left in men,
All the way.
On the way we went before
There were sunbeams in the straw,
I shall never find it more,
Though I may.

M. SNOW

V

Lasses, do you seek a charm
Which would guard your lads from harm;
Which will keep you blithe and gay,
Blithe and gay, every day?
Come with me, and I will show
Where the little love-charms grow.

They are hidden in the grass,
Where the cattle dare not pass;
For the cattle understand,
Understand the stern command,
They must ever keep away
From the rings where fairies play.

In the fairy rings, at night,
With the moon to give them light,
Tricksy fairies weave the spell,
Weave the spell, and none can tell,
How they make the love-charms spring
From the grass within the ring.

F. G. LAYTON

VI

. . . *and my revenue is the silly cheat.*

Open wide blue eyes and black,
See what hideth in my pack!
All the gew-gaws ye may lack.
Cherries for the saucy lasses,
Comfits out of Venice glasses;
Murrey slippers for my lady,
Ruffs and roses for a gay day!
I'll no more drink penny ale
When I sell this farthingale.
Where I go doth follow after
Purses light and knavish laughter.
Wimples dight of ciclatune,
Broidered all with eglantine,
Here's for every lover!
Clover for the country maid,
Shepherd's purse for light-tongued jade,
I'm a merry rover!
But my poses from the hedges
Steal away poor Chloe's wages,
Hey and welladay O![1]

M. N. T. GRAY

[1] Some German critics have discerned in the three last lines the ... of an inferior hand. Malone is of opinion that this song is misplaced Scene III., and should be restored to Scene IV.

## TWO TRANSLATIONS

### Les Mains

*(From the French of Henry Spiess)*

The hands I see in dreamland
My destiny allure,
Have offered me frail roses
And far-off lilies pure.

The hands I fain would capture
For these strange ministerings,
Upon their taper fingers
Are hung with antique rings.

The hands to cool the fever
Of my poor lips and eyes
Are softer, more caressing
Than dreams of Paradise.

Whene'er I think I've met them,
My soul in doubt has been;
Ah! can it be that never
Those hands in life were seen?

And yet, since once in dreamland
They did my fancy fill,
I never have forgotten—
I wait, I wait them still.

LORD CURZON

### Ruines du Cœur

*(From the French of François Coppée)*

Long ago my heart was like a Roman palace
Built of choice granites, decked with marbles rare;
Soon came the passions, like a horde barbarian,
Came and invaded it, with axe and torch aflare.

Then it was a ruin. Not a human sound there,
Only owls and vipers—wastes of creeping flowers.
Porphyry, Carrara, everywhere lay broken;
Brambles had effaced the road between the bowers.

Long time alone I gazed on my disaster;
Many a sunless noontide, many a starless night
Passed, and I lived there days begirt with horror,
Till thou appearedst, white in the light;
Bravely then, to find a roof-tree for our two loves,
From the palace stones I set my hut upright.

LORD CURZON

## FRAGMENTS COMPLETED

*What of the voyage (the dreamer saith)?*
*How shall the brave ship go?*
*Bounding waters to lift her keel,*
*Winds that follow with favouring breath—*
*Shall she come to her harbour so?*
*Up the shimmering tideway steal*
As a dove hasteneth?
(Hush thee, dreamer, for none may know.)

What of the voyage (the dreamer saith)?
How shall the good ship fare?
Cold at midnight the pitiless wave,
Winds that batter her, carrying death—
Must she shudder in anguish there,
Cry in the darkness for one to save,
As a child sorroweth?
(Hush thee, dreamer, and fall to prayer.)

G. H. G.

*What of the voyage (the Dreamer saith)?*
*How shall the brave Ship go?*
*Bounding waters to lift her keel,*
*Winds that follow with favouring breath—*
*Shall she come to her harbour so?*
*Up the shimmering tideway steal*
To the flying flags, and the bells a-peal,
And the crowds that welcome her home from Death
And the harbour lights aglow?

What at the end of her seafaring,
  What will her tidings be?
*Lands in the light of an unknown star?*
*Midnight waves, and the winds that bring*
  *Scents of the day to be?*
*Lost little islands in seas afar,*
*Where dreams and shadowy waters are,*
*And the winds are kindly, and maidens sing,*
  *To the throb of an idle sea?*

What of the voyage (the Dreamer saith)?
  How hath the good Ship come?
(They answered.) The Sea is stronger than Dreams,
And what are your Laughter and Hope and Faith
  To the fury of wind and foam?—
*Wreckage of sail, and shattered beams,*
*An empty hulk upon silent streams,*
*By the Tides of night to the Harbour of Death,*
  *So hath your Ship come Home.*

RUPERT BROOKE

Hither to me, my Faithful, for the sheep
  Are folded, and thy happy labour done;
Slowly the purple shadows upward creep,
  And day hath yet her wistful hour to run,
  While she remembers the departed sun,
Unready for the stars and dewy sleep.

Here for a space together let us lie
  To watch the moon rise, and the singing trees
Weave and unweave their webs across the sky
  As keeping time to their own melodies.
  Lay thy dear head in comfort on my knees:
We never dreamed of parting, thou and I.

The fairy torch of April's willow-gold
  Should light us twain (so ran our happy dream)
Here in the upland pastures, as of old;
  And where the wind-swept rushes fringe the stream
  October find us, and the willing team
Hear both our voices in the dawning cold.

Nay, friend of mine, not so our fate is writ:
  And waking, thou must look for me in vain.
Nor know I with what heart thou wilt submit
  To a strange hand's caressing—what dumb pain
  Shall drive thee questing o'er the empty plain,
Or keep thee wakeful when the stars are lit.

And I, far off, in treasured freedom brief
  Turning in heart to greet thy loneliness,
For mine own hurt shall find a dear relief,
  Musing on thee: and yet thou canst not guess
  How thy remembered love shall save and bless
The friend who can but leave thee to thy grief.

G. H. GHEY

## CROSS PURPOSES

When morning dawned on the lonely shore,
The deep gave up its plundered store,
And there on the sunlit sands unrolled
*Lay things that glittered but were not gold!*

When pitiless noontide's blazing heat
Poured fiercely down on the narrow street,
All over the hill and the waving wood
*An ill wind played that blew nobody good!*

When the blood-red sun had gone burning down,
And the lights were lit in the little town
Outside, in the gloom of the twilight grey,
*The little dog died when he'd had his day.*

Yet much that glitters is gold, I wis:
And an ill winds blow bringing untold bliss.
And small dogs perish without a groan
*Who'd never a day to call their own!*

G. H. POWELL

## THE LITTLE DOG'S DAY

*All in the town were still asleep,*
*When the sun came up with a shout and leap.*
*In the lonely streets unseen by man,*
*A little dog danced. And the day began.*

All his life he'd been good, as far as he could,
And the poor little beast had done all that he should.
But this morning he swore, by Odin and Thor
And the Canine Valhalla—he'd stand it no more!

So his prayer he got granted—to do just what he wanted,
Prevented by none, for the space of one day.
"*Jam incipiebo,*[1] *sedere facebo.*"[2]
In dog-Latin he quoth, "*Euge! sophos! hurray!*"

He fought with the he-dogs, and winked at the she-dogs,
A thing that had never been *heard* of before.
"For the stigma of gluttony, I care not a button!" he
Cried, and ate all he could swallow—and more.

He took sinewy lumps from the shins of old frumps,
And mangled the errand-boys—when he could get 'em.
He shammed furious *rabies*,[3] and bit all the babies,[3]
*And followed the cats up the trees, and then eat 'em!*

They thought 'twas the devil was holding a revel,
And sent for the parson to drive him away.
For the town never knew such a hullabaloo
As that little dog raised—till the end of that day.

[1] Now we're off. [2] *I'll* make them sit up.
[3] Pronounce either to suit rhyme.

*When the blood-red sun had gone burning down,*
*And the lights were lit in the little town,*
*Outside, in the gloom of the twilight grey,*
*The little dog died when he'd had his day.*

RUPERT BROOKE

## SESTINA OF THE SEASHORE

A wet shore, gleaming with the wan drowned colour
Of shrunken oranges, flung freights of galleons
That pass far off. These, found with joyful crying,
Grew for the golden orchard of the castle;
Shells graced the walls, and seaweed waved for pennon.
These the child sought and found, and held for treasure.

Glad Waves flinging in spray their jewelled treasure,
Glory of youth, drunk with earth's gold wine-colour,
Steeds riding to the stars, with light-flung pennon,
Adventuring ships of hope, and prosperous galleons
Laden with marble for a glorious castle. . . .
These the youth found, his soul in music crying.

From sad grey seas and the gulls' ceaseless crying
(They mourn for battles lost, and old spilt treasure)
Came sullen strength to hold a shattered castle,
Came pride to face the sea's wan hopeless colour,
Courage to sail, nor weep the dear wrecked galleons.
These the man found, and raised a tattered pennon.

The parting clouds, each a rent flying pennon,
Unwrapped the golden west; the small waves, crying
Softly on earth's dear breast, seemed tiny galleons,
Peace-laden, bearing quiet delightful treasure
To their wrecked son, and all sweet evening colour.
This found he, smiling from his ruined castle.

Night endeth war. He sure might leave the castle,
Unbar some sally port, and sink the pennon.
Oh, the moon's silver way, the twilight colour
Of wide still waters! He leaned to them, crying
"The unbarred way," and took it, seeking treasure.
This found he, and forgot his sunken galleons.

Thus did he lie, the captain now of galleons,
The prince, haply, of some far radiant castle,
The lord of all his shore's sea-driven treasure.
Above him the dawn bore a pale young pennon;
About him the sea-birds made quiet crying;
The waves' first blue lapped him in lucid colour.

Oh, seek ye colour, or the pride of galleons,
Grief's sad sweet crying, or death's spacious castle,
By the sea's pennon ye shall find your treasure.

E. R. MACAULAY

## BALLADE OF RED TAPE

### A Double Refrain

O judge not of judicial wit
  By puisne samples you have seen,
But think what fields were freed to it
  If lawyers' tape were only green.
  For ne'er could nitro-glycerine
    Blast such dim tunnels through the head
  As judges' jokes could creep between
    If lawyers' tape were really red.

O soon would legal humour split
  The weary suitor's silly spleen,
And rarely biters would be bit
  If lawyers' tape were only green.

But naught save blushful Hippocrene
Could mollify the view, 'tis said,
Of Law within its own demesne
If lawyers' tape were really red.

O grant the gods may give us grit
So to forestall the unforeseen
As no avoid the furtive writ
If lawyers' tape were only green!
O grant the gods may intervene
And keep the colour pink instead,
In fear of what might supervene
If lawyers' tape were really red.

ENVOY

I wonder what the world had been
If lawyers' tape were only green,
And whither fancy would have fled
If lawyers' tape were really red?

## ON AN OMNIBUS

Beside the sea we plighted troth;
Across a twilight tender
One large pale planet watched us both,
And saw the mute surrender.

That star shines now the roofs above
This mild night of September;
It was a night, our night of love,
Like this one, you remember.

Then, in the dark, unquiet plain,
The lights of ships shone doubled:
Now, streets and pavements wet with rain
Reflect a radiance troubled.

The city's roaring thoroughfare
And all its ways frequented,
Replace that star-illumined air
And silence seaweed-scented.

Yes, things have changed as years advance;
But if I get downhearted
Through poverty and unromance
(Like mists the sun has parted).

This wonder strikes a ray divine,
This golden thought, to save me,
That I should dare to call you mine,
And you should care to have me.

And sitting in the evening gloom
I watch young couples straying,
Nor envy them their joy to come,
No better fortune praying.

Then, mounted on this friendly 'bus
With you to be benighted,
Oh, unwed lovers, envy us
Who keep the troth we plighted!

## ON AN OMNIBUS

She seemed a haven of delight
When first she loomed upon my sight,
A vehicle divinely sent
To one whose vital force was spent.
Her wheels and sides of verdant green
Recalled each pleasant country scene
Tho' all things else about her spoke
Of cities and of city smoke.
A bulky shape, an image gay,
To jolt, to rattle, and delay.

I found her, upon nearer view,
A carriage, yet a wagon too.
Her rattling movements slow to see
And steps of ponderous industry.
Within her democratic breast
Both rich and poor pay pence to rest.
A carriage not too bright or good
For hungry mortals furtive food,
Vexatious losses, thievish wiles,
Quarrels, infection, jeers, and smiles.

And now I wait with pulse serene
The world-worn, ramshackle machine,
The horses breathing stertorous breath.
The gasping travellers squeezed to death.
The cushions hard, the comfort nil,
The churlish driver surly still.
A massive coach, securely built,
Slow, sure, not easy to be spilt.
A rumbling vehicle, not light
But welcome to the weary wight.

## ON AN OMNIBUS

How often I have marked it, where,
Within its crowded lair,
It stood "as idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."
How often I have climbed its winding stair,
And marked how cumbrously it then would slip
With slow uncertain motion
From these safe moorings to the doubtful tide,
Which with incessant beat,
From street to street,
Rolls timelessly along
Chanting its sullen ceaseless song
With murmured burden of unending strife.
Then from my seat on high,

On every side,
I saw below me all the weltering crowd
Of London traffic and of London life.
The giddy hansom and the lumbering dray,
The blatant motor (which if law allowed
Would run amok among the slower fry),
And trams which held their fixed undeviating way.
More rarely I would mark
Beside my galleon huge a tiny skiff.
Some temerarious cyclist who had nerve
To steer his fragile bark
With nicely calculated swerve
Through every shoal,
Or if
He neared them, dexterous to avoid
Those islands small, on each of which would stand
In ignominious fellowship a band
Of timid wights who wished themselves across
Yet dared not start—when, lo! a way was made!
An Arm was lifted! and that mighty stream was stayed!
Long live! Long last! Constabular Control!
None dared revolt.
At once I felt the pleasant jolt,
Which bore me onwards, cease. Though at the loss
Of precious time, some few annoyed
Seated in cabs bewailed and cursed their fate,
Babbling of trains for which already they were late.
At length the Arm was dropped, and on once more,
With comfortable roll,
To that far off suburban shore,
My journey's end!
Which having reached, well pleased I would descend,
A thought more stiffly than I scrambled up,
And hurry home to share the social cup,
While the bluff driver whom I counted friend
Would through the evening air a cheery greeting send.
My omnibus is gone. Alas! its day

Is long since done.
I think they found it did not pay,
And so—it ceased to run.
*Fuit*, I sadly say,
And watch the Vanguards hurtling on their way.

K. T. STEPHENS

## THE SENSES' RIDDLE

Which is the happiest hour of life?
The hearing hour, when far withdrawn
Night faints in silence from the strife
Before the trumpets of the Dawn?

Or is the hour of vision best
When through the midnight deep and far
The Godhead is made manifest
In the translucence of a star?

Or is that called the happiest hour
When earth is sweet with Eden spice,
And through the perfume of a flower
We live again in Paradise?

Or when with infinite desire
Young love is ripe in eyes and lips,
And burgeons into flowers of fire
At touching of the finger-tips?

O hours we tremble to recall,
O flimsy joys, O fleeting breath!
Perhaps the happiest hour of all
Is when we taste the drink of death.

WM. BO

## THE QUEST

The rose I seek in no man's garden grows,
Nor any wayside hedge its hope displays;
Yet, all unwearied, down the world's highway
I seek the Rose.

Maybe in yonder darkling wood it blows,
  Or where those shining mountains climb the skies?
  Even now, perchance, before my longing eyes,
Its promise shows.

Perhaps beyond the dawn its beauty glows?
  Or blossoms bright behind the sunset's fire
  The wonderful Wild Rose of my desire?
Ah; no man knows!

E. L. DARTON

## "THE WONDER-HOUSE"

(Reply to "The Quest")

I fled along the lily-path, beyond the shadows and the stars—
  Ah, but in the long-ago—with little spirit-feet;
Swallow-flights and windy wings went rushing by the cedar bars,
  Love-mists were about me blinding-sweet.
(When shall he overtake, dear my maidens
  Patience and Unforgetfulness,
Reaching his hand to touch the milk-white robe
  And the shining tress?)

I hid me in the wonder-house, I locked it with a key of fire;
  My beloved seeks me yet across the world-wide floor,
Parching for the ages' dust and famished with the old desire
  When shall I bring him thro' the door?
(Knead me the honey-cakes, dear my maidens
  Patience and Unforgetfulness,
Cast purple bunches from the loaded vine
  To the flowing press.)

His singing wastes in bitterness, like silver brooks that run to drouth,
  His pearls are scattered like the seed upon the fruitless lands,
But mine is my beloved's, and his song of songs is in my mouth,
  His treasure gathered in my hands.

(Silence the throbbing lute, dear my maidens
Patience and Unforgetfulness,
Surely his step is on the lily-path
With a clearer stress.)

Crown him now with amaranth, and kiss in me the Ur
Rose,
We the ageless lovers passing onward to our feast;
Now in the pauses of delight the song hath found a perfect
The dawn-flower shimmers in the east.
(Draw the thread from the loom, dear my maidens
Patience and Unforgetfulness,
Deck me for my bridal with the milk-white robe
And the braided tress.)

DOROTHY KEMI

## URBS BEATA

As when the sunset smites upon the vanes
Of some far city, and a hundred fires
Flicker and flash above its imminent spires
And red gleams waken in the window-panes,
Even so Love's valedictory splendour stains
With what sad sunset of denied desires
The town of healing that my heart requires,
That pearl-clear city of the blessed plains.

Ah, the late pilgrim finds the beaten track,
And kindly folk to guide him to the shrine,
And respite from his journey and his load;
But I may neither travel on nor back,
Nor never shall I reach that rest of mine;
The sun is dead, and no man knows the road.

BERNARD PI

## MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

(*After Ben Jonson*)

Shepherdess of one fair sheep,
  Who, beside thee still abiding,
Heeds not ways both long and steep,
  Scholar's laughter, teacher's chiding;
Say, what magic spell doth keep
By thy side thy one fair sheep?

Leave unbarrèd stall and fold,
  Love requireth no constraining.
Bring nor crook nor sheep-dog bold,
  Love, all servile aids disdaining,
At thy side will ever keep,
Shepherdess, thy one fair sheep.

RUPERT BROOKE

## The Scrape of the Lamb

(*After Pope*)

Mary (of whom the Bard and Slave I am)
Was Mistress of a tender snow-white Lamb.
One Master Passion glowed within his breast,
He loved the maid, and followed her with zest.
Did Mary smile, then all the world was gay,
But wept she, drooped her little friend that day.
Let Mary pet him, let her wield the rod,
To him all one, since Mary was his god.
To follow her to school he set his mind,
Where tender Twigs are bent by Trees unkind;
There he, unconscious, by his sportive style,
Annoyed the Learn'd, and made the unlearnèd smile—
Until Authority, upholding Law,
Expelled the Intruder by the open door.
He lingered near, with thrilling hope possessed,
By Mary's reappearance to be blest.

"COLQUHOUN"

(*After Pope*)

Sing, constant Muse! and celebrate the bond
'Twixt two bright creatures, fair as they are fond.
Roams Mary o'er the hill, or by the shore,
Her lamb or strays behind or frisks before;
Attendant still, calmly he glides unasked
'Mong little learners with long lessons tasked:
The timid smile, the bolder pluck his tail,
And Laughter's rippling breeze swells to a gale.
Their feruled tyrant wakes! the lamb's expelled,
Tom Burley's homespun dusted, chaos quelled.
Pensive the outcast waits (nor wastes the hour—
Close-cropping ev'ry academic flow'r)
Till Mary comes—with smiling, weeping orbs,
Whose glitt'ring show'rs his milk-white fleece absorb
For aye their names are twined: sure none may mus
On little Mary—and forget *his* dues.

W. J. TE

(*After Calverley*)

Lamb with snowy fleece, who wander
With your Mary every day,
Tell me, do you ever ponder
On the things you've made me say?

When you dared to go to school, and
Rile the teacher, I was glad;
For I hoped you'd play the fool, and
Show some signs of being bad.

Not a bit of it; the peda-
Gogue said you disturbed the class;
Turned you out; and yet you led a
Blameless life upon the grass.

You awaited Mary, gazing
Mildly at the distant view.
Lamb, I think that so amazing
Fool as you I never knew.

F. G. LAYTON

## TO A LOOKING-GLASS

I

Afar—its polished surface shines,
And many things therein I see;
Mayhap the sun—the moon—the stars—
It frames in fairy fantasy:
But when I venture very near,
Behold! it mirrors only Me.

A. E. JONES

II

Some one loves me—though you lie—
When you say I'm fair or youthful.
Count the wrinkles—what care I?
Here at least you must be truthful.
Sometimes cruel and sometimes kind,
Naught you ever tell me moves me;
Here I meet myself and find
Some one loves me!

"NARCISSUS"

III

Shall I not hide thee where the shadows fall,
Who wert my lady's ere she went away,
That thou mayst also know the night is all
To those who lose the colour of the day?

I cannot touch thee yet, because her face
Was ever for the sun, in open skies;
One may not dream her in a darkened place,
Nor miss, with thee, some vision of her eyes.

ETHEL TINDAL ATKINSON

IV

Far from the mists of all our pageantry
—(The marching of sad hopes and passionate aims,
Slain dreams, and wan, live shames,
Travail of those who hate, because they see
O'erhead the broken floor of circumstance,
Wherethrough they fell, the stayless sons of chance)—
Shines his still mimicry.
He, a pure opal targe,
Glints with a secret smile from marge to marge,
Because he knows that rocks in a white morn
Prick sharp to heaven, spraying like winter thorn.
Because, when Light is born,
She leans to him the splendour of her breast,
Till, at her last behest.

The porter of the Temple of the West
Flings gold gates wide and shows
The Altar of the Rose,
Blooming for him, for him; and well he knows
That in him now his holy of holies glows.

He, a blue darkness, staring at the moon,
Shakes, with delightful fear,
Her round wheel, turning, hums in him so near.
The stars slide down to him, and he may hear
Their tinkle of strange laughter in his ear:
He ripples to the tune.

Bend to him now, and surely shalt thou be
One with the heaven he so smiles to hold.
Lean to his breast, and haply shalt thou see
The secret petals of his rose unfold.
Trust to his arms; the sleep he gives to thee
Holds dreams of a deep laughter yet untold,
The heart of peace, an opal purity,
Young as the dawn, old as the stars are old.

E. R. MACAUI

V

Seen from the side a simple ornament,
To thee full many a stolen glance is bent
By them that sit in front. The roving gaze
Before thee pauses; having paused, it stays.
In thee men view their nearest hopes and fears,
*Her* lovely eyes, *his* huge, misshapen ears.
The actor conning o'er his latest part
Moulds thy grimaces to perfect his art.
Here Beauty finds her riches, all she's got;
And Riches seeking Beauty finds it not.
Love scans the features which her swain delight,
Shame sees itself, and trembles at the sight.
Ambition notes the marks of sure success;
Conceit finds all it sought—nor more nor less.
To fools thou showest treasures of the mind
Deep hidden; cowards latent courage find.
Who could resist the charms of coquetry
Seen by her own complacent glance in thee?
One sees Apollo, one an hideous elf;
But who of all that view thee sees himself?

H. W. MOGGRIDGE

VI

Two hundred Summers is it since you swung
  First in this silver frame of wreathèd Loves?
Dim Mirror! You reflected, where you hung,
  Bosky Italian gardens, founts and doves,
Ay, and much passionate Romance unsung.

For in your tarnished deep I see the Shades
  Of dear, vain Women; bosoms leaned to you,
Veiled in the patterned gold of stiff brocades,
  And dark eyes questioned of this gem, that hue,
Before the amorous hour of Masquerades.

I know you imaged the red, poisoned Rose,
I know you caught the dagger's jewelled fire,
Love was Love then ; and further you disclose
Art, in least works, consumed with high Desire,
For perfect, in your wreath, each Cupid shows.

ALICE EDWARDE

## TO MIRANDA'S MIRROR

Thy mirror is a silver gate
To gardens of remembered youth,
Where, rose by rose, the Past appears,
Bedewed by none but April tears ;
There joys run, innocent as truth,
And Hope plays hide-and-seek with Fate.

Thy mirror is a watchful youth,
Who, when at last the foe appears,
Stands, noting all that near the gate ;
He wards each stroke of time or fate,
Whose faithful eyes guard thine from tears,
And steel thy soul to gaze on truth.

Thy mirror like that lake appears,
Wherein town-wall and temple-gate
Are drowned with all their pride of youth ;
There follies lie submerged by truth,
And o'er old ruins of dim fate
Flow recent waves of gentler tears.

OSMAN EDWARDS

## BALLADE OF BEAUTIFUL NAMES

Beautiful names, what tales are told
Of your dreams and visions and fantasies !
Cities whose streets are paved with gold,
Whose walls are jasper and sardonys,

Cobbled streets where the watcher sees
  Gay processions of knights and dames,
Cities of palaces, cities of trees
  Live again in beautiful names.

Nombre de Dios, where Drake was bold;
  Names that are stately melodies,
Seville, Namancos, Bayona's hold,
  Nineveh, Susa, Persepolis;
Cecily city's of harmonies,
  Carthage in ruins and Troy in flames,
These and a thousand more than these
  Live again in beautiful names.

Bethlehem of the sacred fold;
  Rome, stern guardian of Peter's keys;
Astolat, where the knights enrolled;
  Venice, bride of the hungry seas;
Athens, glory of Pericles;
  Glastonbury of sacred claims:
All your wonderful histories
  Live again in beautiful names.

ENVOY

Cities of old! In the centuries
  Buried and dead are your fears and shames;
Only your glorious memories
  Live again in beautiful names!

E. L. DARTON

## BALLADE OF BEAUTIFUL NAMES

O fair and comely West Country towns,
  Your names fall pleasantly on the ear,
Where steep Tintagel's ruin frowns,
  From Bideford brave to Kentisbere;

Never a rival need Truro fear,
Rich are the orchards round Appledore,
The red stag harbours by Porlock Weir,
And Widecombe nestles on Dartymoor.

Boscastle bells the Atlantic drowns;
By Hartland light the fishermen steer;
Launceston [1] was staunch in the strife for crowns;
And heather flourishes far and near
Where Tavistock lies by marsh and mere.
Morwenstow stands where the surges roar,
Mortehoe's rocks are cool and drear,
But Widecombe nestles on Dartymoor.

St. Keverne stands on Goonhilly Downs;
Ermington's name as its bells rings clear;
Honiton telleth of bridal gowns;
St. Just-in-Roseland blooms all the year;
Falmouth harbour hath Fowey for peer,
Gallant and famous in days of yore;
But best of all are the uplands sheer
Where Widecombe nestles on Dartymoor!

O good West Country! I love to hear
Your musical names—a noble store—
But there is the spot I hold most dear,
Where Widecombe nestles on Dartymoor!

"JIM"

## THE LITTLE WINDS

Lo! night came down and curtained half the world,
And all the tired young winds went wandering
Among the hills for rest, and found it not.
For earth was all in dreams, and Nature's arms
Too full of sleeping things could hold no more—

[1] Pronounced "Launston."

The valleys all their slumbering pearls of mist,
The plains their long-winged shadows, and the hills
On their warm breasts the snows unconscious held.
And everywhere the sigh of sighs went forth:
"No room! No room!"

Then turned they to the skies
In tears—the little winds—the fair-curled South,
The brown-haired East, the West with ruddy locks,
And the dark little North with serious eyes—
All in their tears of utter weariness—
And winged their drowsy flight up the steep blue,
And found the pitiful stars with outstretched arms,
And into them crept to be comforted,
And hid their faces in their shining laps,
And sobbed themselves to sleep in God's dear heaven.

MURIEL F. WATSON

## THE LAST JUDGMENT

Thus I figure to myself the Critic,
Wise, temperate, just, who somewhere beyond ken
Reads o'er the stories of the Universe
And passes final Judgment: so, at last
He takes Our Own, and though a little weary
Of infinite perusal, the same care
Bestows upon it he has given before
Unto (let's see! five planets to a page
Per week: a Sun at times demands more space.
That to eternity: work out the sum yourself),
Marks a good passage here; there, stops, corrects
A comma; reads the Last Chapter over twice.
Then (yawning) writes, "It is the usual story
Of mere adventure, disconnected, jerky:
The wasted talent, nowadays so common."
And in his wisdom thinks the Hero, Man.
"A wretched creature; all his talk mere *blague*

(One wonders where he picked it up) of sentiment,
Impossible dialect, unknown to Nature,—
And then the style, the dreadful slipshod style!" . .
With this he shuts us up ("the cover's rather good!
Now, who on earth designed it?") and reaches out,
Indifferently, a pretty book of songs
Writ by the Morning Star . . . as for Our Novel,
Our wonderful story meant to astonish Heaven! . . .
What of it? . . . I own reluctantly I think
Down there . . . you note the bend of my finger? .
Down there, I say, I think it probable
The Worms, uncritical, will like it greatly
And eagerly take up the whole edition.

## TO A MUTTON CHOP

Oh, unpretentious in design,
  Thy features can disclose
No semblance of the blush divine
  On Daphne's cheek that glows,
Nought like the brief, bewildering line
  Of her delicious nose.

Yet though no beauty thou dost bear
  That outward eyes may scan,
When shot reluctant from thy lair
  Within the torrid pan,
Thou art unutterably fair
  Unto the inner man.

How doth the thought of thee beguile
  The toiler, as he dips
His weary pen, how fond the smile
  That plays about his lips
Each day at blissful noon, the while
  He orders "chop and chips"!

And when at length inborne by some
  Demure, attendant sprite,
Thou liest unresisting, dumb,
  Before his eager sight,
How can imagination plumb
  The depth of his delight?

Yet not for me to bolt thee here
  Amid the vulgar throng,
Enveloped in an atmosphere
  Superlatively strong;
Such hasty swallowings appear,
  To those who love thee, wrong.

Nay, rather, when the fretful fuss
  That marks the day hath end,
And from the homeward-bounding 'bus
  Rejoicing I descend,
Let me in solitude discuss
  Thy merits, O my friend.

Ah, sweet, when shadows soft invade
  The world at set of sun,
To find thee on a dish displayed
  Before me, nicely done;
Sweet, sweet to watch thee slowly fade
  Away, till we are one!

Then let no cloud of jealous gloom
  Thy secret soul oppress,
For it is but a transient bloom
  That Daphne doth possess;
Anon shall hurrying years consume
  Her rosy loveliness.

But in that hour when mosses creep
  Athwart the dwindling mound,
Where she and all her fellows sleep
  The silent seasons round,
Thou still, O Product of the Sheep,
  Immortal shalt be found.

R. D.

## TO THE NOR'-NOR'-EAST

Wind that blowest round the corner,
  Corners change, but thou not so!
Houses, like the men they shelter,
Come and vanish helter-skelter,
  Born and buried—off they go:
Nay! the very ground is buried
  That was trod by older men—
Thou alone, unchanging, holdest
Still thy post as London's oldest
    Citizen!

Here by daylight didst thou bellow,
  Here at midnight didst thou howl,
When the Dinosaur would jostle
Giant Elks, ere both were fossil,
  And the wolf was on the prowl.
Here you roared above the forest,
  Whilst the lion roared inside,
Here you set the Mammoth sneezing,
Whilst the Cave-bear from your freezing
    Breath did hide.

From the bitter Glacial Epoch
  Here you gained an extra chill,
And I cannot but surmise it
That you sometimes advertise it
  By some glacial samples still.

Here you nipped the Druids' noses
  Till, to hide their bluish hue,
By a plan which somewhat odd is
They had their entire bodies
    Painted blue.

Here you blew the Roman soldier
  Well-nigh off the City wall,
Till in classical orations,
Decked with solemn imprecations,
  On thy head his wrath would fall:
"Magnus Scotus! What a ventus
  Round Londinium's murus blows!
How these tempests occidental
Rudely tweak my ornamental
    Roman nose!"

Here, within his new-built Tower,
  Didst the Conqueror thou scare.
Fill his ears with warnings hollow,
Pinch his nose and make him swallow
  All thine icy draughts of air.
Great Eliza's ruffs you ruffled
  —And her temper—by your swoops,
From her cheeks the powder scooping,
Tugging at her wig, and whooping
    Round her hoops.

Here, about the Swan of Avon,
  Didst thou boldly whirl and spin;
Round his forehead didst thou hover,
As though trying to discover
  What was going on within.
"Wind, you've cracked my lips!" he'd mutter,
  "Blow, then, till you crack your cheek!
—*Crack your cheek?* Gadzooks! Beshrew me!
'Twere a fitting phrase for gloomy
    Lear to speak!"

On Elia, kindly Patron-
  Saint of all who drive the quill,
Didst thou oft with wild embraces
Rush from unexpected places,
  As he strolled along Cornhill.
Little cared he! Frolic fancies
  Round him danced an airy jig—
Dreamland children, sweet and slender,
Or, perchance, a tiny, tender
    Sucking-pig!

Wind that blowest round the corner,
  Blow away! It matters not.
Here to-day and gone to-morrow
Still is human joy and sorrow,
  Change is still our changeless lot.
Past, avaunt!—Be silent, Future!
  Present! Take me as I am.
As for buffets—all must share 'em,
And I'll do my best to bear 'em
    Like a LAMB.

## FLIES IN THE OINTMENT

My friend X's prowess shames
That of all my friends at games.
He golfs and boats, and, as for cricket,
He only once has lost a wicket;
And yet this life does not his soul attract:
    He cannot act.

Y can draw like Heaven knows what,
Paint like Titian, write like Scott.
In the twin worlds of arts and letters
He has but few, if any, betters;
And yet his life is not a happy thing:
    He cannot sing.

Z's writing is a waste of time;
His painting's worse—it is a crime;
At games he is a hopeless duffer;
He cannot sing lest others suffer;
Yet of the three Z is the happiest man:
He thinks he can.

J. A. D.

## A STRAY FROM SOMERSET

A thrush came down our court to-day;
And oh! zo sweetly a did zing,
That when at length a flew away
She bore my heart upon her wing.
Westward she flew from London's gloom,
And long I watched her flying free,
Vor I thought she came from Kinder Combe
Beside the golden Severn sea.

There are the windy downs, and there
Climbs the long, winding country roäd,
Where the girt tipsy wains do bear
In haying time their nodding loäd.
Crushing the grass of either edge,
Zo close the chiking wheels 'ould go,
The close-piled trusses brushed the hedge
Where pink an' white the rases blow.

There once I worked in Darnel's vield,
The stuggiest lad on Mendip side;
And 'Mandy Gay, the farrier's cheeld,
'Ould share my toil at haying tide.
With me to pitch and her to rake,
How soon the slippery straths were clear!
And how the jetty curls did shake
In tender 'orls about her ear!

Ah! birdie! is her step zo light?
And are her curls zo wilful yet?
And would she know me, if to-night
I could win back to Zummerset?
Ah, no! My limbs are thin and bent,
The chakes are pale that were so brown,
When drawn by smarmy lies I went
To try my luck in London Town.

Fly westward, westward, pratty bird!
Down the long sunset road you come;
But never tell whose voice you heard
A-dying in a London slum.
Zoon, zoon, I'll leave this stifling room,
And swift I'll follow, flying free;
Till I fold my wings in Kinder Combe
Beside the golden Severn sea.

E. S. TYLEE

## THE BARGEMAN'S CHANTY

Spend yer time erlorng the towparth, fer it's better than the brine,
With no darn food but brittle cikes, old rum, an' salted swine,
From the Indies where the wind is
To the wharves on Tyne.

Spend yer time erlorng the towparth, fer yer'll never lack fer time
Ter blow yer gas an' lip yer lass, an' 'ear the ripples rhyme
Thro' the lilies wur the mill is
An' the low winds chime.

There's the miller at the malt-'ouse, an' 'is daughter's at the door;
She's a lusty wench an' willin, I'll be barned, altho' yer poor
Show yer mettle an' she'll nettle
Till yer've mide yer score.

'Es a tidy pile put by 'im, twenty 'omers in 'is lorft,
Four rown cows ter grize 'is medder, an' a bit o' hidle crorft
Full o' lush room fer the mushroom
Wen the mould is sorft.

An' in summer wen it's sunny an' the lorng wheat biller rolls,
Then it's good ter wartch the swallers, an' the fawn gry filly foals
Rollin' hover hin the clover
Rarnd the 'igh-looped poles,

Filin' far erlorng the towparth with a murmur as is sweet,
Parst the barley an' the beetroot an' the lorfty piles o' peat,
With a ditty ter the city
Wur the mad wheels beat.

Then I think o' strainin' ausers, an' the top-siles o' the ships
All a-flutter, syrens 'ootin', crippled liners in the slips,
Gulls as flitter in the litter
As the slow wive lips.

But at sea there's little comfort, little frolic, little sleep,
Orl's a misty midnight gemble, nothin' sure an' life is cheap.
Life is stiller at *my* tiller
An' the toides orl neap.

So I've turned mi back hon silin', said good-bye ter ships at sea.
Tike my tip an' do the sime, boy, live an' die a land bargee.
'Ark! she crushes, thro' the rushes
Ter the malt-'ouse quay.

ROLAND SURGE

## THE PARABLE OF THE MOUNTAIN, THE MOTOR BICYCLE, AND THE BOY

Upon a mighty mountain slope,
Inspired with heat and dust and hope,
There stood a youth of eight;
He said, "You reckon you're a hill?
I guess you ain't much more'n a pill;

An' I kinder calculate
Upon this thousand-dollar toy
I'll find yer peak, and not employ
Old Time to stand an' wait."

With that he seized a weird machine
Which leant with anarchistic mien
Against a towering tree;
But as he touched its handle-bar
A wild explosion sent him far
Beyond the verb "to be."
O reader dear! that mountain-side
Is Life; that motor-"byke" is Pride;
That boy is you or me—
Is I—but what is grammar, friends,
Beside the tone a moral lends?

ELSIE B. CONN.

## THE BATTLE SONG

Now, the rules to observe in a martial song,
Which keeping you cannot go very far wrong,
Are to always remember you're marching along;
That your arm or your heart or both must be strong,
Though the day and the way to the battle be long.

Make it clear from the start that you fear no foe,
That you've only to meet him to lay him low,
That you die for your country (you love her so),
At frequent intervals (soft here and slow),
Then (louder) the chorus like this, I trow:

Do we fear, boys, fear?
(The metre changes here)
Shall we fly, boys, fly?
No, we'll conquer, boys, or die

Don't fail to refer at times to the drum
On occasions like these, its loud brum-brum,
Blent with blast on the bugle, should never be dumb;
And, although to their fire you may shortly succumb,
Don't omit the gun's roar and the bullet's hum.

Do we fear, &c.

A passing allusion, too, should be made
To the home you left and the girl who stayed,
And her probable feelings should be portrayed
When you in a Soldier's Grave are laid
(At loss for a rhyme? hark, your charger neighed!).

Do we fear, &c.

All this is assuming you fight on shore—
If afloat, just alter the cannon's roar
To the billows, and change your field of gore
To a hero's bed 'neath the watery floor,
And if such a death doesn't win an encore
May you never rise from it, nor I write more!

Do we fear, &c.

## A BATTLE SONG

*(which may be sung to the tune "Cloisters")*

(BEFORE THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS, 480 B.C.)

*Then sang the Athenians from their warships:*

Fight, sons of Athens, fight for life and freedom!
Yea, by your wasted hearths and ruin'd homesteads,
Yea, by the love of free-born wives and children,
Forward, and spare not!

Hear us, we pray, Athené, Queen of Athens!
Yea, by the flashing of thy bronze-bound ægis,
Yea, by the shaking of thy awful war-spear,
Hear us and help us!

*Then did the other Hellenes with one voice sing:*

Fight, sons of Hellas, fight for life and freedom!
Yea, by the proud foot of the base barbarian
Trampling the sacred bosom of our country,
Forward, and spare not!

Hear us, we pray, ye holy gods of Hellas,
Yea, by your shattered shrines and broken altars,
Yea, by the impious onset of the Persian,
Hear us and help us!

*And the gods hearkened and sent victory at Salamis.*

M. V. H

## BATTLE SONG OF THE FLEET

This is the song of the Fleet at sea,
Battleship, cruiser, and T.B.D.
All of us ready as ships can be
For a sight of the Enemy's vanguard!

First in the battle, bearing the brunt,
This is the song of the T.B.D.
Built to chivy and chase and hunt,
Wriggle a way through the rolling sea,
Slip through the water silently;
Little black devil, get in front!
Way for the T.B.D.!

This is the song, &c.

Cutting the waters, swift as the wind,
This is the song of the Eyes of the Fleet.
Long and narrow, for speed designed,
Hounds of the ocean, trim and neat,
Scour the ocean, divide and meet.
God help the cruiser that's left behind!
Way for the Eyes of the Fleet!

This is the song, &c.

Strength of the Navy, strong in her pride,
  This is the song of the Battleship,
Wind and breaker and foe defied,
  Built for power and strength and grip,
  See her bows in the water dip
Thundering war from her deadly side.
    Way for the Battleship!

    This is the song of the Fleet at sea,
    Battleship, cruiser, and T.B.D.
    All of us ready as ships can be
      For a sight of the Enemy's vanguard!

## MODERN MINNESONGS

Some day I shall rise and leave my friends,
And seek you again through the world's far ends;
You whom I found so fair
(Touch of your hands and smell of your hair!)
My only God in the days that were.
My eager feet shall find you again,
Though the sullen years and the mark of pain
Have changed you wholly: but I shall know
(How could I forget, having loved you so?)
In the sad half-light of evening
The face that was all my sun-rising.
So then at the ends of the earth I'll stand,
And hold you fiercely by either hand;
And, seeing your age and ashen hair,
I'll curse the thing that once you were,
Because it is changed, and pale, and old,
(Lips that were scarlet, hair that was gold!)
And I loved you before you were grey and wise,
When the flame of youth was strong in your eyes,
—And my heart is sick with memories.

RUPERT BROOKE

My life in wintry darkness doth decline
  Since that my sun no warming grace bestows,
Or if for one brief moment thou dost shine,
  Thy countenance with reddening anger glows;
  I lie buried 'neath congealing snows
That wrap about me like a winding-sheet
  In frigid foldings of the last repose,
Or melted only where my heart doth beat.
Perchance 'twere best to freeze—perchance 'twere meet
  To suck such calour from thy frownings forth
As might thro' stealthy husbandry of heat
  Release me from the rigours of thy North.
O let me choose to cheat thee of thy fire
And thaw thy frosts through warmth of my desire!

So if I choose how better shall I speed,
  If fire from fire should thus subtracted be,
In my poor body some new hope to breed
  To overcome that Arctic lethargy?
  For every spark that I should steal from thee
Would leave thee colder like a withering moon,
  The sun's frail substitute, and foist on me
A burnished midnight when I bid for noon
Nay, it were better I should seek the boon
  Nepenthe's juice can bring the planet-crost
And sink into some sweet oblivious swoon
  That knows no more of either fire or frost,
So would I slink from hell and shrink from Heaven
To lie in Limbo with the Unforgiven.

Yet were it all unworthy of my love
  In that deep potion to engulf its shame,
To flee from chills yet be afraid to prove
  What healing virtue liveth in thy flame.
  Here I will raise an altar in thy name
And bring my body for thy wrath to burn,
  And thro' that ardent sacrifice reclaim

The liberty for which my soul doth yearn.
O let thy fires leap up to heaven and spurn
  The niggard clay that keeps me prison-pent
Till dust to dust and fire to fire return,
  And I a flame rejoin my element,
Free-winged to float o'er summer fields afar,
By day thy sunbeam and by night thy star.

WM. BOWRY

***

Now every tree a chauntry is;
  Love, hearken how the blackbird sings,
And on the shadowy green, I wis,
  The maidens dance round fairy rings.
    I have quite put away
The thought that saddened many a yesterday.
    Weave for thy spring-time wreath
    The small blue flowers that star the heath.
We'll dance and sing till evening red
      Calls us to bed.
    Yet a fresh sorrow's smart
    Doth rise within my heart;
And the new grief is still the old—
      That thou must die,
Must, withering, droop unto the mould
      As blossoms lie,
Cease, as a song sung, as a sweet tale told.

ALICE EDWARDES

***

      When She smiles
    The world grows full of sunshine.
The darkest night, the dullest day,
Are warm and glad and bright and gay,
    The world grows full of sunshine
      When She smiles.

When She frowns,
What cheer or hope is left you?
The very bravest soul might fear,
And deem his conscience far from clear;
What cheer or hope is left you
When She frowns?

When She cries
The world becomes a desert.
And Joy itself must borrow
The right to share Her sorrow.
The world becomes a desert
When She cries.

When She laughs,
The birds all fall to singing.
The buds unfold, although it freeze,
And summer tempers winter's breeze.
The birds all fall to singing
When She laughs.

"JIM"

***

Into a world of sun and snow,
With silver hyacinths all ablow,
And gold cups falling open wide
To show their little stars inside,
O'er creamy plains of primroses
My love and I came thro' the trees.

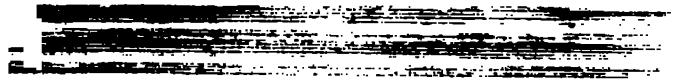
Both sun and moon I wished I were—
The sun, to gaze on her all day;
The moon, to guard her as she lay—
Both sun and moon—too far away
To bring her harm, but oh! too near
To fail to bless my Dear, my Dear!

There, on that floor of primroses,
There, where green branches made a shrine
For Love, and chaliced flowers the wine
Of Love held up below the trees,
With music given of birds and bees,
Our loves were plighted—hers and mine.

. . . . . .

But now—where two in days of yore
Trod rapturous that golden floor;
Where two hearts Love's high heaven did bring
To the green sanctuaries of spring—
One only, thro' all blossoming
Gone lone and loveless evermore.

MURIEL F. WATSON



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*Friend, when you next go out to dine,*
*If o'er the walnuts and the wine*
*You recollect my happiest line,*
*Pray quote it.*
*Only remember while you shine*
*With borrowed light, the thing is mine;*
*We bards for recognition pine,*
*So—let them know who wrote it!*

K. T. S.

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